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Collier's

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE A-BOMB
By an Army Captain

January 26, 1952 • *Fifteen Cents*

Stuart Cloete's Exciting Adventure Story

THE CURVE AND THE TUSK

The P

MARY A BECK
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PITTSBURGH 32
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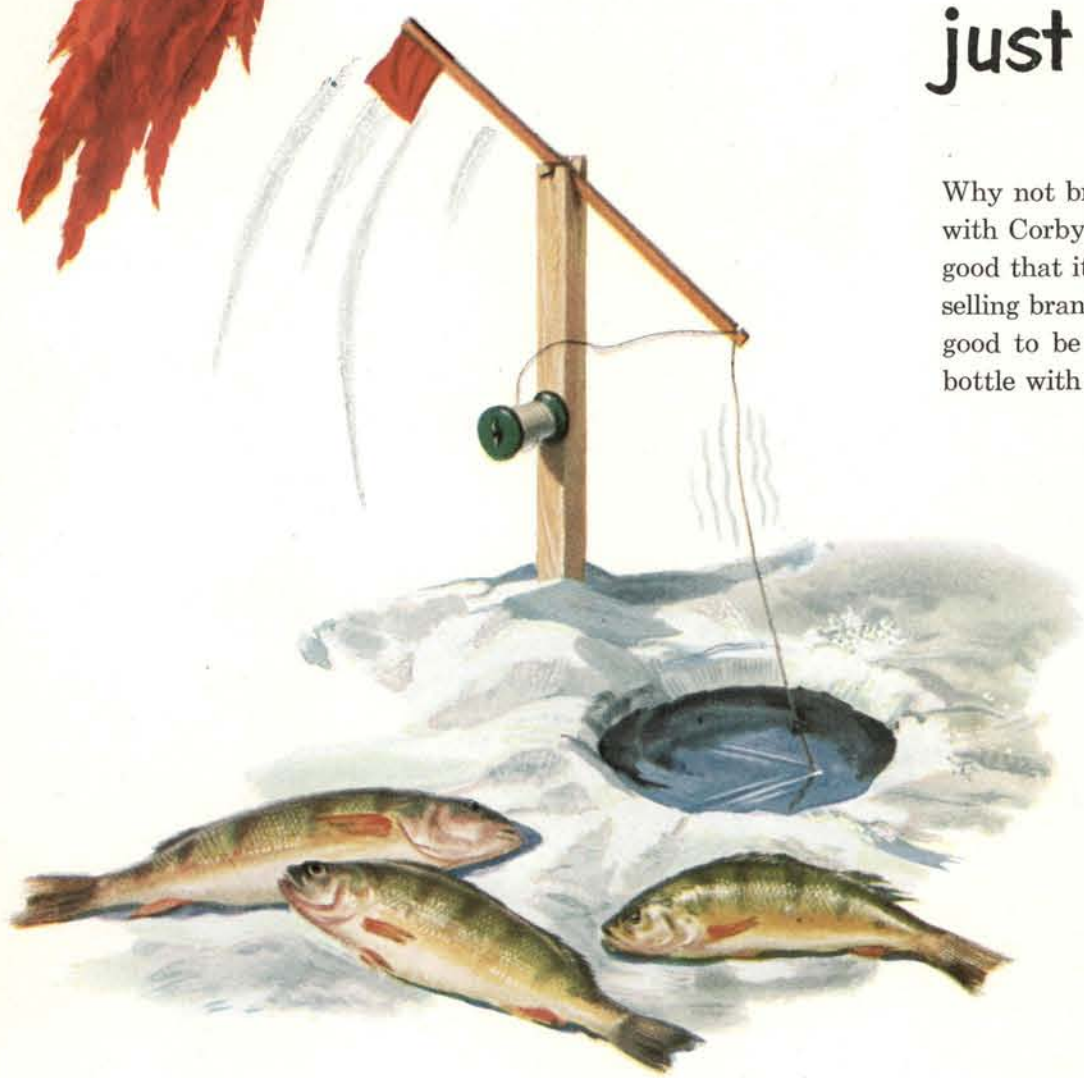
"Don't fish around for good-tasting whiskey– just say CORBY'S"

Why not break the ice and get acquainted with Corby's? This fine whiskey tastes so good that it has become one of the largest-selling brands in the country. It must be good to be so popular. Just look for the bottle with the parrot on it, and say Corby's.



Say **CORBY'S**

One of the largest-selling whiskey brands in America

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

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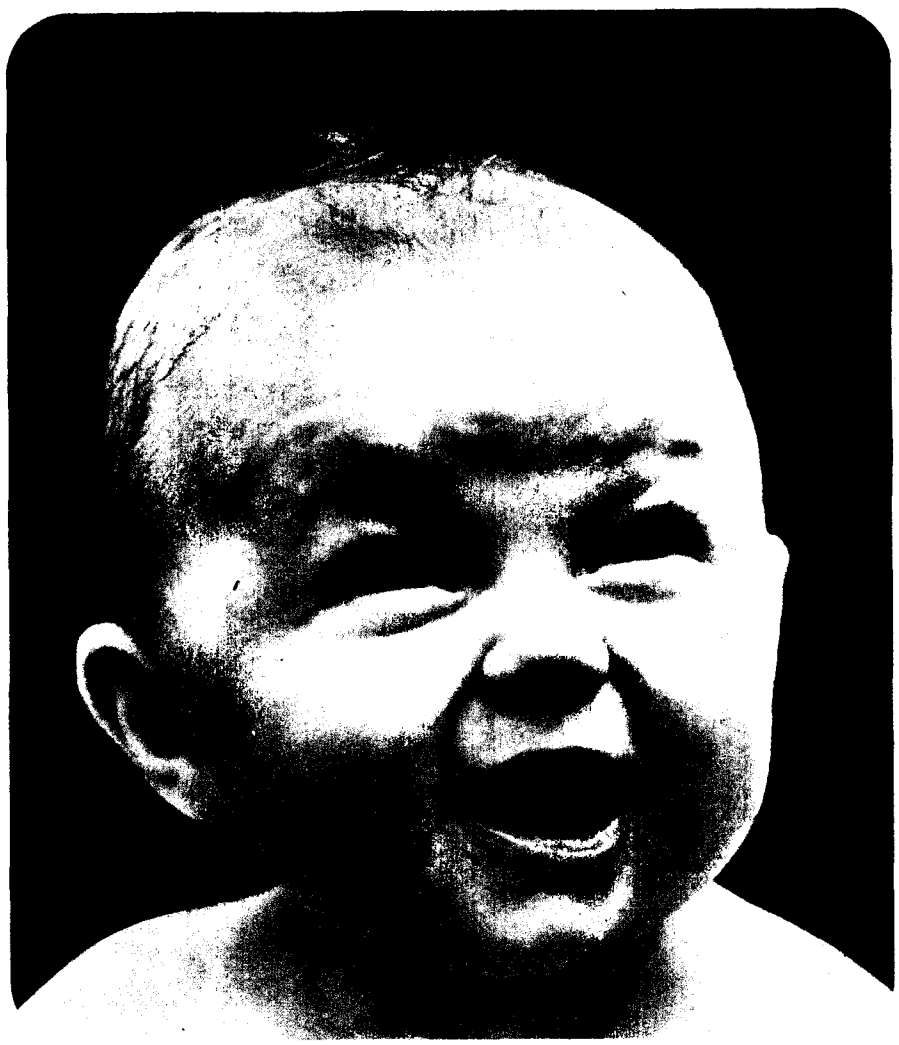

1 · Cute Baby

This is Betsy Helveston as she appeared in a telephone advertisement in 1940.

2 · Big Girl Now

Here's Betsy as she is today. She's grown a lot and changed a lot in the last twelve years.

3 · He's Bigger Too

In the last twelve years, the number of Bell telephones has been increased from 16,500,000 to 37,300,000.

We've Been Growing Along With Betsy

While Betsy has been growing up, the telephone system has been growing too.

The figures are impressive. But far more important is what they mean in service to the people of this Nation.

Millions who never had telephones before now have them because the Bell System has added nearly 21,000,000 new telephones since January, 1940.

Business and industry are better able to serve the country because there are now more than three times as many Long Distance circuits.

The new coast-to-coast *Radio-Relay* system not only means better Long Distance service but also brings Television to millions more people.

Above all is the value of good telephone service to the productive capacity and security of the country. Nothing is more important to defense than quick, reliable communication.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you FEEL the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.

10 seconds to comb and you SEE the difference in your hair—far handsomer, healthier-looking, neatly groomed. (Vitalis contains new grooming discovery.) Get a bottle of Vitalis today.

PROOF: VITALIS ALSO KILLS DANDRUFF GERMS
Actual laboratory tests prove Vitalis kills germs associated with infectious dandruff, as no mere oil dressing can.

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January 26, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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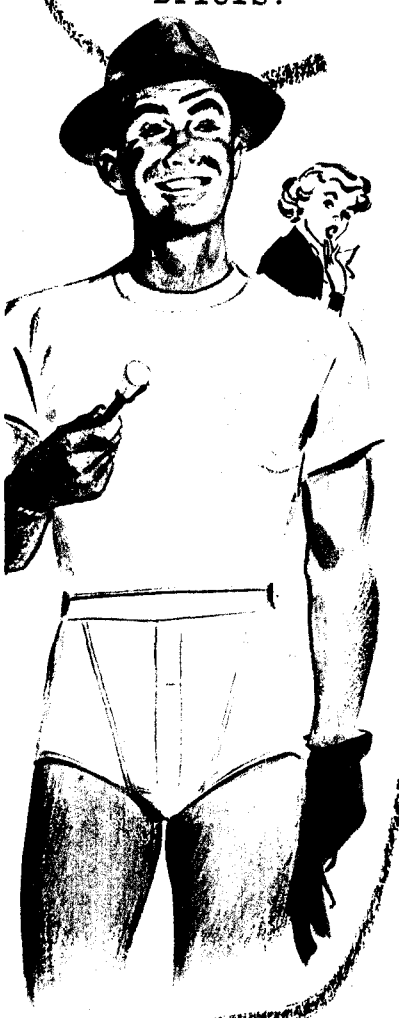
the world's most wanted T-Shirt!

and Stretchy-Seat Briefs!



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...ISN'T THAT JUST THE WAY! A NICE GUY LETS DRY SCALP RUIN HIS LOOKS! IF I RECOMMEND 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC... WILL HE GET IT?
EDDIE GOT IT...
Now a few drops a day keep dry scalp away . . . and see what *that* does for his appearance! No more dull, lifeless-looking hair. No more itchy scalp or loose dandruff either. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements natural scalp oils . . . contains neither water nor alcohol . . . works *with* Nature not against it.
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Hair looks better...
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The Cover

The frightened deer don't know it, but the distant snowplow disturbing the cold quiet of this New England afternoon as it moves along will soon roar over the hill, out of sight and sound, with the highway cleared and the wild life undamaged. Artist Bob Kuhn, an ardent outdoorsman, developed an interest in animals at the age of four and has been drawing them ever since, for magazine covers and book illustrations.

Week's Mail

All-America No. 62

EDITOR: In regard to The 62d All-America, by Bill Fay (Dec. 15th), this statement was made concerning Don Coleman, Michigan State's All-America tackle: "And against Penn State (32-21), Don made the tackle on more than half the Spartan kickoffs and *every* punt."

We are not questioning Don Coleman's ability as a great tackle, but where was Mr. Coleman when Bob Pollard, Penn State halfback, ran a Spartan punt 65 yards for a touchdown? KEN MOFFITT,
PAUL MILLER, GEORGE ALLISON,
CHARLES PATTERSON, State College, Pa.

. . . In your sectional preview of All-America teams, you listed Vito (Babe) Parilli as the greatest quarterback in the South. Hank Lauricella held down a halfback slot. Yet, in the national All-America selections, who was the nation's No. 1 quarterback? Hank Lauricella! Come, come, gentlemen, let's be consistent.

I've been privileged to view all four of your 1951 All-America backfield in action. My Great-Aunt Matilda could run 30 yards a clip down a gridiron if she had Tennessee's wedge of interferers between her and the opposing team, as does Lauricella. Tennessee makes every backfield man they have look tremendous.

The greatest backfield man I've seen in 25 years of viewing players from all sections of the country is one Mr. Babe Parilli of the University of Kentucky. Mr. Parilli has only mediocre pass protection, no help from the backfield to speak of, no great pass receivers, yet he's managed to put Kentucky into national prominence since he began his varsity career three years ago.

Of course Collier's realizes it did not place Mr. Parilli on this year's All-America —a pity indeed. It is my opinion (expert, I feel) that this young man will go down in history as the greatest quarterback of all time, and his name will rest among those of Red Grange, Don Hutson, etc., in the Hall of Fame.

Since I sell dessert mixes, I should like to send a box to each of the coaches who omitted Babe's name. How about Raspberry? HARRY DAVIDSON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

The coaches who selected the All-America chose the four greatest backs in the country and assigned them to slots they could logically fill. Hank Lauricella demonstrated his ability as a quarterback last season by calling Tennessee's signals from the halfback position.

. . . Wisconsin, playing in the strongest conference in the country, had the best defensive record in football. An All-America record certainly bespeaks some All-America defensive players. How can you expect your All-America selections to be received with anything but ridicule when you fail to name one Badger among your defensive specialists? R. G. LYNCH, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . Walter Camp really did start something with his first All-America 62 years ago, as Harford Powel points out in his interesting letter in the Week's Mail (Dec. 15th).

In the absence of by-lines in The Week's Sport, Mr. Camp evidently desired to have his identity concealed and did not reveal it until 1904 when he wrote in the October issue of The Independent:

"The selection of All-American teams seems to have become a mania, and the only excuse that I can put forth for further contribution is that of habit, for in 1889 I first introduced the idea and selected the first eleven. I had no sensation of guilt at the time, nor for the next few years. Now I begin to feel I owe the public an apology."

In the Century for February, 1910, he repeated his statement. Until his death in 1925, he referred from time to time in print about its first appearance. Editor Caspar Whitney never protested. And while Mr. Powel is probably right that "the birth of an idea in print requires two people—a smart editor and an authoritative writer—", the idea undoubtedly originated with Walter Camp and abiding credit should go to him alone.

ROBERT F. MACCLEMMY, JR.,
New Haven, Conn.

Korea & Washington

EDITOR: Thank you for your article, The Men Who Put the Heart in "Heartbreak Ridge" (Dec. 15th). My son, Sergeant First Class Robert Minch, was a member of Charlie Company, 1st Bn. 9th Regiment, 2d Infantry Division. He died in battle on September 23d. I appreciate knowing just what happened on that day, since the government has not seen fit to send us any information about Bob's death except the terse death notice and then a letter from the chaplain of his outfit which stated that Bob had been killed in action in the vicinity of Yanggu, Korea.

Certainly it seems fitting and timely that your magazine should have put this article into circulation on the tenth anniversary of Pearl Harbor. I hope every citizen, particularly every parent of a boy of military age, will read it. I think it will make them believe that our country is in greater peril now than it was in 1941.

As I was reading your story, a news broadcaster was underscoring this saga of almost unearthly heroism and sacrifice by relating the latest in the stench that has been emanating from Washington. To the tale of selfless and hopeless valor in Korea was matched the tale of greed and graft and corruption in the administration, which has seen fit to call this expenditure of over 100,000 casualties a "police action."

FLORENCE MINCH, Middletown, Ohio

Still More on Eggnog

EDITOR: In your editorial Record of Response (Dec. 15th), regarding Preview of the War We Do Not Want, you say: ". . . trying to show them (Russia) that destruction comes as much from within as from without." Now, why not an issue or more articles on how that very thing *can* and *is* taking place right here?

Operation Storm!, an account of Communist sabotage in America (Oct. 6th), was a good beginning.

JENNIE M. MAHAFFEY, Hartwell, Ga.

. . . I have read and reread Preview of the War We Do Not Want, and the encomiums in the following issues, and I agree with everything that has been said about Collier's remarkable issue of October 27, 1951.

My reason for writing is to ask why you do not follow up Preview of the War We Do Not Want with an issue devoted entirely to The Peace We Want, giving as

(Continued on page 49)

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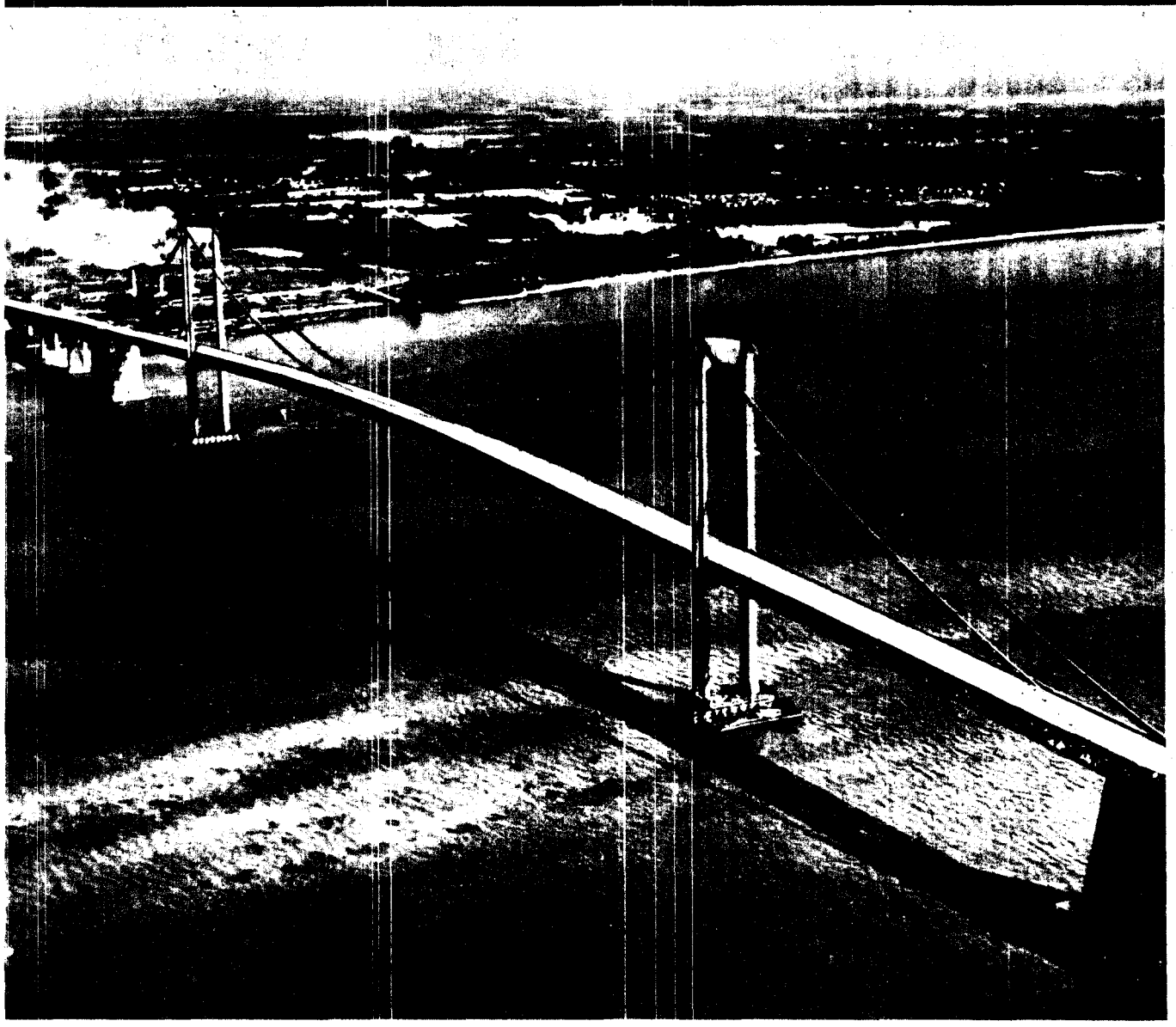
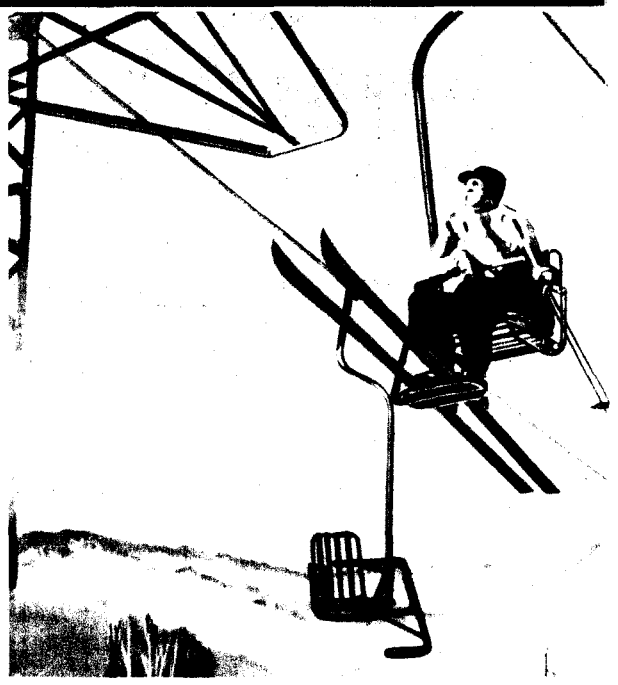
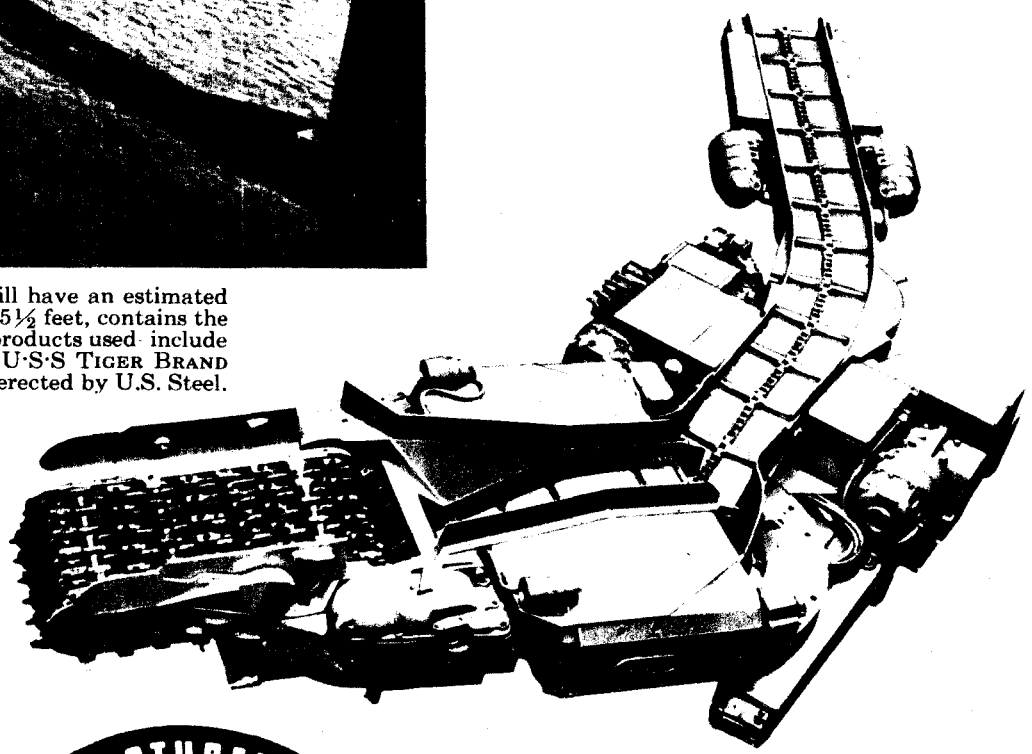
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well



NEW DELAWARE MEMORIAL BRIDGE, linking southern New Jersey and Delaware, will have an estimated traffic of 5 million vehicles a year. The bridge proper, with a total length of 10,765½ feet, contains the world's sixth largest suspension span, with a center span of 2150 feet. U.S. Steel products used include the structural steel, U·S·S AMERICAN High Tensile Wire for the huge cables, U·S·S TIGER BRAND Wire Rope and Universal Atlas Cement. The giant structure was fabricated and erected by U.S. Steel.



EASY WAY UP FOR A FAST TRIP DOWN. Skiers at Sun Valley find this "chairway" designed and built by U.S. Steel, a big help in mounting the world famous ski slopes of this popular Idaho resort. U.S. Steel's Tramway Division can design and build you anything from passenger tramways to freight tramways for transporting sand, gravel, coal, lumber, ore, limestone and many other materials.



STORY-BOOK DRAGON? No, this is a continuous miner, built to be highly maneuverable in a cramped, underground coal mine. With cutting bits mounted on electrically powered chains . . . it rips the coal from the seam face, then conveys it automatically into transportation equipment for removal above ground. One of the wonders of modern invention, this machine is made of tough, enduring steel. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

THE SINEWS OF DEFENSE are mostly steel, whether weapons, steel mats, or the steel strapping that binds boxes of supplies. United States Steel has followed an uninterrupted program of expansion . . . so that it can produce ever-greater quantities of steel to help safeguard America's security.

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This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

UNITED STATES STEEL

Helping to Build a Better America

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

In the United States, there are 253 steel companies; 375 iron and steel plants. The payroll of the iron and steel industry in 1950 amounted to $2,390,000,000, and its approximate total investment to $6,750,000,000. The industry employs 635,000 people, exclusive of non-steel jobs, and has 650,000 stockholders.

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ONLY COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT STOPS BAD BREATH*!

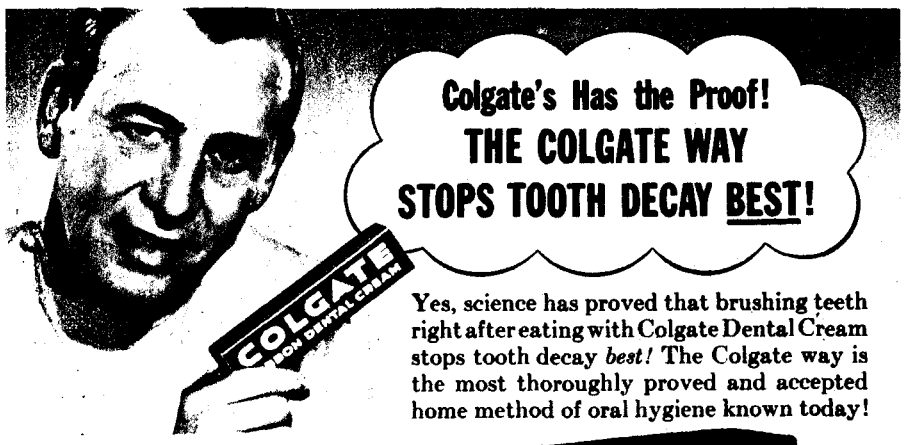
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

Colgate's Has the Proof!
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH
WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* that it stops bad breath.* There's a big difference!

Colgate's Has the Proof!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
IS BEST FOR FLAVOR!

Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* Colgate Dental Cream preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Colgate's Has the Proof!
THE COLGATE WAY
STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

READER'S DIGEST reported the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay best! And, while not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the *only* toothpaste used in this scientific research.

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S *Today!*

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Won't be too long now until new Babe Ruths, Bob Fellers, Walter Johnsons and Joe DiMaggios will be reporting to and vanishing from the spring training camps before the sports writers have had a chance to learn how to spell their names.

★ ★ ★

We haven't read Edward Hunter's book, Brain-Washing in Red China (Vanguard Press, New York, $3.50), and the chances are that we won't get around to it. But the title grabs our imagination by the scruff of its weather-beaten neck and shakes it into violent action. Why limit brain-washing to China, whatever its color? Without pausing to count on our fingers, we can rattle off a couple of hundred brains right here at home that need a sound scrubbing. Our own included. In fact, we've just suggested to a young fellow looking for a nice business opportunity in a field that isn't overcrowded that he set up a cerebralaundry in Washington—Brains Washed While You Wait. Or Brisk Brain Brushing. Or Come In and Get Your Brains Dusted Off. Something like that. Branches in all major cities and maybe a gadget to do it yourself at home. We visualize a roomful of tired diplomatists after a few hours of pondering the eternal question: What Next? The chairman suddenly says: "Gentlemen, we shall now take a two-hour recess to have our brains curry-combed." Looking closer, we see them reconvening, brisk as new bond salesmen, and solving this thorniest of problems in a couple of thrices.

★ ★ ★

We didn't know that Mr. Dolf Spiezer, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, was ailing. Nevertheless, he writes: "I am feeling better. I had a nervous breakdown. Went to see my doctor last week. He couldn't see me. He'd had a nervous breakdown. I am feeling better."

★ ★ ★

A small-town civilian defense official dropped in with a problem. He says that his area needs six short-wave radio transmitters—one for each of five area subdivisions and one for his office, the latter tuned in to state headquarters. If he buys them through state headquarters at $500 apiece or thereabouts, the government will pay half the cost. But local radio experts tell him they can build the equipment for less than $150 a unit. However, if he takes their bid, the government won't give him a cent. No question about his decision: he'll buy the stuff locally, of course, and still come out ahead of the game by $100 a unit. But he can't help thinking there's less to all this government economy talk than meets the ear. Maybe the fellow's got something.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Millie Y. Jensen, of Terre Haute, Indiana, has worked out a plan to teach her three small sons the art of neatness. She has given them a special closet of their own for their clothes. Mr. Jensen says it works fine. "Can't spot their clothes lying inside any more," he reports. "Closet has a door with a spring on it to keep it shut."

★ ★ ★

Guess we'll have to sell our balloon. Either that or fold it away until prices come down. Just heard from Mr. Ben DiFillipo, in Fargo, North Dakota, who was thinking of ballooning off somewhere. Mr. DiFillipo dropped in to see Professor Jean Piccard, the noted balloonist, who was in Fargo on a speaking engagement, and he came out pretty discouraged. Professor Piccard, who teaches aeronautical engineering at the University of Minnesota, told Mr. DiFillipo that to soar in a balloon today to a height of 100,000 feet would cost about three dollars a foot. You don't have to be much of a mathematician to figure out what that would cost you. Professor Piccard blames this on inflation.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Bob Diedrich, of Los Angeles, got into his car and drove around to see what was new in the ever-astonishing California countryside. He reports a sign on a Pismo Beach restaurant: "Wanted: Piano Player Who Can Also Open Clams." And presently, in Lancaster, he observed another sign: "Cowboy Wanted for Dude Ranch. Must Be Able to Play Guitar and Canasta. We Teach You How to Ride." As if that wasn't enough to see on one trip, Mr. Diedrich drove through Downey, where a store was advertising "Bath Towels for the Whole Damp Family." Then, thoroughly exhausted, Mr. Diedrich went home.

★ ★ ★

Our frequent correspondent, who signs herself Miss Melodious Vision, writes this time from Reno, Nevada, where she hopes to be allowed to lecture on the Benefits of Loveliness. She'd like to see more serene faces at the gambling tables. "The strained expressions I see in the gaming clubs here," says Melodious Vision, "are not pretty. Even the casual beholder is pained to

LOWELL HESS

observe them." This is something of a departure from Miss Vision's current campaign, which is, as you doubtless know, How to Bid Your Host and Hostess Good Night without Offending. She would abolish the usual "I've had *such* a good time" and "Thanks *so* much for a pleasant evening." Melodious says that by the time you've got around to murmuring these platitudes, you're probably so tired of it all that the very tone of your voice brands you as a liar. Hosts and hostesses can help out a lot by ending their parties before the guests are demoralized, Miss Vision goes on. For example, she tells us there's a family in Denver which has a dachshund who, at a signal, enters the room and, after listening for a moment or two, gives off with a prolonged yawn. This starts widespread yawning and "a sane early movement toward the exits." We hope to keep you informed from time to time about the further activities of Miss Melodious Vision.

★ ★ ★

We hadn't heard much lately from Marshall, Texas, about that strike of housewives against collecting Social Security taxes from their domestic help. Thought we'd better make a few inquiries. Found

(Continued on page 66)

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The most important wheels in America!

You're looking at the wheels of a railroad freight train—the wheels on which American production and distribution depend—the wheels that make possible all kinds of modern transportation. On these wheels roll most of the things you eat, wear and use in your daily life—for the railroads haul *more* tons of freight, *more* miles than all other forms of transportation put together.

Our stepped-up national economy and the needs of national defense call for a constantly expanding and improving railroad plant.

And that takes money – not only for fuel and wages and supplies but also money for new and better equipment of all kinds. To keep rail service growing with growing needs, railroads must be allowed to earn adequate income, based on today's higher costs of operation.

Since 1939, prices have gone up an average of about 125%, and railroad wages and taxes and prices of railroad materials are up *even more*. But the average railroad revenue for hauling a ton of freight one mile is only about 45% above 1939 levels.

Because railroad service is such a vital part of the life and progress of the nation, the railroads must earn enough, not just to keep *going*—but to keep *going ahead!*

Association of American Railroads

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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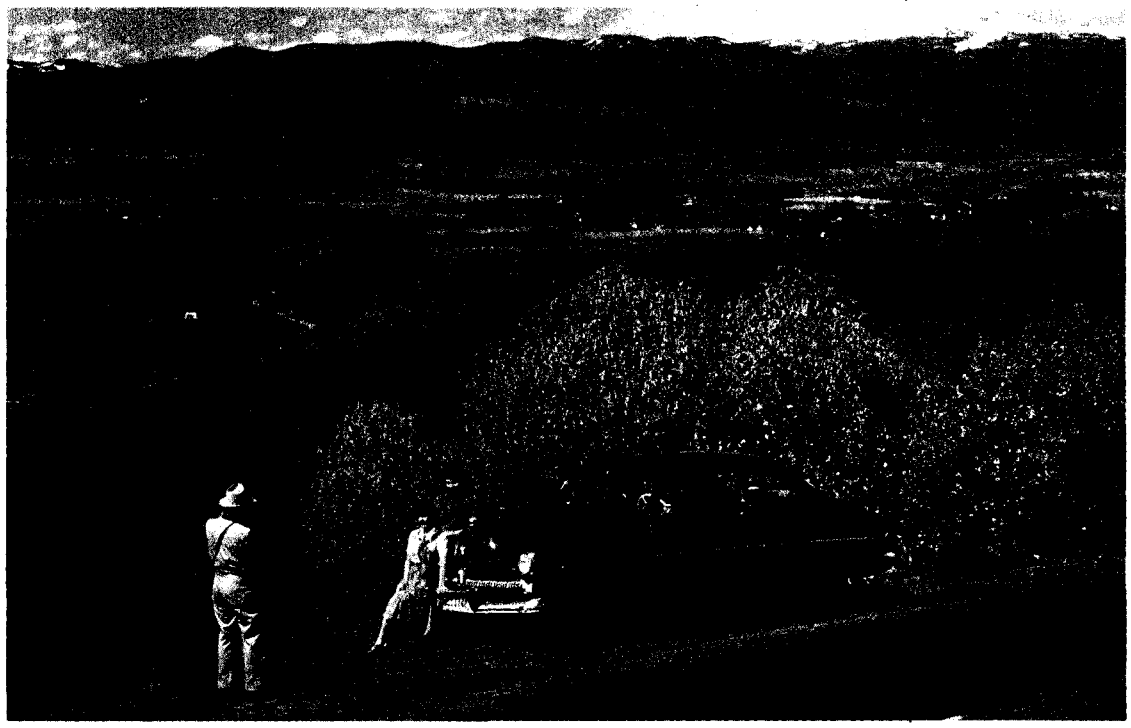

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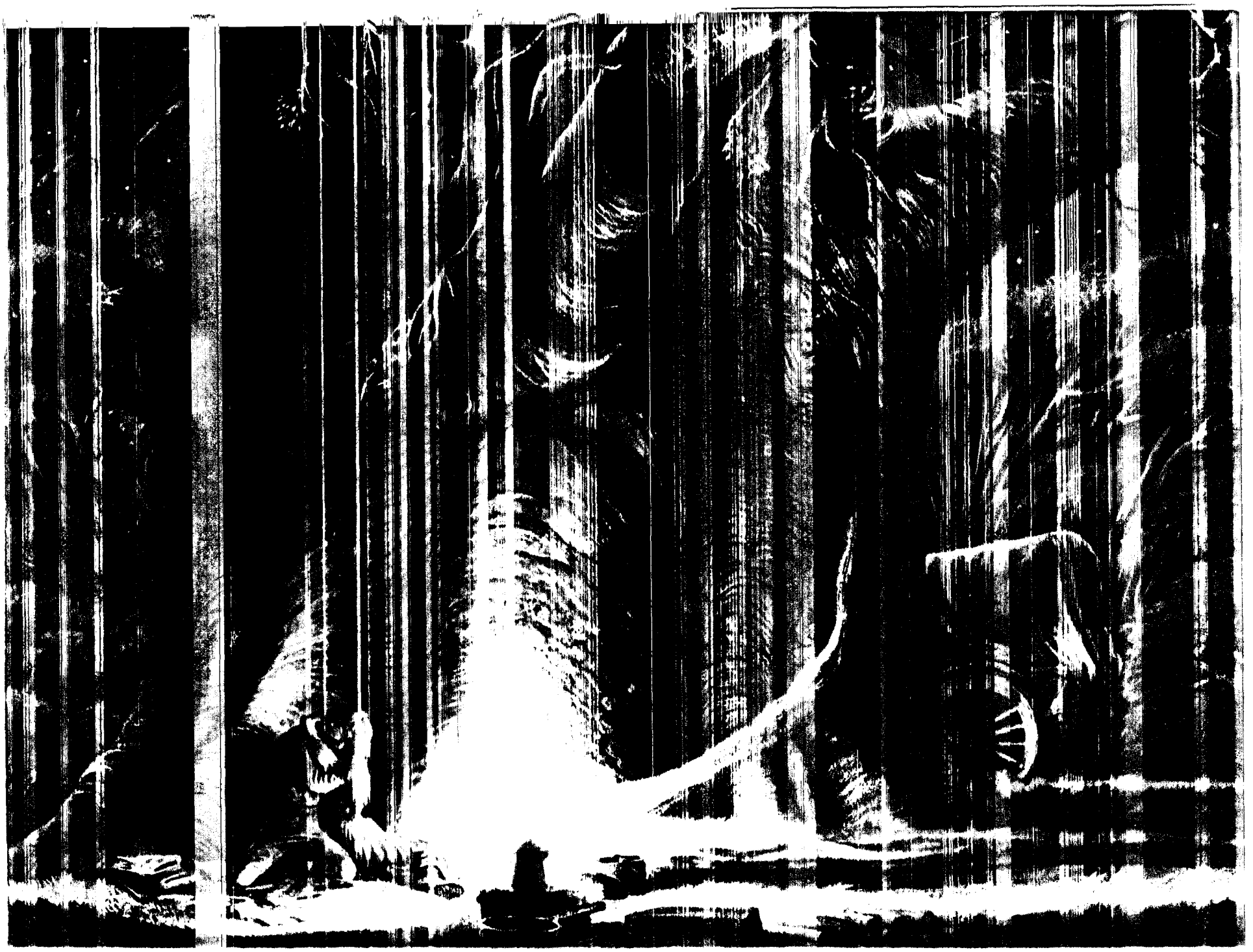

"I'd like to be able to s[illegible]'s still the same, Esth[illegible]. The big baobab tree we made camp under wh[illegible]n we were first married is still there'"

The Curve and the Tusk

By STUART CLOETE

Beginning a two-part serial of African adventure

AN EVENT, assuming that an event can be separated from the causes that lead up to it, must be set in time and in a place. The time was 1937. The place, Lourenço Marques, the capital city of the Portuguese colony of Mozambique on the east coast of Africa.

Lourenço Marques is, perhaps, the most beautiful miniature town in the world. Twenty-five thousand white people live there in new little houses surrounded by gardens. If they do not paint up their houses, they are fined. The wide streets are lined with flowering trees—blue jacarandas and the flamboyants they call red acacia rubra. Masses of bougainvillaea pour in scarlet, cherry-red and purple floods over white walls; frangipani perfumes the air. And it is hot.

To some people, Lourenço Marques is the end of civilization, the last place on the road, with nothing north of it till you come to Nairobi, unless you count Beira. To others—those from the north of the colony—it is not merely the beginning of civilization; it is the hub of their universe, the center of all trade and culture.

On the stoep of an old house built of corrugated iron, sandwiched between modern villas, two men were talking. They were hunters, and one of them was very old, over eighty, a great age for this place where white men die young of boredom, or drink, or fever. The old man was very small and slight. His skin was burned brown and crinkled like the skin of a granadilla. There was no life in it. The only life there was, was in his blue, unfaded eyes.

He said, "He had a white tail and the biggest tusks I ever saw. Ten feet long and thick and blunt. That elephant was the father of all elephants. They say in the zoos that elephants don't live past seventy, but no one really knows how long wild elephants live. The natives will tell you they live to be over a hundred, and this one, I believe, must be a hundred and fifty. But nobody really knows. I shot him but he got away."

The other man, a Portuguese, said, "He did not charge?"

"No. He ran."

"Strange beasts. Unpredictable."

"Yes. I hit him in the head, too high and too far back. I had fever. Never shoot with fever, Maniero. But I had to. It was shoot or die of starva-

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For generations, these ancient, legendary elephants had terrorized the colony. They had killed many men, and now, at last, they would meet foes worthy of them—Africa's two great hunters

tion for me. That was in 1870. I was nineteen then."

Maniero said, "Yes, *senhor*. What you say is true. No man, not even men like us, knows the full story of *nos amigos elefantes*. Their age, their history, their habits. Each of us has his ideas, each has learned from others who went before, but mixed up with what we know, as water is mixed with wine, is superstition, hearsay, myth. That is why, when I heard that *Senhor* Carew was back, I took the liberty of calling upon the *senhor*, the old hunter whose fame will never die."

"Die," the old man said. "That is why I came back. To die."

"That is what I heard," the other man said. "They said *Senhor* Carew had come back to die."

"It takes a long time," the old man said. "I am very strong."

"The *senhor* has been away a long time."

"Twenty years," the old man said. "But now I am back to end my days where my happiness began. To die where it died, when she died, in the same room, so that I shall not be alone. Neither when I die, for she will come to me, nor when I am buried, for they will put me to sleep beside her again. It is twenty years since I slept beside her, *senhor*. It is a long time. It takes a strong man a long time to die."

Maniero said nothing. He was a hunter and could wait.

THE old man said, "So he's still alive."

"He's alive," Maniero said, "and he's killed six men. That is to say, we know of six, but there may be more."

"Kaffirs?" Carew said.

"Yes, Kaffirs."

"And they say I'm responsible for their deaths, that because of me he's become a rogue. But Pretorius wounded him before I did. But that is so long ago that no one remembers. He killed Pretorius."

"No one blames you, *senhor*. Many men have been after him. I have been after him. They say he is bewitched."

"I had fever," the old man said. Then he said, "Have you got a bit of paper on you? An envelope or something? And a pencil?"

Maniero gave them to him.

The old man put the envelope on his knee and drew something on the back of it and passed the envelope to the Portuguese. "Was his spoor like that?" he asked. He had drawn a circle, and overlapping the circle was an ellipse, but it did not overlap it neatly; it leaned outward. It was twisted.

"That is the spoor of the lame one," Maniero said. "That is the way it was when I shot him," Carew said. "He had been wounded before. Pretorius wounded him in the fifties. Manie Pretorius, the Boer hunter, and he killed Manie."

"I did not know he had killed a white man."

"It was in the fifties," Carew said again, "a long time ago. Before I was born, and stories get lost."

"I have heard of Manie Pretorius, the Boer hunter," Maniero said, "and I knew he had been killed by an elephant, but I did not know it was the lame one."

"I had Manie's tracker," Carew said, "and he told me the tale. In those days, as you know, elephants were not as they are now. They fed in the daytime and lived in open country, so that you could hunt them in comfort from a horse. Well, Pretorius wounded him; he hit him with his four-pounder in the near thigh."

"Yes," Maniero said, "in the left thigh."

"He was trying for a shot into the liver, but the elephant moved as he fired, and then charged. Manie swung his horse and galloped away. That's what we always did, but the horse fell and the elephant was on him. He hit him with his trunk. Broke the horse's back; then he knelt on him. On them both, the man and the horse. Then he stood up and went to wash himself in a pan nearby, filling his trunk and squirting water over himself. Then he came back and looked at the dead man and horse. He walked round and round them for a long time and then he pulled some branches from a fever tree and covered them up and went away. My tracker saw it all from where he was hiding."

"And then," Maniero said, "that was the end?"

"No," Carew said. "Then they buried Manie Pretorius. The tracker and the other boys, by the big fever trees where he had been killed. But that is still not the end, because, when I saw the place, and that was twenty years later, the fever trees were broken down. An elephant had eaten them. And the spoor of that elephant was the one I have drawn for you. It was there that I picked it up and followed it. Every twenty years, the Kaffirs told me, he comes back to eat the trees round the grave."

They were hunters and one of them was very old, over eighty, a great age for this place

"So that is why they say he is bewitched?"

"Perhaps. And now, my friend, I have told you the story. Leave me and come back another day, because talking of the past leaves me tired."

Maniero had heard what he had hoped to hear—news of the lame one. Carew had not only seen him. He had wounded him sixty-odd years before.

Charles Carew had come to Africa with his father when he was fifteen. A year later his father had died, and, having no relations in England, the boy had remained. That was in 1867.

He had attached himself to a transport rider carrying goods from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay by ox wagon, and then had gone trading and hunting on his own with more than ordinary success. When he was twenty-two, he had met a missionary, new to the country, and had guided him into the interior and helped him to establish his mission there. It is doubtful if he would have spent as long as he did on this enterprise—it had taken a full year—if the missionary had not been accompanied by his wife and daughter. The girl, Esther, was a fine young woman, redheaded and lively, and to her the young hunter was like something out of a book of adventure stories, while to him she seemed like a fairy-tale princess.

They were together a great deal and she took to life in the wilds much better than her parents. When Carew proposed to her, though he could offer her no better home than a tented wagon, she accepted him, and, after they were married by her father, they left the mission station and returned to Carew's old business of hunting and trading.

Esther loved the life, the peace and freedom of the forest, the chase and its hazards, and the natives with whom they came into daily contact.

As they grew older, the hunting grew less and the trading more, so that they finally owned posts in many parts of the country. These they visited at intervals, and the rest of the time, when Carew was not hunting for pleasure, they spent in the small corrugated-iron house that they had built in Lourenço Marques. This was their home, the center from which they started on their expeditions and to which they returned when they were done. She had died here, in this house, twenty years ago, and it was now just as it had been then. No changes had been made, and his agent had kept it in order.

Carew had returned to die. He had left Johannesburg, where he had established himself after his wife's death, for this purpose. But Maniero had disturbed him. Maniero's talk of the bush and his own memories as he revived them in talking to Maniero were proving a deterrent to his plan. Before Maniero's coming, all had been going well. Death was approaching comfortably on the wings of boredom. But now he was no longer bored, and death came no nearer. Instead, it seemed further away, and a new idea entered his head.

It was a mad idea of a last hunt, or safari, as they called it now. Maniero had begun it with his talk of the lame elephant who was still killing men after all these years, but he had carried on himself from there. And then his old hunters had come back to him from their native province of Querida. Lunda, who was older than he was, had come back with his grandson, who, he said, was as good a tracker as he himself had ever been; and Matissa, who said, "Come to our land, Lord. We are hungry, and the elephants are many. They destroy our gardens and we need meat."

OFTEN he had supplied these people with meat in the past, and now they wanted him to come again. But suppose he died up there? What would happen to his plan about lying beside Esther when he died? He thought of his age and the hardships of hunting, and then he made nothing of the hardships. What were they now? Why, today he could hunt with a car. He need not walk thirty and forty kilometers a day as he had done when he was young; and Matissa had said, "We will carry you, Lord, in a hammock to the vicinity of the elephants and carry you back when you have killed." But still there was the question of his promise to Esther to lie beside her. But at last he had solved it. He looked at the great cask in the corner of the room, and then he looked out the window and at his watch. Mackenzie, his agent, was arriving punctually. A good man, Mackenzie.

"Ah, Mackenzie," he said, "I am glad you came."

Mackenzie said, "What madness are you planning now? I thought you had come here to peg out!"

"So I have," Carew said.

"Then why don't you pop off nicely in your sleep and we'll give you a slap-up funeral." This was his way of angering the old man. He was fond of him and he knew that if he could keep him angry, the old boy would never die. And that was what he wanted. They did not breed men like Carew today.

"See that?" Carew said.

"See what?"

"The barrel, you fool."

"Of course, I see it. What's in it? Brandy?"

"Yes, brandy."

"Are you going to drink yourself to death?"

"No, but it's poisoned, or going to be."

"What's it for, then?"

"To pickle me in," Carew said. "That's all that stopped me from hunting. I said to myself, 'Suppose you die up there. You wouldn't keep, not even in the cold weather.' So I'll take it with me."

"Take what?" Mackenzie asked.

"The pickle barrel, you bloody fool, and if I die or get killed they'll bring it back to you, and you can bury me with Esther. That's why I'm going to poison it, so no one drinks it," he said.

"And I'm to bury you, hey? Brandy and all? In a barrel! Think Esther'd like that? Think she'll like it when the last trump sounds and the dead rise up and you come out of your barrel drunk as a lord?"

(Continued on page 60)

The only sound was the crackling of branches as the tusked one advanced. He towered above the native and straightened out his trunk

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

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INTERNATIONAL

Seven miles from the test explosion, soldiers watch in awe as the mushroom cloud rises to 30,000 feet. Seconds before, they had swayed as the blast rocked the Nevada desert floor

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

I'M NOT

In a firsthand report, an Army

I WALKED through an atom-bombed area. I didn't get burned, I didn't become radioactive, and I didn't become sterile. And neither did the 5,000 guys with me. Furthermore, I wasn't scared—either while taking my walk through the blasted miles, or while watching the world's most feared weapon being exploded seven miles in front of me.

But, I've been asked a hundred times since the Desert Rock maneuvers at Yucca Flats in the Nevada atomic test site, "What was it like?"

The question was asked by both soldiers and civilians. It was asked by persons with an honest desire to learn, firsthand, some information about the A-bomb, and the frequency with which the question was asked indicated that the American public knows very little about this subject.

Before we go any further, it might be well to explain that I am neither a scientist, an engineer, nor a highly educated military specialist. I'm a one-time newspaperman who has spent just about half of his adult life in the Army. I can't explain the A-bomb in technical terms. I can't even spell the terms. And I don't know much about high-level tactics. But I do know what this new era of warfare looks like to me.

And I'm convinced that even a small amount of basic information about atomic energy—from a soldier's point of view—will do the public a lot more good than all the fear-producing technical talk I had heard up to the time I was permitted to attend the Nevada tests as an observer.

One of the officers assigned to brief us at Desert Rock made a statement that stuck with me. In a booming voice, the major quipped:

"The father of the United States Navy is John Paul Jones. His claim to fame stems from a particular naval battle when, after being battered by an enemy warship, he was asked to surrender. He replied, 'I have not yet begun to fight.' Whereupon a badly wounded Marine aboard Jones's ship raised his bloody body up from the deck and muttered, 'Some guys never get the word!' "

I'd like to "spread the word" in this article.

What was it like?

For many days prior to the test, combat troops and observers poured into the temporary tent camp at Desert Rock by plane, train and bus. The group ranged from privates to generals and represented every branch of the service. After a security clearance, we were assigned to tents in a very well organized camp. After the many observers had been fully oriented on the rudiments of atomic warfare, we were placed on an alert status. This was the night before the blast.

A colonel said, "I must make it quite plain to all you gentlemen, if we cannot account for every single man at any given time, all the wheels will stop. We don't care how long we have to keep you here, but the Atomic Energy Commission will call the whole show off if I can't tell them I know where every single one of you is. There will be a guard around the camp tonight. Don't try to leave."

That afternoon we practiced loading onto the trucks that were to take us to the test site. After that, the tension started to mount—even in the many poker games that were started after dark that night.

Long before dawn the next morning, we were

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AFRAID of the A-BOMB

By CAPTAIN RICHARD P. TAFFE

officer says that troops can attack through the ravaged area immediately after the blast

roused from sleep. It was bitter cold, and those who had forgotten or neglected to bring warm clothing shivered in the long breakfast line. After a hearty breakfast, we picked up our sack lunches —two sandwiches and an orange—and filled our canteens. Most of the lunches were consumed long before noon.

The officer leader of each two tents worried his charges into a "platoon." Ours consisted of 18 officers, including an Air Force lieutenant and a Navy lieutenant who had been working with atomic energy for some time and yet had never seen a "shot," a Chemical Warfare officer, a Marine artillery officer just back from Korea, an Engineer Corps officer, an Adjutant General Corps officer, a combat infantry officer—a wide variety of experience.

Roll calls in the many company streets produced a chorus of sleepy replies. We marched to the long line of trucks and busses that encircled the camp. As his name was called, each man crowded into the back of a truck. A military policeman was assigned to each truck as a guide. When everyone had been accounted for, the officer in charge started the convoy toward the test site—some 40 miles away.

Nothing was taken for granted. A constant check was maintained to keep track of every individual. Just in case of a breakdown, an empty truck rolled along with each section of the convoy. Frequent check points, floodlighted, enabled the security agents to keep track of every vehicle. The long row of headlights wormed its way off the desert floor at Frenchman's Flats, through the mountain pass into Yucca Flats. We shivered in the early-morning cold.

With each mile the apprehension grew. What would it be like? How big was the bomb? We had been warned that the show could be called off by the Atomic Energy Commission right up until the last minute. Rumors flew along the column of trucks.

A desert floor at dawn is a deceiving thing. Distance means nothing. Mountains 25 miles away seemed to be within easy walking distance. A dried lake was realistic enough to provoke wagers that it was actually water—despite a cluster of buildings in the center of it—and another dried lake turned out to be our parking lot.

As we scrambled off the trucks, our names were checked again. While we were forming into lines, the drivers opened all windows and laid the windshields flat against the hoods of their vehicles. This was to keep them from shattering when the bomb burst.

Truckload by truckload, the thousands of troops shuffled through the dust to the observation point.

The test officials had thought of everything. We were first lined up shoulder to shoulder and then spread out so that we were separated by several yards, the MP with the truck number tied to his back at the head of each line. There was plenty of room on the flat desert.

The major who had briefed us back in Camp Desert Rock was speaking from a platform to our rear. It was six thirty—about an hour to the scheduled time of the explosion. He reviewed everything we had been told before, while we searched the sky for the several planes cruising high above.

About half an hour before "H hour" a preliminary TNT explosion was touched off to test the many scientific instruments. We were told it was 300 pounds of explosive. It gave us our first real conception of distance on the desert.

The test blast raised only a tiny spiral of dust two miles down the desert floor and the noise was barely audible.

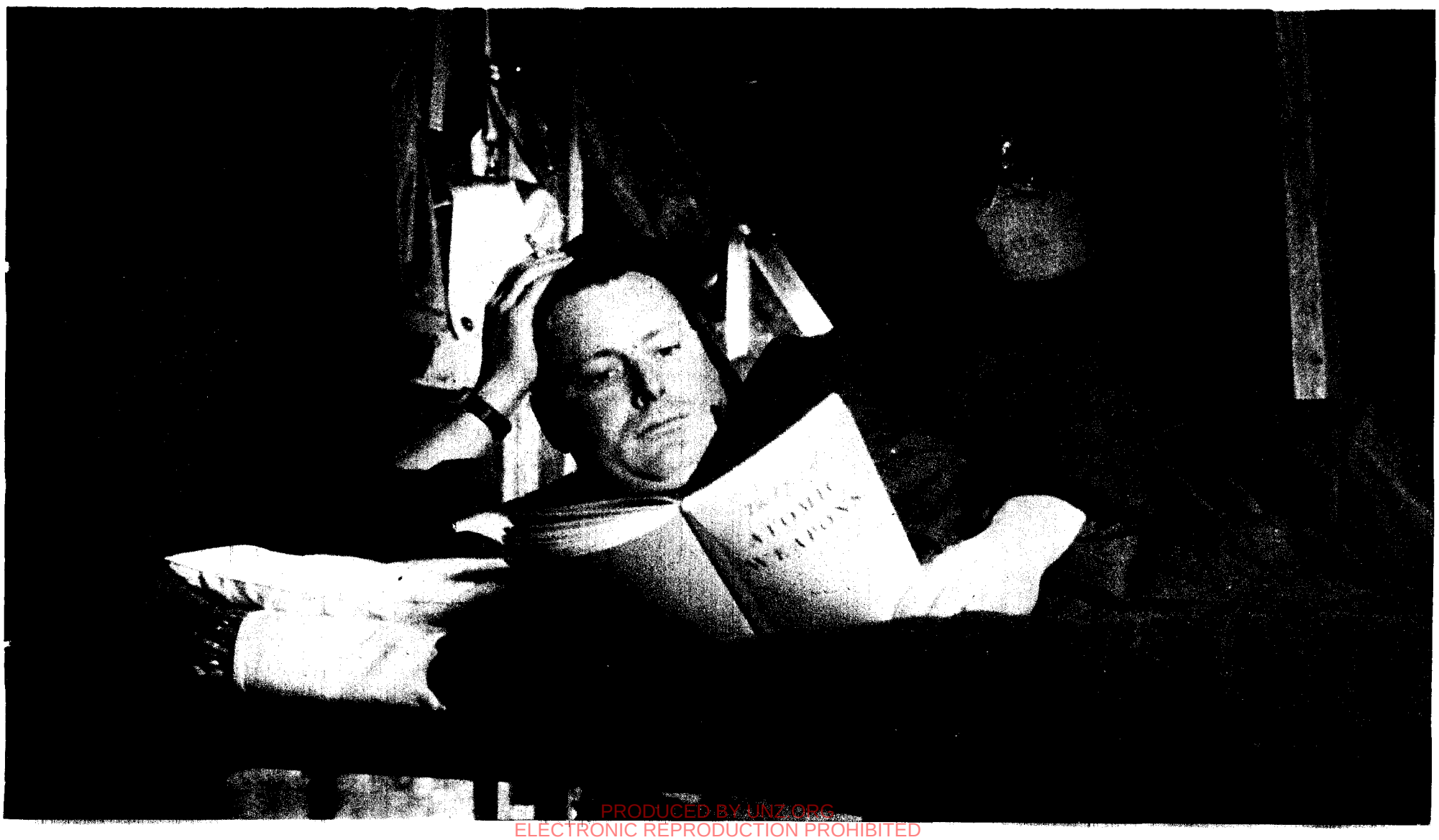
The voice on the public address system described Ground Zero (the point directly under which the bomb was to explode) as being near a road junction and asked us to locate it. It was difficult to spot from our location seven miles away; the best most of us could do was to pick out the road junction.

With nothing between us and it but sandy desert, Ground Zero looked uncomfortably close.

Some of the observers asked if they could look directly at the blast with special sunglasses. The officer in charge explained which glasses could be used and which could not. We were particularly warned not to view the spectacle with field glasses.

With 10 minutes to go, the tension increased. We were told that the plane that was to drop the bomb had made its last wind run. We could see the sun reflected from its side as it flew high over the mountains to our right. *(Continued on page 41)*

The author bones up on atomic warfare. The Bomb, he says, will not put the foot soldier out of business. It gives him a new weapon



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Miss Jeremy

Dr. Warner put on Corinne's rubber gloves and picked up the patient's wrist. The pulse was very faint, but there was no danger. All of Dr. Warner's operations were successful

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and the Bran Sergin

They were daydreams, not lies; they were only Jane's way of making up for the things she missed so desperately. Now everything depended on Miss Jeremy. She could make them true—if she would

By OLIVER WELD BAYER

JANE thrust her hands under the dribble from the faucet, dried them hastily on her green flannel school skirt, and started downstairs to the dining room. From the landing, she could hear the frightful racket the boys made—both talking at once, as usual. She stooped down to peer through the banisters. In the dining room, the boys were standing behind their chairs, waiting for her. It had lasted for three days now, so it looked as though her father really had meant what he said. What he had said was that gentlemen never sit down at the table until the ladies are seated. Since her mother died, Jane was all the ladies there were —on most nights—so this announcement had been greeted by the boys with distressed hoots and wails.

"She's just a nine-year-old kid," Steve had protested. "She's no lady!"

"You heard me," their father had answered in his firmest voice. "And from now on, you will appear in coats and ties. This is *dinner*time, not feeding time."

They had been only slightly mollified when he addressed himself to Jane. "Ladies," he had said sternly, "do not come to the table with dirty hands and a tangled mop."

Remembering that now, Jane scraped her fingers through her long black hair in a hasty imitation of brushing, and slowly went down the rest of the stairs.

Steve caught sight of her first. "Look," he cried, "she's just taking her good old time, just on purpose to keep us standing up."

"Hurry, darling," her father said. "You're late."

Majestically Jane marched the length of the dining room, glancing neither to right nor left until she reached her place at the foot of the table. Her father followed, pulled her chair out and, when she was seated, pushed it gently forward. Immediately the two boys dropped sullenly into their own chairs. When her father was seated at the head of the table, he smiled across the lighted candles at Jane.

"You may ring for Corinne," he said.

Jane's foot shot out and tapped around in a wide circle, searching for the buzzer. As they did every night, the boys watched her expectantly. After ten seconds, Steve groaned, "Oh, for Pete's sake, she can't even find it!"

Rick didn't say anything. He sighed mournfully, rolled his eyes, and stared at the ceiling.

Jane slid her foot back and forth in a still wider circle. The little hump in the rug seemed to have vanished. She frowned her forehead into creases and stared, panic-stricken, at her father. "I can't find it!"

"That's all right, Jane. Take your time. It's there." Her father smiled encouragingly.

And then, suddenly, there it was. They could hear its rasping command in the kitchen. Now Corinne would come in with the heaping platter of meat and potatoes, and then later with the heaping dish of green beans, or peas or spinach. Their father was worse than their mother had ever been about vegetables. Steve said he acted as if they were about to drop dead of beriberi. But then the children had long ago agreed that he was worse about a lot of things; about tooth-brushing and bathing and getting enough sleep.

Rick, who was twelve and the oldest, had advanced the theory that Father was trying to be a mother to them as well as a father. Until he relaxed, Rick said, it was going to be a great strain on everybody. But their mother had been dead for a year now, and their father showed no sign of slipping into his old, easy ways.

It was, Jane thought, because of what the neighbors and friends and relatives had said. "Poor motherless children," the neighbors had said to one another, hurrying in with jars of soup, and cakes. "Poor Mr. Warner left with the three of them to bring up and no woman to help him." And the friends had crowded into the house with bunches of flowers and hot casseroles and boxes of cookies. "What's going to happen to those children without a mother?" the friends had asked the neighbors.

THE relatives had come on trains from other cities. They'd sat in the living-room, snatching at Jane with strange hands, kissing her with strange lips. "I'm your Aunt Clem," they'd told her, "I'm your Aunt Lou," "I'm your Uncle Will." "Isn't she a darling?" they'd ask one another, "Isn't she sweet? Isn't she *thin?*" They dabbed at their red-rimmed eyes. "Without a mother!" they'd said.

For a few days, the house had been packed with people. There was so much cigarette smoke and so many voices it had seemed like a party. Jane had wandered through the rooms, thinking that at any moment she would see her mother in her party dress—the blue one with the glittering silver leaves around the neck. But of course she never had.

Finally, the strangers had left, and the house was quiet again. Everything went on the same—eating and sleeping and going to school. And yet everything was different, like Father being so serious about health and manners, and only Corinne in the house when Jane got home from school, and Jane sitting at her mother's place at the table, as she was doing right now.

"We had an atomic-bomb drill at school today," Steve announced. "Our class had to march into the basement and lie flat against the west wall."

"I bet our class has a safer place than yours," Rick said. "We get to be in the tunnel between the school and the lab."

"If you're at home when the explosion comes," Steve said, "you're supposed to go down into the basement. You're supposed to grab blankets to cover yourself up with. That protects you from getting burned by the flash."

"All right," their father said, "let's not talk about that now. What did you do in school today, Jane?"

"Miss Jeremy is teaching us about pioneers," Jane began.

Steve leaned forward, chewing rapidly. "What I want to know, Dad, is how can they tell when the bomb's coming? How'll they have time to sound the warning?"

"I'll explain that to you later," Mr. Warner said. He addressed himself pointedly to Jane. "What did you learn about pioneers, darling?"

"Miss Jeremy said everybody had to work hard in those days. Especially *boys*. They had to cut down trees and haul logs and—"

"We had a lecture in science class about the explosion," Rick interrupted. "There'll be a great big wave of air that'll sweep out for a radius of fifteen miles. If the bomb hits right in the center of the industrial area, the wave of air won't be very strong by the time it gets out to Hobbes Academy."

"Yeah," said Steve, "but how do we know it'll fall where it's supposed to?" He waved his fork at the others. "You gotta watch out for flying glass or it'll cut you to pieces."

"Well, let's not talk about it now," Mr. Warner suggested again. "We can talk about it later, if you like."

"The flash is worse than the glass," Rick said. "In one of those Japanese towns, there was a man in a black-and-white kimono. He was all burned where the black was but not where the white was. We ought to wear white suits all the time and—"

"Boys!" Mr. Warner's hand came down flat and hard on the table. The water glasses shivered and spilled over; the silverware tinkled. There was an instant's complete silence and, swallowing her potato, Jane snatched at it. "Miss Jeremy," she declared proudly, "said I was the best rester in the class."

"Fancy that!" Steve said. He let his knife and fork clatter to his plate. "She's the best rester! You sure aren't the best speller, I bet. What's that sign you got sticking on your bedroom door? Dr. Jane Warner, Bran Sergin. What's a bran sergin, may I ask?"

"That's easy," said Rick. "You eat it for breakfast with sugar and cream."

"It happens to say brain surgeon," Jane said with dignity, "and I am—"

"Say, Dad," Rick said, "if we get our homework done, can we come downstairs at ten and watch the wrestling on television?"

"Dad, you've got to let us," Steve begged. "The Minnesota Mauler's going to wrestle the Baffler. The Baffler always pulls a lot of dirty stuff. Our coach won't even teach us those hammer locks. He says they're illegal."

"They sure are," said Mr. Warner.

"Miss Jeremy," Jane shouted, "says that English spelling rules are idiotic!"

Rick glanced at her with disgust. "What kind of a school are you sending this kid to?" he asked his father.

"It's a better school than yours!"

"A school full of girls, for Pete's sake!"

"The last time we saw those two guys fight, the Baffler took the Mauler apart. You shoulda seen it, Dad!" Steve got up from his chair to demonstrate. "The Baffler took a flying butt, a torpedo butt—like this. He butted the Mauler right in the guts."

"Wow!" Rick yelled, his face glowing with the memory. "The Mauler looked like he was about to throw up."

"Steve, sit down this minute," Mr. Warner ordered. "This is the dinner table, not a locker room and—"

"And boys are a damn' *(Continued on page 38)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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The Best of WILL ROGERS' Political Wisecracks

Written in the '20s and '30s, they're wise and witty—and timely as today's newspaper. "You take a Democrat and a Republican," wrote the famed humorist, "and you keep them both out of office and I bet they turn out to be good friends and maybe make useful Citizens"

June 4, 1920

I HAVE been asked to cover the Republican Convention, to write something funny. All you have to do to write something funny about a Republican Convention is just tell what happens.

The Convention is held in Chicago. Chicago is located just North of the U.S. I am well acquainted with the American Consul there. Chicago holds the record for Murders and robberies and Republican Conventions.

The Convention started off with a setback. A carload of wine billed for Chicago for "Medical Purposes" got held up.

The Democrats are investigating slush funds. If they can find where it comes from they want theirs.

June 7, 1920

They called in a Professional pray-er as none of the Politicians present knew how. Of course Will Hays (Republican National Chairman) has told him what to pray for. A great many of the leading Republicans were against having the Prayer as they didn't think it necessary this year but, to add variety to an otherwise monotonous show, they decided to leave it in.

Will Hays seemed quite relieved at the end of the Prayer when he heard no applause, as he said, "You never can tell what a Republican will do."

June 11, 1920

I phoned Will Hays. "Why don't some of them say something?" He said, "Well, I guess they have told all they know about Wilson."

I said, "Why surely some of all these thousands of Republicans must know of him poisoning a well or dynamiting an orphan asylum or something."

Prohibition has raised the price of votes. Votes that used to cost a dozen 5 cent beers are now selling for a four dollar bottle of hair tonic. And the tough part of it is they are no better votes.

(The Republicans nominated Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio for their Presidential candidate and Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts for his running mate.)

June 14, 1920

Only two detrimental things have come out since Nomination in Harding's whole record. One was his middle name, Gamaliel, and the other he used to play a slide trombone in a country band. Musical circles in Washington are now looking towards a big revival.

Ohio claims they are due a President as they haven't had one since Taft. Look at the United States, they haven't had one since Lincoln.

June 15, 1920

When I learned that President Wilson was not going to the Democratic WeeGee Convention at San Francisco I decided to go to the White House where the orders would be phoned out. The Pres. and I sat at the phone listening.

After the Chairman had finally given out, I woke President Wilson up and asked him how he liked the speech.

The President said, "It was all right but he left out part of it."

ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

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White House hopefuls may come, and White House hopefuls may go, but this much is sure: politics and politicians go on forever. No one knew this better than the late Will Rogers, and over a decade and a half, including four campaign years in which the major parties battled for the Presidential prize, the great American humorist directed his gentle but devastating wit with fine impartiality at the candidates, platforms and conventions of the passing political scene. Will's bipartisan fun-poking is as pointed today, in the election year 1952, as it was back in the twenties and thirties, and Collier's is therefore happy to present these excerpts from a forthcoming book of his comments, How We Elect Our Presidents, edited by Donald Day and to be published by Little, Brown & Company in March

I said, "How do you know that?"

Mr. Wilson said, "If you write anything and then rehearse a man for days just how to say it, you are pretty apt to remember if he leaves anything out."

I said, "Well, what he left out certainly was not about the Republicans as he seemed to have that part in there. The way Cummings talked it was the Republican Soldiers' fault every time the Americans had to retreat in the war. But every time we advanced it was the Democrats doing it. But, Pres, there were fewer big words in there than in most of your speeches."

He said, "Will, I had to make it plain. Did you ever see a bunch of deligates?"

(The Democratic WeeGee Convention nominated Governor James M. Cox of Ohio for its Presidential candidate and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Franklin D. Roosevelt for its Vice-Presidential victim.)

July 4, 1920

Harding is sending out *(Continued on page 44)*

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Kazuko Higa, only woman on the island. For her love, men fought and killed one another

DARK ANGEL

Trapped on an island with 32 Japs who refused to believe

By PETER and GLORIA KALISCHER

ON JUNE 28, 1950, the U.S. Navy cutter Miss Susie, cruising off Anatahan Island, a jungle-covered dot in the central Pacific, 64 miles north of Saipan, was hailed from the beach by a figure waving something white. Those aboard made out a stocky, brown-skinned young woman wearing a banana-leaf skirt and nothing else. A whaleboat put ashore and next morning returned with the woman, now dressed in what she had been waving—a dress made of parachute nylon. The woman was no South Sea Islander but Mrs. Kazuko Higa, twenty-eight, a former Japanese bar girl from Okinawa, who had been for five years the only woman resident of Anatahan, but not, according to her bizarre story, lacking in male companions.

Scattered over the island's seven square miles were 22 men of an original group of 32, all but one of them marooned Japanese soldiers and seamen from three small ships sunk by American planes in June, 1944.

To Lieutenant Commander James B. Johnson, of Birmingham, Alabama, USNR, aboard the Miss Susie, Mrs. Higa revealed more about this die-hard garrison, which, as the then deputy civil administrator for the northern Marianas, Johnson had been trying to coax into surrender for years.

She let it be known that she herself had not succumbed to the blandishments of American peace propaganda—copies of Emperor Hirohito's surrender announcement and other appeals to call off the war—which had been delivered to the island from time to time.

She had given up, she said, simply because she was tired of being a *femme fatale* to a male harem and because she feared for her life.

Just how *fatale* a *femme* she had been remained a partial mystery for another year. Then the Anatahan garrison—now reduced to 19—formally surrendered to Johnson on June 30, 1951, on the same rocky beach where Mrs. Higa had given herself up. The capitulation came nearly six years after that of the Japanese Empire.

Flown to Tokyo from Guam on a Marine transport plane, the survivors set foot on Japanese soil exactly seven years and 42 days after leaving it in the middle of World War II. They returned to families which had given them up for dead, to seven wives who had remarried, eleven wives who had remained faithful, and a crashing curiosity on the part of the rest of the world as to just what did happen on Anatahan.

The answer is a sometimes heroic, sometimes ludicrous epic of misguided patriotism and a more understandable—to Western minds—melodrama of hunger, sex, jealousy and violence.

For, of the 12 men who died on Anatahan, seven were murdered or killed in fights over Kazuko Higa, and an eighth was executed after a "trial" by a jury of his peers. One of the killers and the executioner are among the 20 who returned to Japan.

The story begins on May 24, 1944, when a convoy of 16 ships, most of them fishing vessels, sailed from Yokohama with supplies for the by-passed Japanese garrison on Truk Island in the south central Pacific. The war was not going well for Japan, and some of the men were depressed by the exhortation of a high Japanese naval officer, delivered before the convoy set out. If only two of the ships got to Truk, the navy officer shouted, the expedition would still be worth while—for this was to be a 100-year war.

Fifteen more vessels joined the convoy on the way. Not one reached its destination. As they proceeded south, they approached a fatal rendezvous with a massive American task force charging up in the opposite direction for the invasion of Saipan, a key island in the Marianas chain, 1,200 miles south of Japan.

American dive bombers pounced on part of the convoy when it got abreast of Anatahan. On June 12th, they sank the Hyosuke Maru and the Akebono Maru, and the next day the Kaiho Maru, all fishing vessels of about 35 tons. Two men were killed, but all the rest aboard the three ships, including five wounded, got safely ashore.

The men fled into the jungle as the planes now turned to bombing and strafing the island; the invasion of Saipan was on and every Japanese for hundreds of square miles was catching it. Between raids, the survivors took a census. There were 31 of them—eight Japanese Imperial Navy seamen, two army privates and 21 navy-drafted civilians, most of them fishermen. The youngest was eighteen and the oldest forty-eight. Between them they had salvaged three days' supply of food, one bottle of iodine, one light machine gun, two rifles and about 350 rounds of assorted ammunition.

The Homer of a Pacific Odyssey

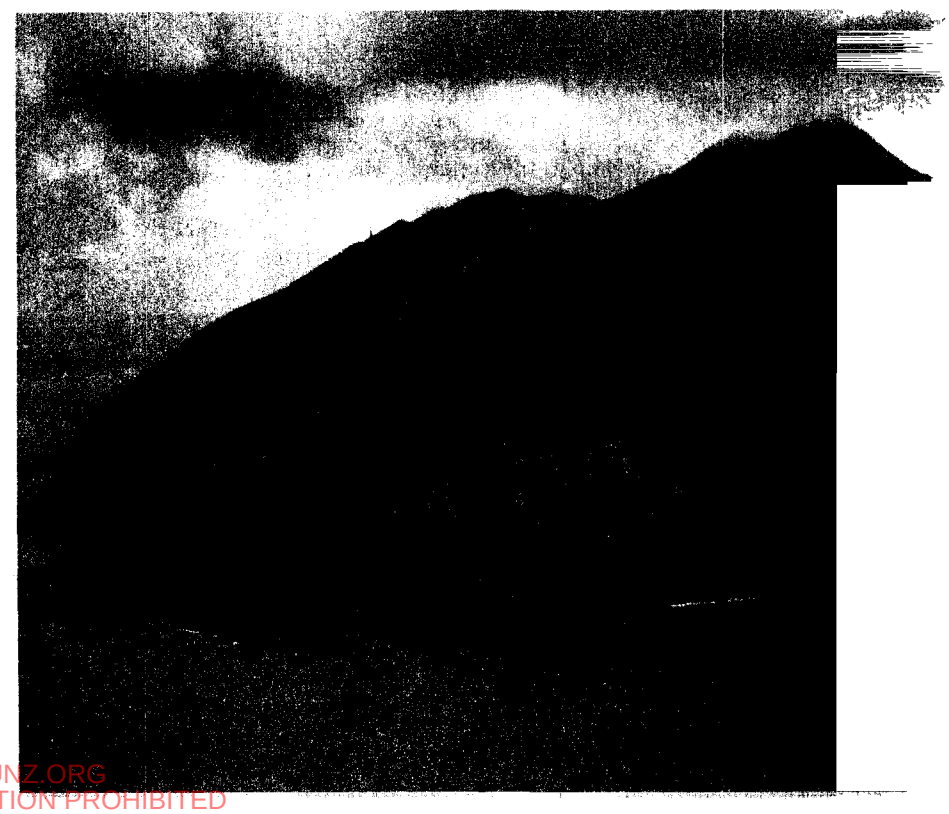
The worst wounded was Tsuro Maruyama, thirty-five, a slight, sleepy-eyed navy seaman, the only artist in a pretty rough crowd. In civilian life he had taught the samisen, the three-stringed Japanese zither, hardly recommended training for the ordeal he was to undergo. Despite a bullet hole through his right leg and another through his right hand, he cast himself in the role of Homer to this Pacific odyssey and resolved to remember all of it.

In addition to 45 scared Kanaka natives, there were two other people on Anatahan: Kikuichiro Higa, the assistant overseer of the island's copra plantation, and Kazuko Higa, a plump, square-jawed, disturbing young woman they took to be his wife. Both were Okinawa-born Japanese. The cast was complete.

The badly wounded men were placed in hastily

Lt. Comdr. J. B. Johnson, USNR, shakes hands with Junji Inoue, one of holdouts he took off island. Inoue was the first to surrender

Anatahan, where the small band of Japanese held out, is a tiny dot in the Marianas. The men were survivors from ships bombed by Allies



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of ANATAHAN

the war over, she lived five years of lust and violence

constructed banana-leaf shacks, inland from the beach, on a promontory nicknamed Hospital Mountain. The others began exploring the island. They found oval-shaped Anatahan to be only two miles by five, but so thickly covered by jungle that it took three days to make the circuit of its rugged shore line. There were two mountain peaks about 2,500 feet high, a jungle-covered plateau from which rose a smoking, semiactive volcano and "hot spring" that spouted steam but no water.

On the western tip of Anatahan, near the rocky beach where they had landed, was the native village, mostly bombed flat, and a few acres of cultivated ground. Two headstones on the beach marked the graves of Japanese who had died in earlier air raids. On the other side of the island were thick groves of coconut trees that formed the backbone of the island's economy in peacetime. The food supply looked dire, and the water supply worse.

The Higas and the natives owned a grand total of 40 pigs and 20 chickens. Before the war the Japanese South Seas Development Company, which operated Anatahan, had rationed the islanders with rice and beer. Now there was nothing but rice sacks and about 500 empty beer bottles. There wasn't a well or stream on the island—drinking water, after the lone water tank was demolished, had to be trapped in beer bottles, when it rained, by using palm-leaf funnels.

At first the wounded men were fed chicken because the flesh of four-footed animals was dangerous for a sick man, according to Japanese folk medicine. The chickens lasted a week. The pigs lasted three months. Long before the last porker had been picked clean, the men were foraging in the jungle for food.

In twos and threes, combining their talents for survival, they roamed over the island, staying no more than a week or two in one place and moving on when there was nothing edible left.

They would spend a whole day trapping one of the island's domesticated cats gone wild. They chased tiny crabs on the beach, climbed trees for coconuts, or rooted in the native gardens at night for the pulpy *butaimo* or pig-feed potatoes for which there were no longer any pigs. From cats they went to bats—some with a six-foot wing spread—and from bats to lizards.

The first time they saw one of the island's giant lizards, five feet long and ugly, they ran. Next time they killed and ate one, gagging on the meat. Because food spoiled so rapidly, they had to keep the lizards alive right up to the time they ate them. One man would push a piece of wood at a hissing reptile until he snapped at it; then his teammate would tie the jaws tight over the stick and the two men would carry the lizard back to their shack.

Rats with Terrible Table Manners

Meals were never a leisurely business because of the flies and the rats. The flies settled in clouds on anything left uncovered, laying eggs that hatched out in from two to six hours. The rats, about five inches long, were so voracious they ran off with anything edible the men didn't actually have in their hands. But they, too, sometimes ended up on the menu. As their clothes shredded away, the survivors wore banana-leaf breechclouts. The temperature, except for January and February, stayed at about 85 degrees Fahrenheit.

The native men taught them, eventually, where to look for papaya, breadfruit and wild potatoes, and how to make a fire with two pieces of wood. The Kanakas also taught them how to distill tuba, a potent wine made from coconut sap.

The tuba dulled their hunger pangs, got them drunk and led the younger men to brooding about something else besides food—Kazuko. (The native women thoughtfully kept their distance at all times.)

Kazuko, they found out, was married but not to Kikuichiro Higa, the assistant overseer with whom she lived. Her lawful husband was another Higa—Shoichiro, the chief overseer—who had left Anatahan aboard a company ship bound for a nearby island just 24 hours before the survivors landed. (The two Higas were not related—the name is common on Okinawa.)

Whether he got there, no one knew. But Kazuko did not legally belong to the second Higa, and she circulated that interesting bit of information among the 31 marooned males, for what reason they could only imagine.

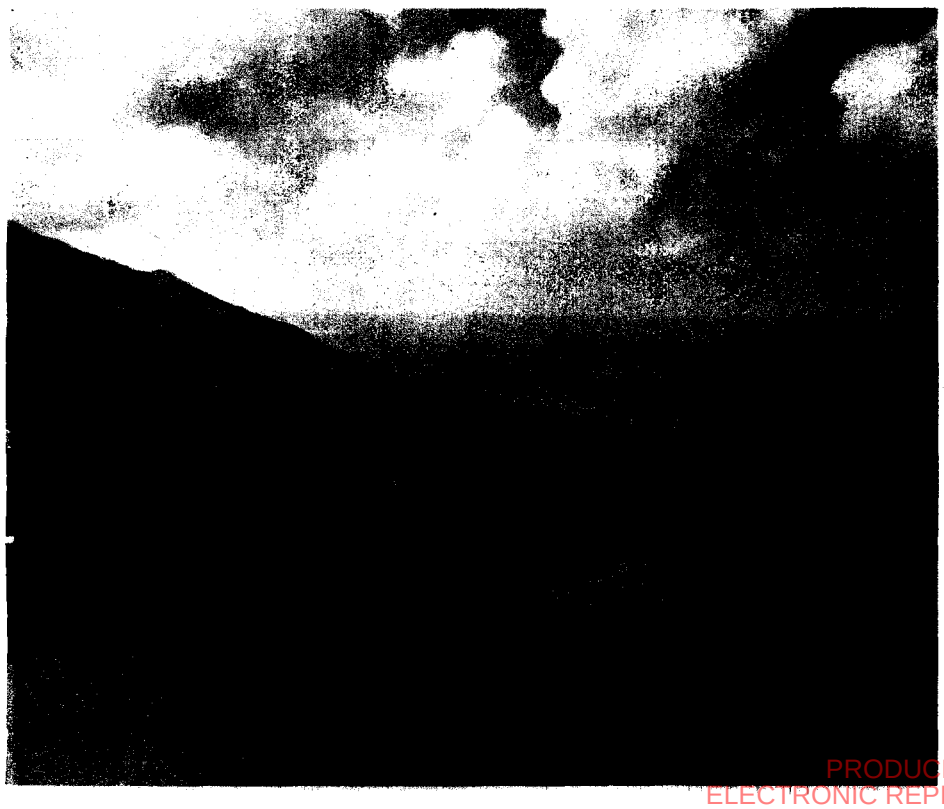
As the young men sat around their miserable smudge fires at night, tormented by mosquitoes and ticks, and pondering what life held in store for them on this island prison, *(Continued on page 50)*

U.S. NAVY PHOTOS

The Japs made equipment from remains of crashed plane, including clothes from chutes

Hozumi (left) and Ichiro Ishiwata arrive to dismantle "graves" made for them by family

Island had little food. Japanese barely managed to stay alive by foraging in jungle and fishing. Rain was caught for drinking water



After living on bats and lizards, survivors hungrily devour rice, fish, lemonade and crackers prepared for them by Navy rescue ship

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NOT CAPTAIN MATERIAL

By ROBERT DEXTER NEFF

The field at Seattle was socked in tight. They couldn't land. And if they didn't land, the wounded soldier in the cabin wouldn't live

THEY stood inside the doorway of the Anchorage Airport Café. Vance Harriman was the taller one, a veteran air line copilot of thirty-five, with a sprinkling of gray at his temples and wrinkles at the corners of his eyes that creased good-humoredly when he grinned. The other was Captain Jerry Brooks, an incredibly young four-striper.

From across the café, the two stewardesses for their flight signaled them with half-raised arms. They had come in ahead to get a booth while the pilots signed in at Dispatch.

"There are the girls," Brooks said, scanning the room. "But no sign of our flight engineer." Brooks's voice was painfully self-disciplined. So young, Vance thought. Not since the war have they promoted them so young.

Tightening his grip on his flight kit, Vance followed Brooks through the jam of people concerned with the brief midnight pause of 511 in its flight from the Orient to Seattle. It was always the same: walking through crowded airport coffee shops behind captains a dozen years his junior; aware of the questioning eyes, the back-of-the-hand whisperings, and the occasional ill-concealed grin. Each year it got harder to face these persistent reminders of his failure.

"Oh, Captain!" They were halted by a pair of white-haired women. The thinner one gave a tight-lipped smile. The other peered solemnly through rimless bifocals at Vance. "Captain," she said, "will the weather be good in Seattle?"

"Well, ma'am, I'm not the captain," Vance explained. "This is the captain."

"This—this is the captain?" the old lady asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Vance replied. Then, seeing the flush come to Brooks's cheeks, he realized his mistake in making a point of it. Lord, he wouldn't want Brooks to think it was deliberate. If he were ever to make captain himself he had to have Brooks's favorable report. And you didn't start out with a new captain by making a fool of him in public. "The Seattle weather will be quite safe," Vance explained hastily. "There's nothing to worry about."

"Oh, I'm not worried—are we, Clara?" the old lady said. "I just wondered if it would be raining. My hair gets so unruly when it rains."

"Yes, ma'am," Vance answered, with a patient smile. "I'm afraid it will be raining. Now if you'll excuse us, we just have time for coffee."

"Why, of course!" Both ladies smiled, and, with a polite nod, Vance followed Brooks down the aisle. He heard one of the women say, "Such nice, clean-cut men! But isn't it odd that the younger one should be—"

He told Skip to roll up the soldier's sleeve. For just an instant he hesitated, with the needle in his hand poised over the boy's arm

In the booth, the girls were laughing. "Thought you were standing us up," said Margo, a frail, suntanned blonde from San Diego.

"Only wanted to know if it was raining in Seattle," Brooks said tersely.

Vance sat down beside Skip Enright, whose black hair and elegantly shaped mouth always made her seem too beautiful for a supervising stewardess. "That," she said, grinning at Vance, "is like asking if the sun is shining in Honolulu."

Vance grinned wryly. Honolulu had become a code word between them. Almost every resigning stewardess, these days, requested passes there for a honeymoon. There was nothing for him to say. They'd been over this ground with everything but Geiger counters. It just wasn't right, he reasoned, for a career copilot to marry. Not because of money; copilots got pretty fair checks now. Especially, he thought grimly, those with thirteen years' seniority. It was the knowledge of failure. It was hard to make Skip understand that, or to make her see why he couldn't quit Coastal and take a job in her father's company. But it was enough that Mr. Enright would give him his daughter. A man had to accept such a gift with a certain measure of self-respect.

THE waitress brought coffee. Vance and Brooks drank as the PA speaker barked 511's arrival from Tokyo.

"We'd better mush," Margo said. "Last flight, I didn't get the commissary checked. We had forty-six bee-u-tiful steak dinners. But when I started to serve, we were three hundred miles from the nearest knife and fork." She grinned ruefully at Skip.

Skip gave her a reassuring smile. "Happens once to everyone. Either makes or breaks you. But don't worry; Aunty Skip is right behind you." She laughed softly. "And I don't mean ready to give you a boot if it happens again, either."

Skip turned her smile to Vance, and he knew the words were for him, too. He squeezed her hand under the table.

In Operations, they stopped for a final word from the dispatcher. Lew Akers, a heavy-set worrier with a cigar, glared through the steamy window at the midnight blackness outside.

"Lots of traffic tonight," he said, taking the cigar out of his mouth. "Military stuff." He spoke directly to Brooks. "No need to warn you there's tricky terrain and hellish winds up here. They ought to think of that," he said, jabbing the cigar between his teeth, "when they send a guy up here from the banana run in midwinter."

Brooks regarded Lew blankly a moment. "Thanks," he said, picking up the flight board. "I'll make out. What about our engineer? Has he checked in with you?"

"Oh, Clark," Lew said. "Well, no. But he did call in to say he'd be delayed."

Brooks nodded grimly *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

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Continuing: JIGGS and I

Take Corned Beef & Cabbage...

By GEORGE McMANUS with HENRY LA COSSITT

"It is true that, like Jiggs, I have some fondness for this simple and succulent dish. But through the years it has been rammed down my throat on every possible occasion, from Maine to California . . ."

In the first hilarious installment of Jiggs and I, George McManus told of his own beginnings as a boy newspaper artist in St. Louis, and of the birth of Maggie and her ex-hod-carrier husband—with whom McManus has become inextricably identified

JIGGS and I have had trouble, now and then, convincing people that we are only what we seem to be. Marvelous and idiotic things have been said about us. It has been reported that I am a woman, using the name "George McManus" as a pseudonym. The shrewd people responsible for this tale reason that only a woman could draw a strip in which Maggie picks on Jiggs as she does.

On the other hand, it has been stated positively that I am a misogynist, a woman-hating ogre who has been married six times—like Bluebeard. The theory here is that I caricature my "wives" in Maggie, and thus give vent to my antifeminine spleen. The fact of the matter is that I was married on December 23, 1908, to a young concert and opera singer named Florence Bergere. I am still married to her.

I have been suspected of involvement in a murder. When gambler Arnold Rothstein was killed in a New York hotel in 1928, another gambler, who had the effrontery to be named George McManus, was sought for questioning. For a while, some people eyed me with, if not outright suspicion, a sort of thoughtful speculation. My fun-loving friends in New York got into the act with enthusiasm. Because of my wife's ill health, we had moved to California, and I received telegrams that read, "Lie low. Have hidden overcoat," and "See you in Honduras. No extradition there." I also got letters from kindly people, expressing sympathy and saying they knew how hard it was for me to work in a jail cell, but that they still enjoyed the strip. I even had offers to help finance my defense.

To a man five feet four inches tall with an expanding waistline, who has assiduously followed a peaceful course all his life, this was heady, though frightening. Like Jiggs, I began to sneak out of the house at night to avoid being seen. My criminal career came to an end, however, when, as the case developed, the true identity of my hot namesake was established.

Speaking of mistaken identity brings up Dinty Moore, who is (A) Jiggs's favorite restaurateur in the comic strip Bringing Up Father, and (B) an actual restaurant owner in New York.

An Explanation of Dinty Moore

James Moore operates his famous restaurant on Forty-sixth Street, west of Broadway. Now in his eighties, he is sick and frail but once weighed more than 250 pounds. Moore came from New York's tough Tenth Avenue, which he calls "Double Five." When I first met him he ran a bar at Thirty-seventh Street and Broadway; in 1914, he moved to the West Forty-sixth Street site, having bought three old brownstone houses and converted the first floor of one of them into a restaurant.

Although I had known Moore well and long, for some reason he never had been cordial. I had introduced various people to the restaurant, including Victor Herbert, Florenz Ziegfeld and other newspaper and theater friends, but still Moore was not friendly to me. One night he suddenly sat down at my table.

"Have a drink," he said in his gravel voice.

I was surprised. "Listen," I said, "I've been coming here for years and you haven't paid any attention to me. Why now?"

Moore looked sheepish. "Well," he rumbled, "that character Dinty Moore in your comic strip. I coulda wrapped a steak bone around your neck, McManus! I thought you was makin' fun o' me." He stopped a minute. I was so astonished I couldn't speak. "But I see now," he added, "it's good publicity."

Actually, Jim Moore never had occurred to me so far as the strip character was concerned. Dinty had been born in a far different way. In my extreme youth I had imagined that there was no finer occupation than a hotel bellhop for one who was just beginning his career. All the great people of the world who came to St. Louis were to be found at hotels, and I believed that to serve them as a bellhop would leave nothing to be desired.

I had a friend, a little Irish hotel clerk, who had been a bellhop and he used to regale me with tales of how he actually had talked to people like John L. Sullivan, Grover Cleveland and others who registered at his hotel.

My little Irish friend had an odd first name. (I've forgotten his last.) It was Dinty.

Years later, when I was preparing my present strip for William Randolph Hearst, I decided to use the name Dinty; because Moore seemed to go with it, I added it as a last name. But Jim Moore, the restaurant man of New York's West Forty-sixth Street, is Dinty Moore to the world now, largely because of his own efforts. After that surprising conversation with me he always referred to himself as Dinty Moore, *(Continued on page 67)*

Restaurateur James (Dinty) Moore and McManus (right) sample Jiggs's favorite meal at Moore's Manhattan restaurant. Dinty took the nickname from the cartoon character, later renamed restaurant to fit

You can guess what the artist ate at lunch with Vice-President Garner. Watching (l. to r.): late Secretary of Labor (then Senator) Lewis Schwellenbach; Col. E. A. Halsey; Senator (now Veep) Alben Barkley

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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McManus at work in Calif[illegible]udio. Zeke Zekle[illegible] (r.), his assistant for 18 years, does lettering, inking on Bringing Up Father and Snookums

Cartoonist, an inveterate [illegible]ctor, displays **canes sent** to him by fans [illegible]ver the world

Hobbies cram McManus apartment. Besides model trains shown, he owns a large collection of glassware

Sweater-clad radiator ornament is patterned after Maggie's spiderlike cartoon dog, Fifi

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I'll Never Get Married AGAIN

All I wanted was a nice quiet wedding and a happy honeymoon. But oh, no—what I get is a sort of touring scrimmage, all the way to scenic Bermuda

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

DON'T ask me what happened at the church. All I remember is seeing Helen's father coming down the aisle with a girl on his arm. To me she didn't look like anyone I'd ever seen before.

In the first place, I could distinctly remember telling Helen not long before that we would have a simple, informal wedding in the chapel with a few old friends and members of the family. I remembered telling Helen that we would be married in the regular clothes that we would wear on our honeymoon going to Snake Lake.

That was the setup—small, informal wedding; street dress; Snake Lake honeymoon. Now here I was, not in the chapel, but in church and wearing a cutaway; even the balcony was filled with people.

I didn't come to until the ceremony was over, two million people had come down the reception line at Helen's house to kiss me or shake my hand, the wedding cake had been cut, and I was upstairs in Helen's brother's room, changing my clothes.

I put on the very snazzy sport jacket I had bought three days before. Fitted like the paper on the wall and went very well with the tan slacks. I put the tickets to Bermuda in my jacket pocket and went over and knocked on the connecting door.

"Come in," Helen said.

She had exchanged the wedding gown for a skirt and blouse, and she looked like somebody I knew once more. "Would you mind buttoning me up the back, darling?" she said.

"Gee," I said, "this is terrific! This is really being married. Or almost, anyway. Terrific!"

I buttoned her up the back.

"How do I look?" I said.

She looked at the sport coat. She was very conservative when it came to my clothes.

"Well, darling," she said, "it's beautiful, only—"

"Only what?" I said.

"We're not going to a tennis match," she said. "Why don't you wear your gray suit?"

"It's packed," I said. "Not a chance. I've given in to you on everything else, but not this time. That's final, baby."

"Of course, darling," Helen said. "I probably just have to get used to it."

She kissed me and I couldn't help myself. I went back and opened my suitcase and changed into the gray suit. I packed the sport jacket and went back into Helen's room. I walked in and tripped over a suitcase.

"Baby," I said, "you have more relatives than a rabbit. Are they all staying here with your folks? They sure have plenty of luggage."

"What are you talking about?" Helen said. "This is my luggage."

I looked groggily at the array of suitcases. "Not all this," I said.

She put on her hat. "You want me to look nice in Bermuda, don't you?"

"We're going to Bermuda for ten days," I said patiently. "Flying down and coming back on the Queen. We're not moving there. We're going to live here in Paterson. I'll help you unpack."

"George Dearborn," Helen said, "touch those suitcases and I'll never speak to you again."

"Then you repack," I said. "Start with that big cardboard box."

"That box has my evening dresses in it," Helen said. "I can't put them in the suitcases because they'll wrinkle."

"Listen, baby," I said, "we're going to Bermuda, not Guadalcanal. They got people in Bermuda can press dresses."

"My best dress has pleats and takes hours to iron and I was planning to wear it into the hotel dining room tonight, and I'll just wear a sweater and skirt and look like an old hag."

She threw herself down on the bed and began to cry. We had been married for an hour and twenty-six minutes.

Somebody knocked on the door. I went over and opened it a quarter of an inch. It was her mother.

"They're all waiting for you to come down," she said. "Is everything all right?"

She looked worried. I knew she had never thought I was good enough for Helen. I hoped she couldn't hear Helen crying.

"Everything's fine," I said. "Fine, fine, fine."

I shut the door and ran back to Helen. "I'm sorry," I said patting her shoulder. "It'll be better in Bermuda. You're probably just nervous," I said. "I'll love the dress. Take everything you want."

"Darling," she said, "this is awful. Fighting after we just got married." She put her arms around my neck. "You're right. I'll repack everything."

She ran over to the cardboard box. "It's a beautiful dress," she said, "but I'll leave it home."

"I insist that you take it," I said.

She came over and kissed me again.

SOMEBODY knocked on the door. It was her brother Al this time. "You spending the honeymoon here or in Bermuda?" he wanted to know, leering in at me.

"Don't be vulgar, Albert," Helen said. "You can take the suitcases down the back stairway."

"The old errand boy," Al said. "But this is the last time for me. You got yourself a new one. Haw!" He grinned at me, picked up an armful of luggage, and went outside.

Helen said, "We'll never have an argument again, will we?"

I said we never would. Al came back for a second load and Helen picked up her bouquet and we went out and faced the mob.

Al had his car out front. We got in the back seat, and he drove off while people threw confetti at us.

Al turned around and looked back at us. "A cabdriver," he said, "is like a doctor. Anything that goes on between his patients is strictly confidential."

"Just drive the car, buster," I said. I turned to Helen. "Anyway," I said, "we won't have him breathing down our necks from now on."

"Well," Helen said, "I think it's pretty sweet of Albert to drive us all the way to La Guardia. I know you've never liked him—"

"Listen," I said, "I'm crazy about him. I just said he won't be hanging around all the time. Let's not start fighting again."

"Of course not, darling," Helen said. "I just seem to be touchy. I don't know what's got into me. Did you notice that Janet caught my bouquet? I tried to throw it to her. That's supposed to be a sign, you know. The person who catches the bouquet is supposed to get married next."

(Continued on page 57)

We collected our bikes and started back, Helen riding ahead of me. When we got out of town, I pulled up and rode abreast of her

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AMANDA

Amanda follows a normal daily routine: takes her own temperature, watches ambulances glide past, soothes Mother's brain-fevered brow

By BOB ELLIOTT and RAY GOULDING

After profound study of daytime serials, Bob and Ray, radio-TV's provocative new humorists, offer a sure-fire formula for writing a successful one. Do it their way and you can't miss

The love of Amanda's life is the brilliant but shy young intern, Dr. Thurston Forbush

MAN and boy, we have been listening to daytime serials now for a decade and a half—a decade for the man, and a half for the boy. And only recently we have been thrilled to see them appear on the television screen, with all the tragic overtones so familiar to radio audiences portrayed in simple black and white.

Wending our way through the corridors en route to do our radio program, we sometimes forget it's almost air time as we are halted by the sharp cry of a newborn baby in an adjacent studio. And as we prepare to slink before the cameras for our television stint, we somehow can't escape the realization that other cameras are even then focusing on a broken heart in Amnesiaville, U.S.A.

We have come to love the click of heels along a hospital corridor, the *t-w-a-n-g* of a personality as it splits, the low moan of a wife as her husband leaves her for the Other Woman, and the sound effect of crushed moiré as, contrite, he returns and falls into her arms.

From thus keeping our ears to the ground antennas, we have evolved a formula for writing daytime dramas, and are proud at this time to announce that our own program, Amanda of Mental Therapy, is now available to sponsors from coast to coast. (It is not available to sponsors from border to border, since we write only horizontally.) But before we tell you about Amanda, as we affectionately call her, a few words about this art form.

A woman listening to The Sin of Nell Bloodstrong, while tears run down her cheeks, finds it a revivifying experience. It also helps wash away the dust and soot smudges she has gathered from vacuuming or bending over a hot stove. The same applies to the followers of Young Dr. Fentriss, Boy Psychiatrist; Mary Backstage, Noble Wife; Stella Callous; Life Can Be Contagious, or the American Album of Familiar Maladies. (Note: These last two are not heard in the East, but are released to independent stations in the Surgical Belt west of the Mississippi.)

We trust that our new program, Amanda of Mental Therapy, will have all the attributes of the tried-and-true dramas just mentioned.

And what are these attributes? We hoped you would ask that question, because we have the answer for you.

In the first place, "Amanda" follows the estab-

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OF MENTAL THERAPY

lished rules, with its cast of typically intense characters, who, typically, are beating their way through life in the typical town of Centerville. Like everyone else, Amanda not only has an Absent Husband, she also has a New Man in Her Life, a Mother, a Father, a Sister and an Old, Old Friend.

To keep the action typical, our own little play incorporates several absolute "musts." The first of these is medical emphasis—the antiseptic haze which surrounds the daily serial. Every such program is clothed, so to speak, in a hospital gown.

Four Medicos as Advisers on Script

That is the reason why we will not write "Amanda" alone. We will be guided by a board of advisers consisting of three famous New York doctors—a brain surgeon, a psychiatrist and a plastic surgeon, plus a simple country doctor from the Old Smoky region who helps us out with simple fractures, backaches, contusions and general run-down conditions. He'd be a specialist in situations like this:

AMANDA: "Doctor Charley, do—you—think Mother—will—get—well?"

DR. CHARLEY: *(Chuckling.)* "Never yet heard of no ornery mountain woman like your maw get died of a li'l ole broken back."

(Note: All illustrative speeches are taken from Amanda of Mental Therapy, by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, and may not be reproduced in any way except for money.)

Some listeners may assume that the illnesses which occur in daytime dramas are the unhappy result of mere chance. This is not true. They are carefully planned. And we have two methods by which our characters wind up in a hospital bed, wheel chair or double traction.

One is called Creative Diagnosis. When we use this method, we simply describe a character going about her usual daily routine—taking her own temperature, watching the ambulances gliding past her window, putting wet compresses on Mother's forehead when she is down with brain fever, all the little things normal human beings do every day. As the action progresses, our medical board will listen to the program for symptoms and from them diagnose what is wrong with the character. In other words, the medical board will carry the ball we have passed them. Then *we* take over again on a lateral pass and carry the diagnosis to a logical, successful illness, over the Goal Line of the Future.

Study this bittersweet extract, for example. Amanda's mother, who is eighty-eight years old, suffers from a strange disease that defies diagnosis. Young Dr. Thurston Forbush, who is keen on Amanda, has admitted defeat; mystified by the old woman's symptoms, he has suggested sending her to the Frisby Clinic for examination by the only doctor in the world who possesses the skill and knowledge to effect a cure. The fee is $112,000, but, unknown to Amanda, Thurston has quietly arranged to pay for the treatments by hocking his instruments:

Sound: Purr of car wheels on asphalt driveway as private ambulance fades into distance.

THURSTON: "She'll be in good hands now, Amanda."

AMANDA: "Yes, Thurston." *(Pause.)* "Pull back the draperies, and let the sun in . . ."

THURSTON: "Amanda, it's good to see you smile again!"

The second method we call Planned Mortality. Here, with the aid of our medical board, we decide beforehand, arbitrarily, what the character is going to suffer from and proceed accordingly—with only an occasional assist from the doctors. Thus:

AMANDA: "But what *is* a headache, Professor Kalbfleisch?"

PROF. K.: *(Smiling gently.)* "To use the scientific term would only confuse you, *Liebchen.*"

AMANDA: "But can't you explain it in *little* words?"

PROF. K.: *(Kindly.)* "I never use little words, *Kleinchen.*"

Both of these methods achieve the desired result: a program which is good, clean, wholesome, and yet gives off the faint, impressive odor of ether. Subtle treatment of dialogue helps in this respect:

AMANDA: "Good-by, Thurston. I'm off to the Good Government meeting to vote for hot lunches for the school children."

THURSTON: "On the way, my darling, will you stop at the chemist's and have this digitalis bottle filled?"

Incidentally, it is not true, as some say, that special training is necessary for a writer of daytime serials. Any man or woman over twelve years of age, who has had a mother or father and who has lived in a large city, a small town or a rural section is qualified.

What *is* necessary is that the writer have a certain attitude toward life. He must realize that where there is good health, there must also be bad health. If people laugh, they must also cry:

AMANDA: *(Laughing.)* "Ha ha ha."
THURSTON: "What's the matter, Amanda?"
AMANDA: *(Crying.)* "I don't know."

We have found, too, that it is necessary for the writer to live in a proper environment in order to create the right atmosphere for his listeners. For instance, in our little circle of intimate friends there is only one man out of six who is not receiving total disability compensation.

Drugstore Odors Spur Creativeness

Then again, we had to move from our last apartment, which overlooked a children's playground, because the joyous laughter of the youngsters threw our perspective off. Now we live over a drugstore, whence the faint odor of oil of wintergreen and the subdued rustle of prescriptions being wrapped put us in a creative frame of mind as we sit down at the typewriter. Further, our programs are performed with a doctor and nurse always in attendance.

And now we come to the next important must—go slow. Remember always that on the coat of arms of every serial writer appear these symbols: a run-down clock and a century plant. Dialogue must be written in a literary form of slow motion. In fact, if you can give the impression that the speeches are progressing backward, you're a cinch to be a successful daytime drama writer. An exchange from one of our own scripts is a perfect example:

AMANDA: "—Thurston—"
THURSTON: "Yes, Amanda?"
AMANDA: "Thurston, I have—"
THURSTON: *(Urging.)* "Yes, Amanda, you—have—?"

(Continued on page 53)

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding

The authors, known informally to radio and television audiences as the zany comic team of Bob and Ray, consider themselves authorities on the daytime serial. Their radio parody, Mary Backstage, Noble Wife, and the more recent Lives and Loves of Linda Lovely, on TV, are high spots of their eccentric, but increasingly popular, brand of wit. Two eminently normal young men from New England, Bob and Ray are both under thirty, both married, first teamed up when they joined a Boston radio station as announcers at the end of the war. After five years of informal ad-libbing on a local program, the humorists have caught on with a fast-mushrooming schedule which includes two daily radio shows, a Saturday-night program and a weekday video stint, over the NBC network

Young Cathy, Amanda's little sister, has been seen in the Purple Lantern Tearoom with Fenton Carruthers, a local cad who seeks revenge because Amanda repulsed him

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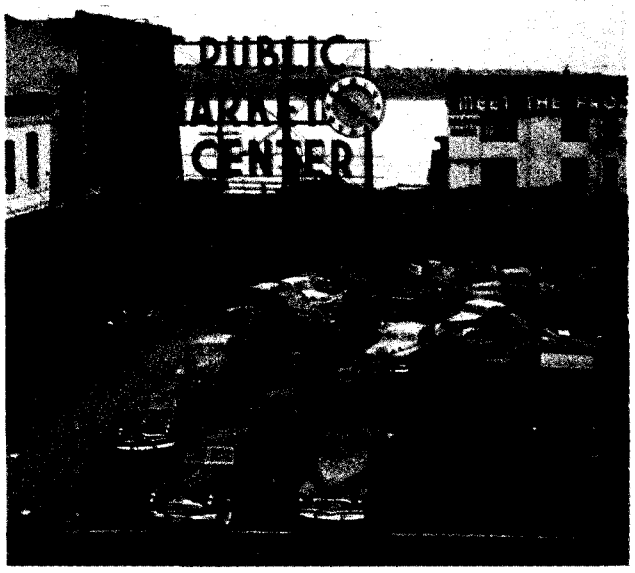
SEATTLE'S Friendly Market



Seattle's public market may not be glamorous, but it is one of busiest spots in town six days a week

One reason for market's popularity are stores like this, which sell exotic spices from all over world

AS AN institution, the public market for farm products has in the United States assumed characteristics as American as turkey on Thanksgiving Day. Almost every city in the country has its public markets and, inevitably, each has stamped its own municipal personality on the way business is done. The Farmer's Market in Los Angeles is gay, colorful, semitropical in atmosphere. Washington Market in New York City is big, solid, coldly efficient, full of people in a hurry. In Boston, a rambling collection of long-established wholesalers' and retailers' sheds, stalls and shops comprises Faneuil Hall Market. Centering around the hall itself, which is more than 200 years old, it suggests the strong ties with traditions that are so much a part of the Hub City. There are noted public markets, too, in Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans—each stamped with its own local pattern. But perhaps the closest to its people and their way of life is the market in Seattle, Washington.

Seattle is an easygoing town—informal, hospitable and comfortable. Its 500,000 or so people are, as many a visitor has observed, "just folks." They are still close to the days, over a century and a half ago, when the Northwest Territory was opened. And there are still echoes of the booming nineties when gold prospectors made Seattle a jumping-off place to Alaska. The city, like much of the Northwest, has never got over being big, sprawling, and friendly as two kids and a pup dog.

Typical of Seattle's civic attitude toward things in general is its forty-five-year-old, four-block-long public market, at First Avenue and Pike Place near the shore of Puget Sound. Sooner or later just about everybody shops in the Pike Place Public Market. And a cross section of America works there: folks of many origins and backgrounds, who are farmers and sausage makers, chefs and dress-makers, jewelers and barbers. The 150 to 200 farmers who rent space in it are not "big operators." By law they must own and live on the farms from which their salable produce comes. They and their wives and daughters hawk their wares themselves, in a joyful, busy discordance of voices. Their melons and apples; carrots, meat, milk and butter; cheeses and sausages, garlic and leek, chicken and lettuce blend fragrances and colors into bright visions of prosperity.

This wonderland of food, services and curios was opened in 1907. Today it is one of the busiest organizations of its kind in the country. It is owned by the privately financed Pike Place Public Markets, Inc. But the city leases space from the corporation and rents out stalls to the farmers, who pay a dollar a year for a permit and an average price of 35 cents a day for a five-foot-wide stall. The farmers are the core of the market. Around them the market company has built a bazaar with permanent concessionaires.

Foremost of the year-round renters is Manning's, one of the most famous restaurant chains in the Pacific states. Manning's originated in the market, now rents three full floors there. Besides Manning's, there are about 120 other permanent shops. They include such varied establishments as a spice counter, antique, hobby, shoe-repair and record shops; clothing stores, two hotels, a beauty shop, and restaurants which serve almost every exotic cuisine in the world; plus a dentist, business offices, a dance hall and several taverns.

But despite the variety of its goods and services, the long lines of farmers' stalls are still the most fascinating and colorful of the market's attractions. They are the real symbol of the Northwest—its vigor, its friendliness and its abundance.

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

On market's lower level, Mickey McInnes (in white) has been running successful beauty shop eight years

At End-O-Line Dress Shop, Mrs. Camille Bush makes and mends men's and women's clothing

City's market master, John F. Davidson, has coffee with friends in Manning's restaurant

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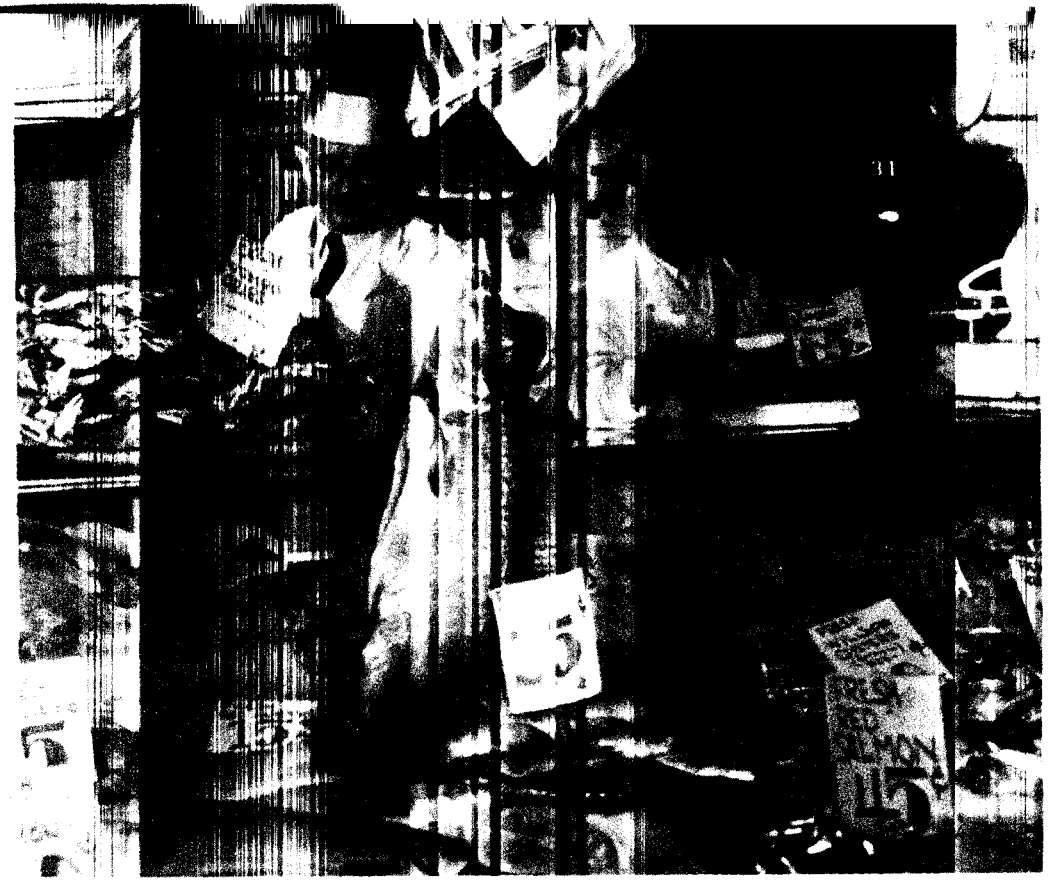
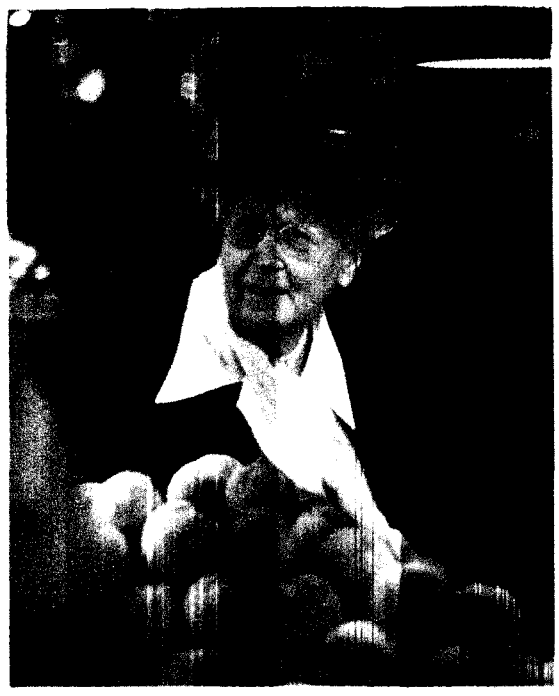
Herd[illegible] shop proprietor. [illegible]que glass, old coins, stamps, bric-a-brac [illegible]ing of value



Pike Place Fish Stand, owned by Al Constantine (l.) and Jack Amon, is in busiest part of market. Constantine is holding a 27½-pound salmon

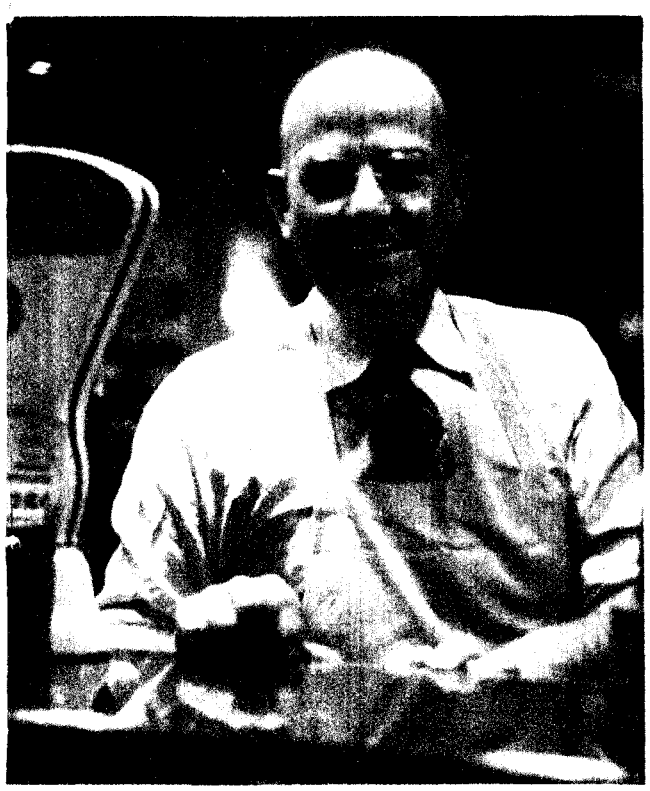
At farmer's stall, Everett [illegible] David Nelson and Randy Boss wait as par[illegible] buy vegetables



At a fruit stand, an experienced buyer asks a [illegible]rice, wonders if it will drop by evening

Against bright lights of the market, customers make purchases at Aversano Fruit and Produce Co.

E. O. Roesler, manager of Br[illegible]s Delicatessen, typifies market's bright, hospitable atmosphere



M[illegible]s. A. J. Lewis sells eggs and peaches for father-in-law, who's had shop for 24 years

Mrs. Carl Wilke specializes in freshly skinned rabbits. Her farm is 26 miles outside of Seattle

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LEONARD STEKLER

He laughed delightedly. "Still irrational," he said. "You haven't changed, have you?"

The Empty Shrine

By JUDITH CARR

FOR five years I have remembered every detail of that evening. Perhaps I remember because at first I was only an onlooker, scarcely noticed by the other actors in the brief, simple drama. Yet, in the end, I took the biggest responsibility anyone can take with another person's life. Was I right? I still don't know. . . .

It was winter, Paris in winter. The night was clear and frosty and the streets crowded, but in the bookshop where I worked it was quiet, and there was an air of warmth and intimacy among the avenues of shelves.

Anton Delacroix was reading at his desk. Even lounging there, his vigorous body relaxed, his dark eyes shadowed, he looked alien to his surroundings, less like the successful and scholarly bookseller he was, than the brave, cool, young Resistance fighter he had lately been. From my cataloguing desk near the back of the shop I stared at him. I had forgotten my work, as I often did then, and was in a happy daze, reminding myself that I was really living in Paris, just as I had dreamed of doing for so long, working for Anton and his wife, Louise.

It was almost a shock to hear the noise of the street, as the street door opened and a young woman came in. She was slight, fair, and a little older than I was—twenty-eight or -nine I thought. I should have got up to serve her, but something—the tense way she stood and looked at Anton—kept me where I was, in the shadows. At last he looked up.

"Janet!" He got up and went toward her, holding out his hands. She clung to them fiercely. "Why have you come back?" he said.

"I don't know. Because it's autumn, I think." The girl's voice was soft, and she spoke with only the slightest trace of American accent.

He laughed delightedly. "Still irrational," he said, and his voice was very gentle. "You haven't changed, have you?"

"No," she said. She didn't smile.

His expression became serious. "But you've been happy?" He seemed to be pleading with her.

"Happy?" she repeated. There was an undertone of surprise in her voice that was pathetic. He looked at her in silence.

Then the girl noticed me. Seeing her uneasy glance, Anton made a small gesture of unconcern. "It's closing time," he said. "Can you come back tomorrow? We can have a long talk then. Perhaps you could have dinner with me tomorrow night, too. My wife will be away, and I shall be lonely."

"Tomorrow evening I go back to London."

"London?" He was puzzled.

"I live there now. I didn't go back to the States."

"Why?" Anton spoke sharply, almost angrily, as if he were afraid of the answer.

"It seemed nearer." And there was a terrible loneliness implied in her words.

Just then Louise Delacroix came in through the street door. She was an attractive woman, not beautiful, but gay and full of a brisk charm.

"What, not closed yet?" she said, smiling at Anton and laying her hand on his arm. "Isn't it late?" Then she saw Janet. "Oh—I beg your pardon, Madame."

The girl did not speak, and Anton said quickly, "I can have Madame's book for her by midday tomorrow. Will that be convenient?"

"Yes," Janet said softly. She turned immediately and went out.

Anton began at once to stack his papers. I snatched up my coat and made for the door.

I caught up with Janet halfway down the boulevard. At first she was bewildered when I spoke to her, but then she remembered me. "You were in the bookshop," she said.

"Yes; I work for Monsieur Delacroix."

"But you're American, aren't you?"

I nodded. "I'm from Monterey."

"Monterey!" For the first time there was animation in her voice. "My mother came from Monterey. We used to visit there in summer vacations."

We smiled at each other in sudden pleasure, remembering for a moment the glow of California sunsets above the bright sea. Then the closed, remote look came back to her face, like a blind pulled down over a lighted window. But the flash of sympathy had drawn us together. We turned down one of the quiet streets that led to the river. As we walked, Janet began to tell me of her wartime years in France. She had been on secret work, collaborating with the Resistance.

"And that's how you met Anton?"

"Yes," she said. And her discretion forsook her. It was a sad little story. The attraction between them had been immediate. Work had thrown them together, and under the seemingly endless seige of the occupation they had fallen in love. Then came the liberation and Louise's return to Paris. For Janet, that had been the end of everything.

"He adores her," she said. "He was never unfaithful to her, you must believe that. I couldn't have loved him if he had been. That's why we agreed never to meet again."

"But you've come back."

"I had to," she said. "I couldn't bear it any more. I had to see him, just once. You don't know what it's been like all this time." She was struggling against tears. "You must think I'm crazy," she said.

We stopped and leaned against the parapet alongside the Seine. A launch chugged upstream, trailing a white wake in the black river, and a frozen moon hung above us, austere and lonely. I looked at Janet's pitiful face in the lamplight that filtered through the stripped, shivering trees. "Haven't you ever loved anyone else?" I asked.

"Never." The finality of her tone seemed to speak for the future as well as the past.

"You must go home," I said. "You will fall in love again, get married. Don't you ever want children?"

"Yes." Her voice was a whisper. "But—I've tried to care for other men. I can't. They just don't measure up to Anton."

I didn't want to say it, but I knew I had to. "If you stayed on in Paris now, you could have him, of course."

"What do you mean?" She was disturbed and angry. "I've told you, he isn't like that."

I hesitated. I could still draw back; but I thought of her empty existence. "*Wasn't* would be a better word," I said. "I'm afraid Anton has changed since you knew him. I see and hear a lot, you know, just as I saw *you* this evening. My dear, you don't think you're the only one, do you?"

"You're trying to say there are others?"

"Of course." I shrugged. "I know you won't want to believe me. But I could be more precise, if you really wanted details."

There was a long silence. A car went by, and high up in the houses behind us someone slammed a shutter. At last, Janet raised her head and looked at me. "Thank you for telling me," she said. "It's better to know—" She broke off with a sort of gasping sob, and without another word, she turned and hurried away from me down the dark *quai*. That was the last I saw of her.

ANTON was alert and anxious the next day, and every time a footstep sounded on the street outside, he looked up. I knew he was puzzled that she didn't come. I wonder what he would have said to her, whether he could have found some kinder way to make her forget him, to begin to live her own life. I don't know, but I believe only a lie could have set her free—and Anton would not have lied.

The other day I thought I'd found my answer. I was looking through an American newspaper, and on the society page there was a picture of Janet, with a brief announcement of her wedding. She was smiling. Then I looked closer. The smile hadn't reached her eyes, and I thought that there was something sadly patient about the expression of her mouth.

Probably I shall always wonder whether I did the right thing, and who's the luckier—Janet or me. I shall never be married, as she is. My love is as hopeless as hers was. But I see Anton every day, and there is a kind of happiness in that perhaps. THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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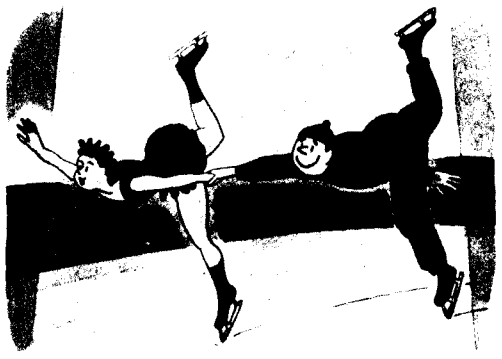
Here's how it seems in wishful dreams...

People applaud your graceful twirls,
You sure cut ice—with all the girls!



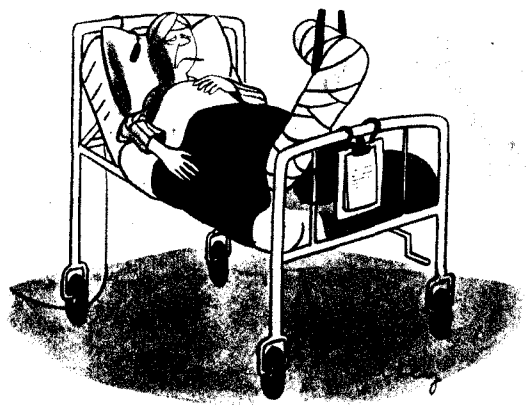
Such leaps and airy balancings!
It's just as though your skates had wings!

To end your act you fly through fire
You are the star they all admire.

but here's what really happens

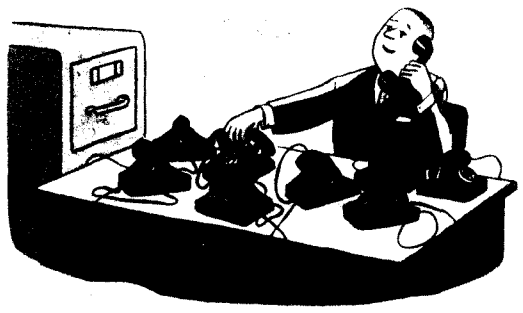
It's all too true, let's face it, men,
We're often caught where "ice is thin"!

A skate left in a darkened hall,
Could throw you for a costly fall!

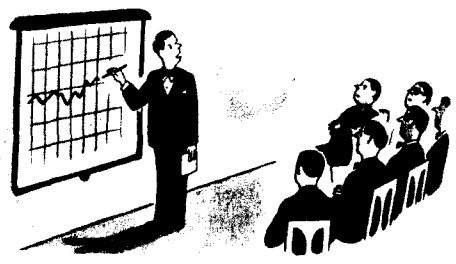


If you're laid up, it's good to know,
When bills come in, you'll have the dough!

How big a chance are you taking?



Across the continent! Service Offices in the U.S. and Canada help Agents serve you quickly and efficiently. From the moment the policy is written to prompt settlement of claims, these nearby field offices assist Agents in giving on-the-spot Head Office service.



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Captain Lewis L. Millett Medal of Honor

While personally leading his Infantry company in an attack on a strongly held position near Soam-Ni, Korea, Captain Millett noted that his 1st Platoon was pinned down by heavy enemy fire. Ordering another platoon to the rescue, he placed himself at the head of both groups. Then, in the traditional Infantry spirit, he led a fixed bayonet assault up the fire-swept hill. Captain Millett charged into the enemy positions, bayoneting two of his foes, then shouting encouragement to his troops, continued throwing

grenades, and clubbing and bayoneting the enemy. Inspired by his example, the attacking unit routed the enemy, who fled in wild disorder.

"It's an uphill struggle," says Captain Millett, "to build a working peace. Unfortunately, the only argument aggressors respect is *strength*. But fortunately we've learned this lesson in time to build up *our* strength.

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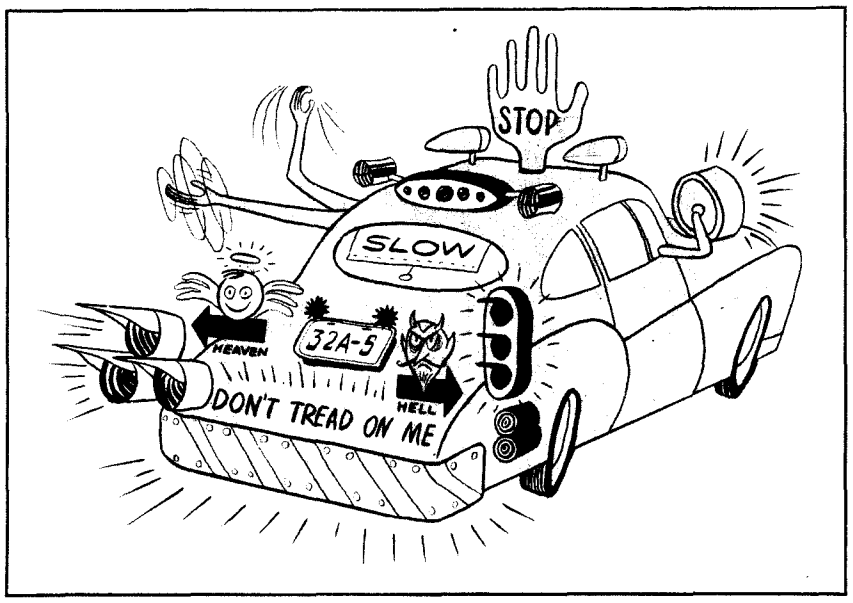
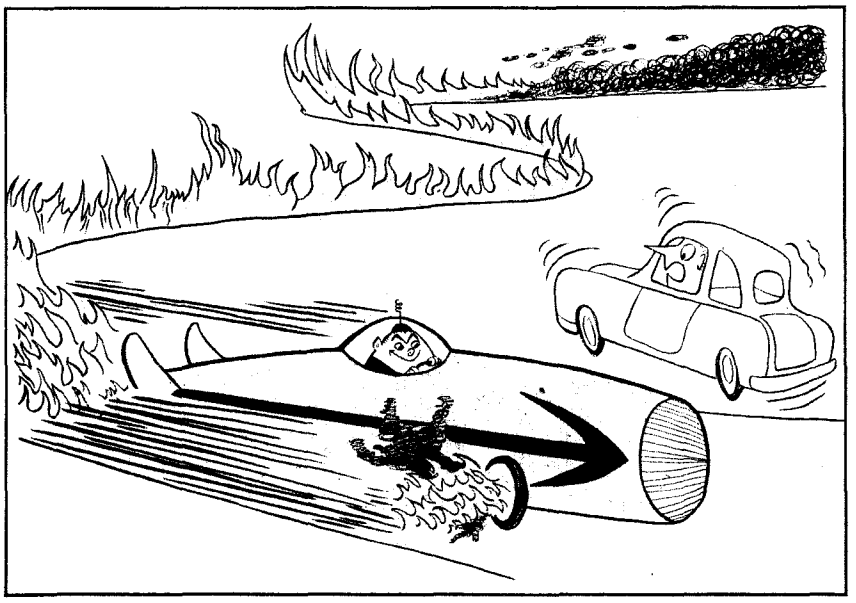
HIGHWAYMEN

Six types of drivers the city street and open road could do without

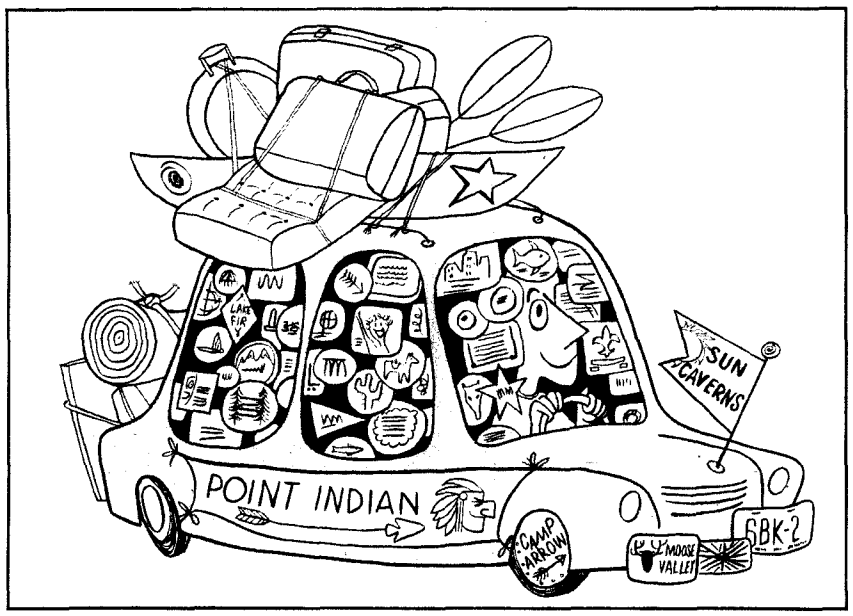
By JACK DONOVAN



SIGNALER



SPEED DEMON



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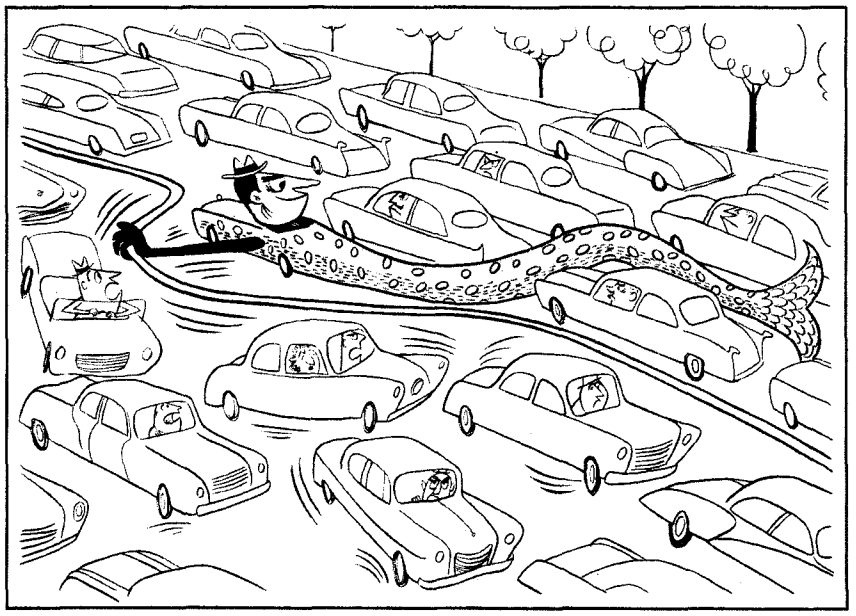
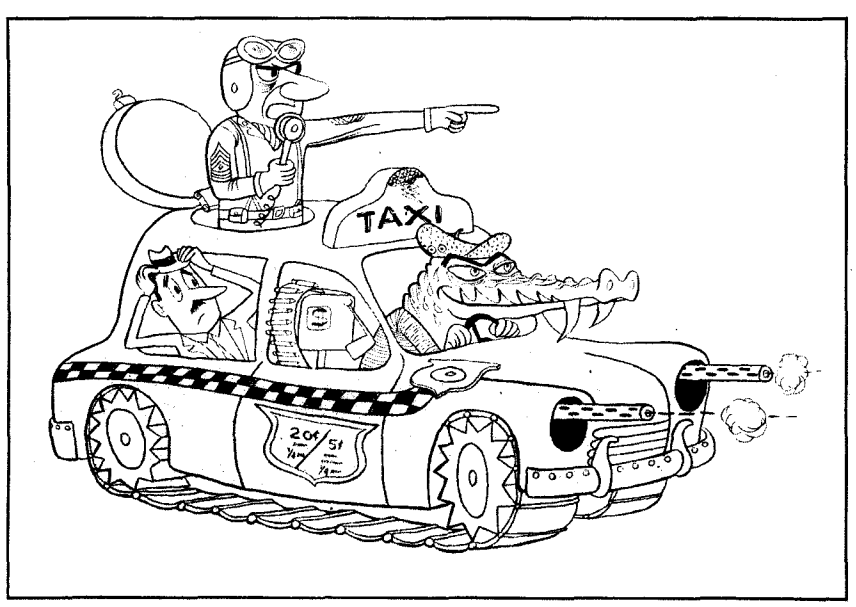
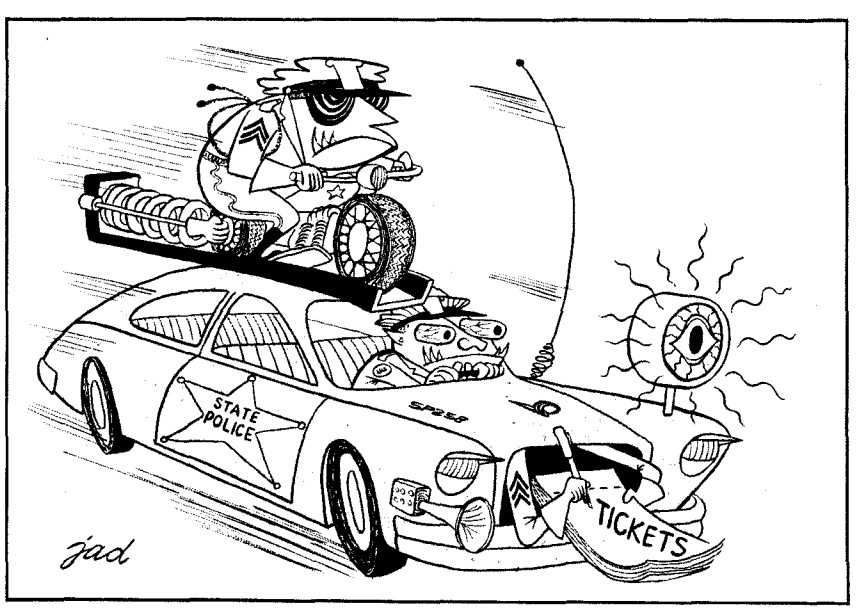


WEAVER



TAXICAB



HIGHWAY PATROL

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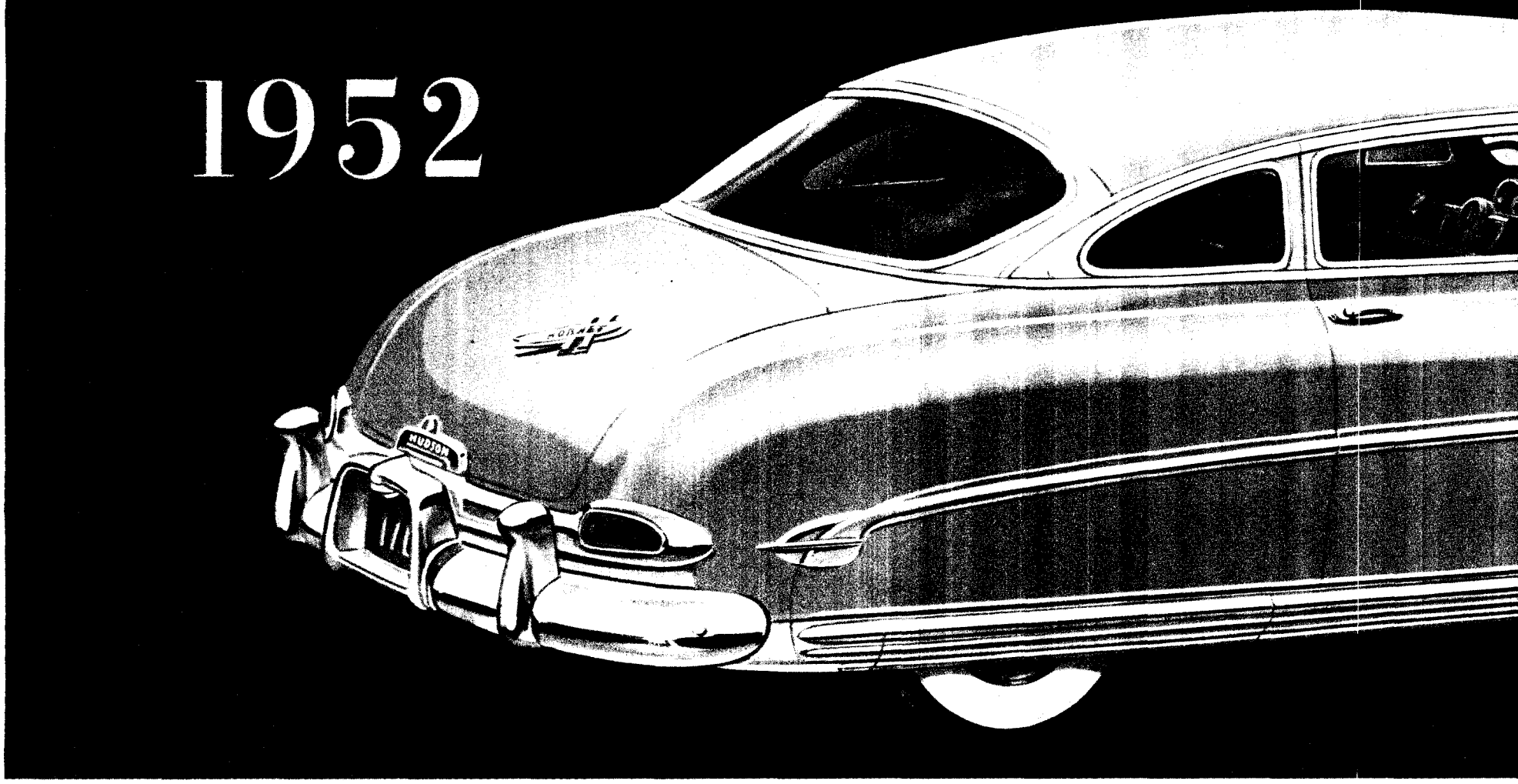
A fabulous new HUDSON

with a new, lower-priced running mate, the *spectacular*

1952



These brilliant new cars with a stunning

new COMMODORE and a thrifty new PACEMAKER

make the most exciting array of values in all Hudson history!

HUDSON's here for '52 in four great series, with prices beginning near the lowest-cost field!

There's inspired new Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling at standard sedan and coupe prices for the fabulous Hudson Hornet, the luxurious Commodore and the spectacular Hudson Wasp . . . fresh, new lines and wonderful visibility that used to mean extra cost on any car.

There's a new, longer, lower, richer look for the thrifty Pacemaker—luxury inside and out to set new standards in its price field!

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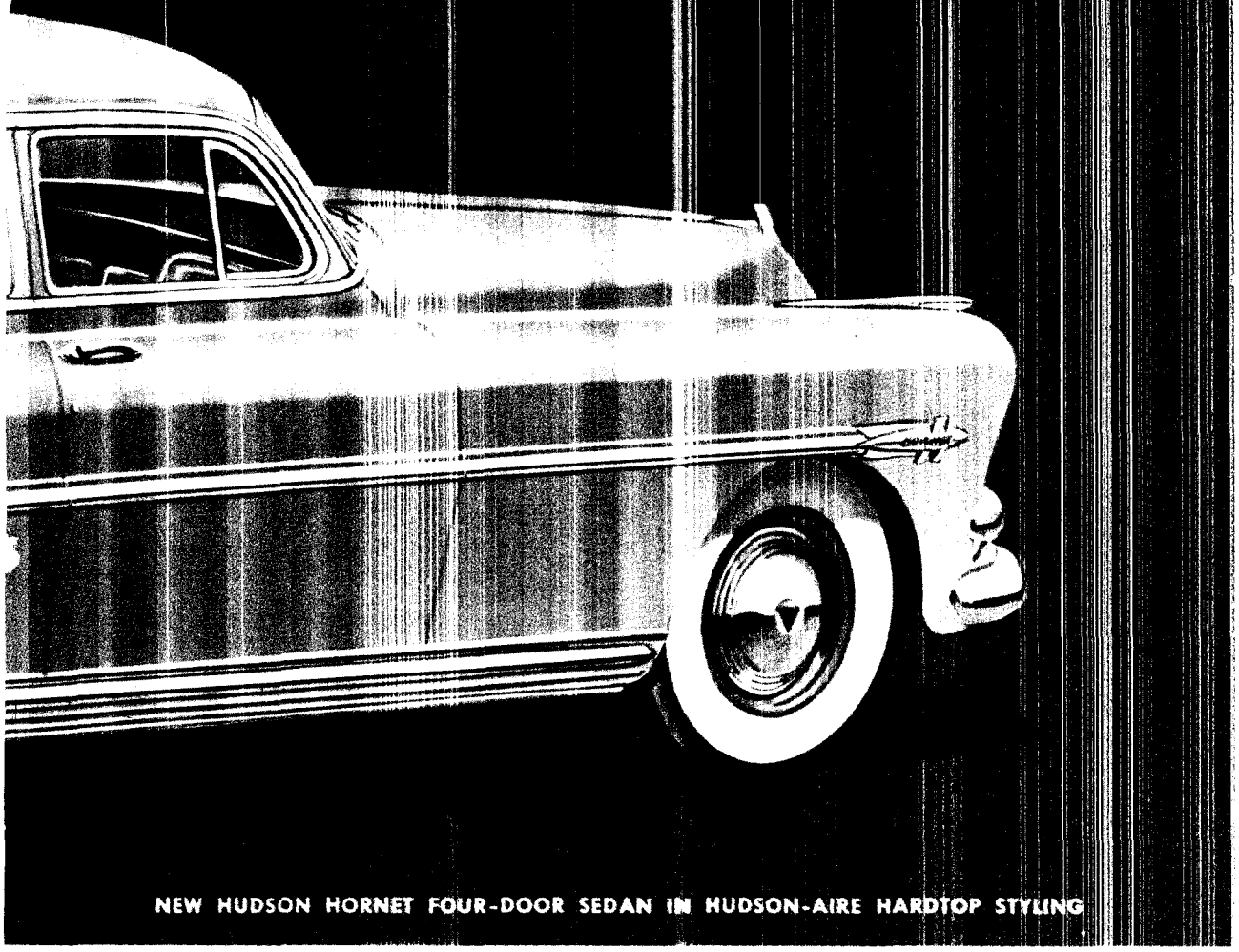
HORNET *is here*
HUDSON WASP



NEW HUDSON HORNET FOUR-DOOR SEDAN IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING

HORNET

For 1952 there's a gorgeous new Hudson Hornet . . .

With new Hudson-Aire Hardtop Styling at standard sedan and coupe prices. This is the newest note in motor-car design, formerly available only on premium-priced hardtop models. There are new, nylon-upholstered interiors, fitted and trimmed with custom artistry.

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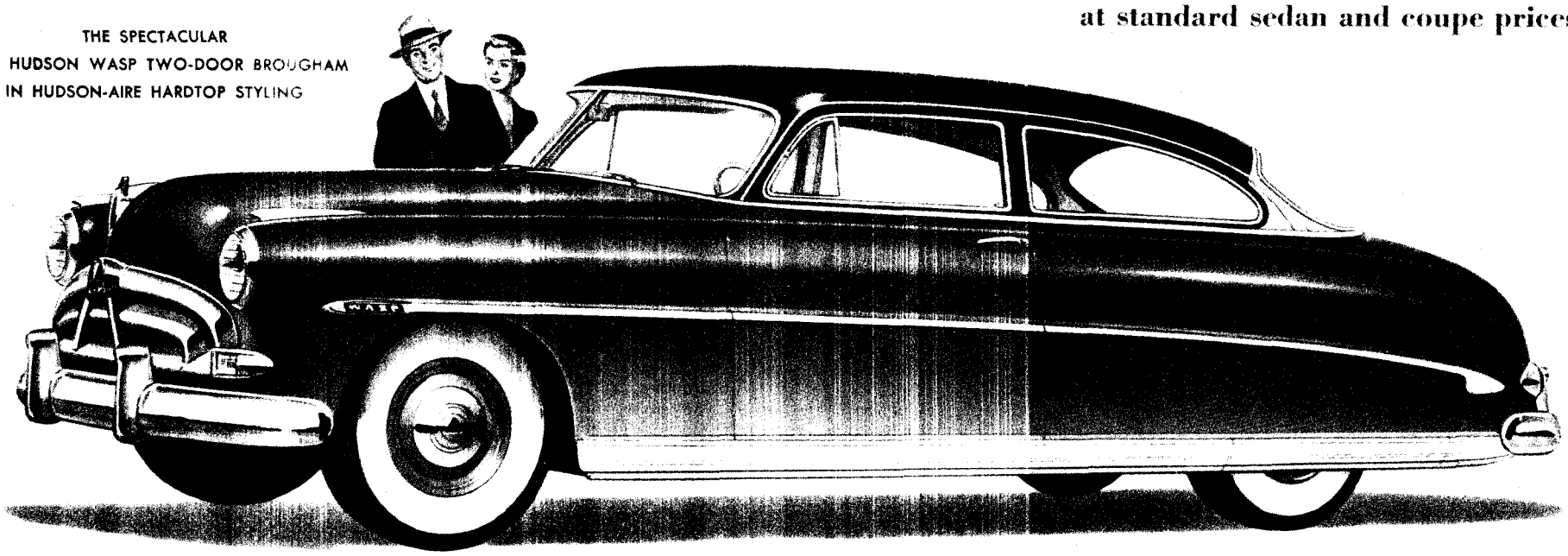
HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING

at standard sedan and coupe prices

THE SPECTACULAR
NEW HUDSON WASP TWO-DOOR BROUGHAM
IN HUDSON-AIRE HARDTOP STYLING



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Miss Jeremy and the Bran Sergin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

nuisance," Jane finished for him. She looked defiantly at her father. "That's what Miss Jeremy says."

"Now, Jane." Mr. Warner turned on her with determination. "You just watch your language."

"Miss Jeremy said she had a brother, and he was such a damn' nuisance she put a dead fly in his root beer once."

"You try anything like that on me," Rick said, "and I'll blast you off the face of the earth."

"I think," Mr. Warner said, "that if we work hard on the tennis court all week, we might be able to play by Saturday."

"Miss Jeremy beat her brother at tennis all the time," Jane said. "It made him so damn' mad."

"Well, good for Miss Jeremy," Steve crowed in a high falsetto.

"Janie, darling, ring for Corinne," Mr. Warner said wearily. "I think we're ready for dessert."

AFTER dinner, Dr. Jane Warner had an appointment to operate on one of the most difficult cases of her career. Twenty famous surgeons had been unable to cure the beautiful blind girl, and finally the girl's mother had brought her to Dr. Warner.

"Please, please, save my daughter," the mother had begged, wringing her hands and weeping. "Only you, the greatest brain surgeon who ever lived, can give her back her eyesight."

"It is a very expensive operation, madam," Dr. Warner had warned.

"But I cannot pay!" The mother had sunk to her knees, clasping her hands in sorrow. "My husband is a poor woodcutter. If my daughter could see, she could go to the woods and pick berries. Otherwise, we shall die of starvation."

"How did your daughter get blind?" Dr. Warner had asked.

"Her wicked stepsister hit her over the head with a tennis racket because she was jealous of her beauty."

"Do you love your daughter better than her stepsister?"

"I love her more than anyone in the whole world."

"Okay, madam," Dr. Warner had said graciously, "I will operate."

Now the old nursery table was covered with a white sheet, and the patient lay on it, her poor sightless eyes staring. Dr. Warner changed into her surgical uniform —blue jeans and one of Rick's clean sweat shirts. Unfortunately, the sweat shirt said *Hobbes Academy* across the back in red letters but it was white and sterile, and, besides, the patient couldn't read.

Dr. Warner covered a stool with Kleenex and spread out her instruments. There was a knife, of course, and a scissors, a hammer and screw driver, several safety pins, gauze, and a needle and thread. There was also a thermometer and a bucket to catch the blood. Dr. Warner put on Corinne's rubber gloves and picked up the patient's wrist. The pulse was very faint, but there was no danger. All of Dr. Warner's operations were successful. She could not bear to disappoint the long lines of sorrowing mothers waiting outside her door.

The greatest brain surgeon who ever lived signaled the nurse to administer the anesthetic, and then she picked up her knife. The patient's head ripped open without difficulty, and a clump of cotton blossomed from the skull like a little white flower.

"Jane!" Her father's voice boomed up from the front hall. "Penny's here to see you."

Furiously Jane pulled off the rubber gloves. "I'm busy," she shouted. "I can't see anybody."

"Now, Jane," her father called. "Now, Jane, that's not the way to treat a guest."

"Doctors don't have guests during operations!"

"Well, if you're playing something, you can let Penny play it with you."

"Oh, I'll just run up to her room," she heard Penny say. "I know the way." Jane sat back on her heels in exasperation and listened to the footsteps rushing up the stairs, and then Penny stood in the doorway.

"What are you playing, Janie?"

Jane clenched her fists. "I'm not *playing* anything. I'm *doing* brain surgery."

"What's that?" Penny walked across the room and peered over Jane's shoulder. Then she uttered a shuddering cry. "You've ruined that beautiful doll. Look at it! Just look at it! How could you?"

"That's all you know. Doctors don't ruin people; they fix them."

"You're no doctor."

"I am too. This patient has been blind for ten years. I have to operate on her."

"Ten years! You just got that doll for Christmas, and now you've ripped her head open."

"There was a big lump pressing on her brain. When I take it out and sew her up again, she'll be able to see everything."

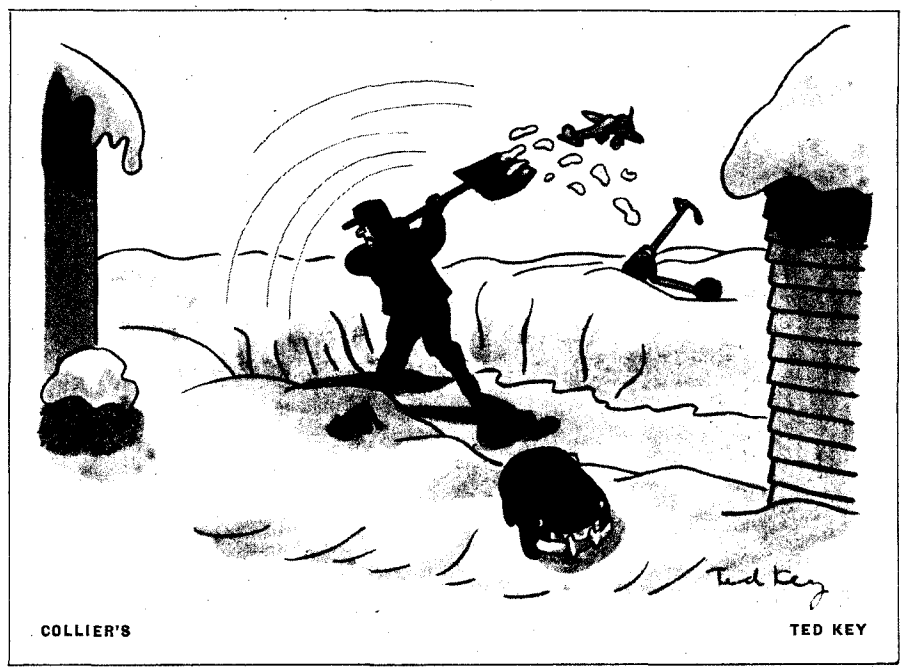
Jane's eyes stung with tears. "Get out of here," she screamed. "Get out of my room!"

Cautiously, Penny backed away. "Don't forget you're supposed to bring me a present."

"I'll bring you a bomb," Jane roared, "that will blast you off the face of the earth!" She sprang to the door and slammed it shut. Then she stood motionless, her heart thumping in her chest, listening to Penny fly down the stairs. After a moment, she turned and rushed back to the operating table. The patient, it was plain, was in bad shape. Her face, except for her cheeks, which were blazing with fever, was as white as the sheet she lay on.

Jane pulled on the rubber gloves and grabbed a needle and thread. She would have to sew up the wound quickly before the ether wore off. No, too late. The ether had worn off. The nurse was signaling that there was no more ether. The patient was wide awake.

Dr. Warner's nimble fingers thrust the needle back and forth, bringing the two edges of the gaping skull tight together.



COLLIER'S TED KEY

"A lump on her brain! I never heard of such a thing."

"Naturally you haven't heard of it." Jane gave Penny a scathing glance. "You don't have a television set. I saw a story on television the other night where a doctor did an operation just like this."

"My mother doesn't believe in television for children." Penny raised her chin primly. "My mother thinks it was very wrong of your father to buy that television set. My mother says you and the boys will turn into dumb morons."

"What!" Jane screeched. "My brothers are on the honor roll at Hobbes. Don't you dare say my brothers are dumb!"

"They will be," Penny said complacently. "My mother says you're a problem already. She says you aren't really bad; you're just unhappy because you have no mother." Her eyes rested with distaste on Jane's faded blue jeans. "Why don't you ever wear dresses, anyway?"

"I hate dresses."

"You just want to copy your brothers. You're not a boy, you're a girl."

"Oh, damn it," Jane cried, "why don't you go home?"

"Listen to you! You're tough and vulgar, and I wish I didn't have to ask you to my birthday party on Sunday."

"Don't, then. I wouldn't come anyway."

"You have to. Your father promised my mother he'd insist on it. And what's more, he told my mother to take you downtown on Saturday and get you a party dress."

"Go ahead and cry," the doctor whispered to her suffering patient. "You don't have to be brave. You don't have to be a good sport. Cry as loud as you want to. I won't tell anybody."

As soon as she got home from school, Jane went straight to the kitchen for something to eat. Today it happened to be a Coke and a piece of chocolate cake. She always arrived before the boys, because Hobbes Academy was so far out in the country—too far for that big wave of air from the atom bomb to hurt it much. Rick said Greenlawn School for Girls would be knocked over like a deck of cards, and everybody in it would be squished flat like a stepped-on ant. Of course, that was only Rick's idea. Miss Bates, the lower-school head, had given the girls a talk in assembly. She'd said they were going to have "security" drills at Greenlawn starting next week. She'd said she hoped very much that there would never be any bombing, but it was best to be thoroughly prepared—just the way they had fire drills, and there had never been any fire. But when we have arithmetic drills, Jane thought, it always means there will be an arithmetic test.

On the way home, she had prepared herself for losing one leg by hopping for half a block. The trouble was she hadn't been able to decide which leg to practice on. Now she took a long swallow of Coke and looked over at Corinne, who was peeling potatoes at the sink.

"Corinne," she said, "if you had only one leg, would you rather have the right or the left?"

Corinne shrugged. "I don't know."

"If you had only one arm, would you rather have the right or the left?"

"I don't know."

"If you had only one lip, would you rather have the upper or the lower?"

"I don't know."

Jane scooped the frosting off the cake and put it in her mouth. "You don't know anything."

"I know you're going to get sick eating all that sweet stuff."

"Miss Jeremy," Jane said, letting the sweet stuff melt and trickle cozily around her tongue, "says people should eat what their systems need. At school when no one is looking Miss Jeremy and I empty our spoons in our paper napkins—if they serve carrot soufflé. Our systems don't need it."

"You what!" Corinne cried. "Your daddy pays a fancy price for those school lunches." She put the potato peelings into the garbage can and folded her arms. "Want to know something else I know?" she said grimly. "Lies are evil and people who tell lies burn in hell." Jane got very busy pressing the cake crumbs into a little ball. "I've heard enough of those stories you tell about that teacher of yours. She swears, and she doesn't believe in spelling, and she throws out good food, does she?" Corinne wagged an accusing finger under Jane's nose. "Last night I heard you tell your family that she has a snake tattooed on her chest! Like a circus freak, I suppose?" Corinne brought her face down on a level with Jane's. "Just how do you know what she has on her chest?"

JANE leaned backward, away from Corinne's accusing eyes. "When we were wrestling, her blouse collar came open and I could see."

"Wrestling!" Corinne straightened up and plumped her hands on her hips. *"Your teacher wrestles with you?"*

"She does," Jane insisted. "Want me to show you some of the holds she taught me?"

"I do not," Corinne said, "and I don't want little girls in my kitchen who don't tell the truth." . . .

"Miss Jeremy," Jane said, beaming at her father across the dinner table that night, "wore a ring to school today."

"How fascinating!" Steve said. "Do tell us more about it."

"So she wore a ring, did she?" Rick asked, looking up with bright interest. "Now, just where did she wear this ring? In her nose?"

A dribble of catsup had fallen on Rick's chin. He looked, Jane thought, positively disgusting. "How did you know that?" she asked in a surprised voice. Her fork, carrying an asparagus tip, paused precariously halfway to her mouth. "How did you know Miss Jeremy wore a ring in her nose today?" Jane heard and ignored a loud cluck of disapproval from Corinne, who was refilling the milk glasses.

"Like a cannibal?" Steve asked gleefully. "Most unusual."

"I'm sure Miss Jeremy must be an unusual person," Mr. Warner said.

"Oh, brother!" Rick moaned. "One day it's a tattoo; the next day it's a nose ring. Say, Dad, how crazy is this kid allowed to get?"

"Don't you believe her?" asked Mr. Warner. "Well, stick around tomorrow and see for yourself. I telephoned Miss Jeremy today and invited her to dinner."

"To dinner! Here?" Jane's voice sounded like a tiny squeak in her own ears.

"Well, well," Steve said and grinned. "I guess that'll teach somebody a lesson."

"Somebody," Mr. Warner said, nodding.

Jane kept her mother's wrist watch on the chest of drawers beside her bed. Since it was set in a circle of diamonds, it was not, her father said, a proper watch for a

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little girl. She couldn't wear it until she was sixteen, but she could keep it in her room to tell the time. Jane picked it up and squinted at its tiny face. The time, the watch told her, was twenty-seven minutes after six. So it was baby's arithmetic to figure out that she had three more minutes in which to break an arm, develop a high fever, run away from home, or simply fall to the floor in a faint.

While she was considering and discarding each alternative, she brushed her hair. At twenty-nine minutes after six, she pulled up her undershirt and examined her chest hopefully for spots. Almost everyone else in the class had had measles that spring. Now, she begged; right now. But her skin remained clear and white as paper. She went to the closet and put on her last year's party dress. In the mirror, she could see that it ended high above her battered knees, but it was pink, and its wide collar was edged in real lace. She decided not to change her green school socks and grubby saddle shoes. In case she suddenly got spots on the way downstairs and had to go right back to bed, it would only have been trouble for nothing.

At that moment the doorbell rang. She heard her father's voice and the boys' and Miss Jeremy's, as they stood in the hall being introduced. "Jane!" her father shouted.

JANE closed her eyes and waited. Not feeling the least bit faint, she opened them again.

"Jane," her father called, "we're waiting for you!"

I don't care, she thought as she started down the stairs, I don't care about anything, any more.

The first thing she saw when she went into the living room was the boys. They had on navy-blue suits and white shirts, but their faces looked all queer—sort of solemn and popeyed. And when Jane walked in, they both sprang courteously to their feet. Miss Jeremy turned in her chair and held out her hand, and then Jane's eyes widened too. It wasn't only the way her hair was waved, or the lipstick, which she never bothered with at school, or the lovely soft dress printed all over with little blue flowers. Jane looked again, and then she had to try with every ounce of her strength not to burst into wonderful, carefree laughter. Somehow, however it had happened, everything was all right.

"Good evening, Ten Twenty-three," Miss Jeremy said.

"Good evening, Twenty-three Ten." Jane pressed her teacher's hand and then plopped down happily on the couch.

"What're all these numbers about?" asked Mr. Warner. He was standing by the fireplace, stirring cocktails in a crystal pitcher.

"Is it some kind of a code?" Steve asked.

"What do you say, Ten Twenty-three?" asked Miss Jeremy. "Shall we give them a hint?"

"Well—a little hint."

"My first name is Winifred," Miss Jeremy said. "I'm afraid that's all I can tell you."

Mr. Warner came over to her with the pitcher and a glass. "I hope you like Martinis, Miss Jeremy, or would you rather—"

"A Martini will be fine," Miss Jeremy said. She glanced at Jane. "Better than a carrot soufflé."

Jane nodded. "Anything's better."

The boys looked at each other, shrugged.

"By the way, you look very pretty this evening, Ten Twenty-three." Miss Jeremy smiled at Mr. Warner. "I'm so used to seeing Jane in the school uniform. Of course," she added, "it's lucky they're dark green, so the grass stains don't show after we've had one of our wrestling bouts." She turned to the boys. "Did Jane tell you I showed her how to do a hammer lock?"

"You *did?*" Rick's voice cracked into a squeal. He pretended to cough. "You did?"

"My brother taught me," Miss Jeremy explained. "Jim was a big football star in college and—"

"Jim Jeremy, that made All-America in 1948?"

"That's right. He wanted to make some money in a hurry so he could go to law school, so he decided to be a professional wrestler. He didn't know anything about wrestling, but he was big and strong. Anyway, everything in the bout is decided ahead of time. It's all rehearsed, you know."

Steve shook his head. "We didn't believe it."

"Maybe," Miss Jeremy said, "your father would rather I didn't disillusion you."

"On the contrary." Jane saw her father's eyes crinkling at the corners the way they always did when he was pleased. "Maybe you can persuade them not to watch those phony acrobats on television."

"Well, my brother called himself the Hillbilly Monster. He came into the ring with a coonskin cap and a squirrel rifle. Sometimes he'd bring an old hound-dog to tie up in his corner. The dog was trained to howl every time my brother was pinned down."

"Gee whiz," Rick said, "what an act!"

"I can tell you lots of wrestling stories." Miss Jeremy raised her cocktail glass and winked at Jane over the rim.

"Tell us." Steve was sitting on the edge of his chair. "I mean, please tell us."

Before Miss Jeremy could open her mouth, Corinne, who had appeared with a tray of hot *canapés,* opened hers. The sound she made was halfway between a snort and a shriek. Her eyes were on the ring glittering between Miss Jeremy's nostrils, and the little snake painted so delicately at the base of Miss Jeremy's throat. Jane hugged her knees and rocked back and forth on the couch. Yes, indeed, she thought, everything was going to be completely all right.

At eight thirty, after the boys had reluctantly gone upstairs to do their homework, Mr. Warner suggested that Jane had better say good night to Miss Jeremy too. It was past her bedtime.

Jane edged sideways across the room and held a limp hand out to her teacher. She could not believe now that they had ever rolled and wrestled in the grass, that every day at school she flung her arms about Miss Jeremy's neck or hung onto her arms or pulled her sweater into long stringy tails. The paper napkins full of squashed lima beans and carrot soufflé that they had thrown giggling into the wastebasket, the fairy tales during rest, the soft hands that had brushed away her tears when her clay bowl crumbled—had she made all that up like the nose ring and the tattoo?

NOW that it was time for Jane to go upstairs, Miss Jeremy, without her background of chalky blackboards and desks, became as impermanent as any of father's other lady guests—the ladies who came for cocktails, for dinner once in a while, for parties. Their voices were heard on the telephone. Their perfumes scented the room. They left behind lipsticked cigarette stubs, occasionally a glove or a scarf.

One of them had lasted for quite a period. She had cut flowers from the garden and arranged them about the house; she'd got chummy with Corinne and suggested menus, brought candy and presents, even moved the furniture about. But eventually, like the others, she had disappeared for good. The furniture had returned to its original location and Corinne to her platters of meat and potatoes and one watery green vegetable. By coming here as Father's guest, Miss Jeremy, too, became a stranger to be treated with reserve, to be bidden an indifferent good night, on no account to be awarded any measure of devotion.

"Good night," Jane said coldly, withdrawing her hand as fast as possible. She gave a last frosty look at the nose ring and the ridiculous faked tattoo. Disgusting, she thought; a silly baby game she's playing with me—as if I'm a baby. Suddenly her eyes misted over and ached.

"I'll be up in a few minutes to tuck you in," her father was saying. "Don't forget to brush your teeth."

"Maybe I will forget if I feel like it," Jane said defiantly. Then, her cheeks burning, she whirled around and ran.

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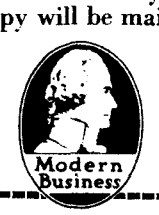

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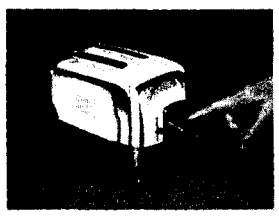

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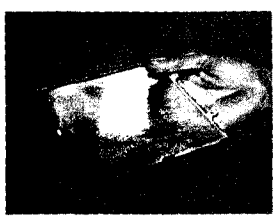

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

At the top of the stairs, she passed the boys' room. Steve was lying on his bed with a Latin book propped on his stomach. He had an apple in one hand. With the other he absently twisted the dial on his portable radio. "Go peddle your papers, pal," the radio advised in a hoarse voice, "I ain't the type to stool on a pal, pal!"

"Hey, Doc," Steve called, "come on in. I got something for you."

Jane paused suspiciously in the hall. "What?"

"Over there. On my desk. My wood-carving knife. You can have it for your operations."

"Steve, really?" Jane rushed to the desk. "Oh, the point's broken!"

"So what? The blade part's as sharp as a razor."

"Well, then—thanks."

Rick, who was bent over his books at his own desk, looked up.

"Do you know a girl named Cissie Fielding at Greenlawn?"

Jane shook her head. "Why?"

"I'm thinking of asking her to the spring dance, that's why." Casually he took a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket. "Just wondered if you'd seen her around or anything."

"I'm sorry," Jane said miserably. "I don't know anyone in the upper school."

"You're going to catch it—smoking in here," Steve warned Rick.

"Daddy doesn't have to find out." Jane ran to the window and raised it. "Now there won't be any smell, and I'll close the door tight when I go out." She screwed up her face and snarled, "I won't stool on a pal, pal!"

The boys laughed.

"You're a good egg, Ten Twenty-three." Rick waved his hand in an expansive gesture of dismissal.

"How could it be suicide, my dear Alexandra," inquired the radio sweetly, "when the room was locked from the outside?"

Jane paused, hoping they would invite her to stay in there with them and listen, but they didn't. They had each other and homework and Cissie Fielding and My Dear Alexandra. She dragged her feet slowly down the hall.

She washed her face and brushed her teeth and put on a pair of Steve's old pajamas. Then she turned out the light and flung herself on top of the covers. The light from the hall made a pale yellow streak through the doorway; it glittered on the instrument table and was reflected in the beady gaze of her patients on the toy shelf. Jane looked back at them with scowling dislike. They didn't really have headaches, or blindness, or piercing agonies in the temples. They were nothing but a bunch of stupid dolls and stuffed animals.

Nor was she, Jane Warner, the greatest brain surgeon who ever lived. She was only herself, uncomfortable in the wrinkled, faded pajamas, with the buttonless jacket agape over her chest, agape over her heart which was as heavy and dull as a stone. She jumped out of bed and ripped her office sign off the door. Just another silly baby game, she thought bitterly, crumpling the sign into a ball and pitching it into a corner. When she had lain down again, she pressed her lips together so they wouldn't quiver, and stared at the black ceiling.

HER father tiptoed in and stood looking down at her. "Still awake?" He sat on the edge of the bed and reached for her hand. "Have a good time tonight?"

Jane turned her face into the pillow and didn't answer.

"I did. I like Miss Jeremy very much."

"I don't," Jane snapped suddenly. "I hate her. She's just an old fourth-grade teacher. Next year I'll be in the fifth grade, and I won't ever have to see her hateful face any more."

"Janie darling, what is it? What's the matter?"

"I hate her, that's all. Two more months till fourth grade's over, and I'll never see her again." Then the tears overflowed and ran in hot streaks across her face and into the pillow. "Never again," she wailed, "never again."

She felt her father's arm go around her, and she was lifted against his shoulder. "Why does everybody have to go away?" she sobbed, as her tears soaked into the rough tweed of his jacket. "Why did my mother go away?"

"Mother didn't want to go away." Jane could hear the little noises in her father's chest as he cleared his throat. "Mother loved you so much—she hated to leave you."

"Why didn't the doctor operate on her?"

"He did, darling." Her father's hand smoothed her hair with long, hard strokes. "But she was too sick. He couldn't help her."

"On television the doctors always cure their patients."

"But those are actors, acting out stories that people write. Stories can have happy endings. Real life isn't always like stories. Doctors try hard, but sometimes they can't save their patients."

"Then I don't want to be a doctor when I grow up."

"You have lots of time to decide about that, don't you? What we have to decide right now is what Miss Jeremy would like for lunch on Sunday. And after lunch," her father continued, "Miss Jeremy's going to stay and play tennis."

"With me? Will she play with me?" Then remembering, she gasped in horror. "Daddy, that's when Penny's birthday party is."

"I don't see how you can go if we have a guest."

A GUEST, Jane was thinking. A lady guest. But none of the others had ever been asked for tennis. The others had come in party clothes and spike heels. The only game they ever played was bridge. If father had asked Miss Jeremy for tennis, this must be different. Might be different, she amended carefully. She would have liked to reach under her pillow for a handkerchief, but her father was holding her so tightly she couldn't move.

"Daddy," she said, "you fixed it up with Miss Jeremy about the ring and the tattoo, didn't you?"

"I gave her a hint when I phoned her. I thought it would be fun to play a joke on the boys. They're getting pretty fresh."

"What did Miss Jeremy say when you told her how I lied?"

"She laughed."

"She didn't think I was evil and black-hearted and would burn in hell like Corinne thinks?"

"Goodness, no!" He held her away from him then, and she could see he was smiling. "You were kind of making up a story, like a writer, weren't you? Miss Jeremy understands that. She thinks you'll be a great writer someday."

"She does!" Jane sank back down on the bed while her father covered her.

"Janie, tell me something." Her father was tucking the covers tight under her chin. "Did Miss Jeremy really wear a ring to school?"

"Not in her nose. That was the story part, of course. She wore it on her finger."

"Which finger?"

"Her little one. She wanted to show us the real gold nugget in it. We finished Pioneers. Now we're studying Expansion and Settling of the West."

"Oh, I see." Her father kissed her forehead. "Go to sleep now, darling."

Tomorrow, Jane thought dreamily, she would get a big notebook and start filling it with stories. At first a lot of bad things would happen. There would be sickness and explosions and poison and blood and people lost in a dark forest. But at the end a lot of good things would happen. And at the very end, because she could make it up any way she wanted to, everybody would live happily ever after, forever. Tomorrow when she woke up she would make a new sign for her bedroom door. She could imagine it now, printed in red and blue crayon: MISS JANE WARNER, STOREY RITER.

THE END

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I'm Not Afraid of the A-Bomb

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Then came the command, "By order of the commanding general, all personnel will face away from the blast area and be seated on the ground, with the exception of those equipped with AEC-issued 4.2 density glasses."

Why face away from the blast? Because we might get hurt? Because we might suffer permanent eye damage? No! The initial flash of light from an atomic bomb has been described as being 1,000 times as bright as the surface of the sun. At seven miles, looking directly at it would not have caused any permanent eye damage—but it would have blinded us long enough to cause us to miss the rest of the amazing show. We turned our backs and sat down.

Some Risked a Quick Peek

Those last few minutes were interminably long. All talk ceased. Some of us tried to sneak a peek over our shoulder, but we were afraid the bomb would go off at that particular instant and we didn't peek long.

The seconds were being counted over the public address system. Then came a clear, steady voice from the plane over the public address system, "Bomb away."

Involuntarily we hunched our shoulders and tensed.

Suddenly it came. A gigantic flash of white light, bright as a photoflash bulb exploding in our eyes—even with our backs turned. The order "Turn" screamed over the public address system and 5,000 soldiers spun and stared. As we turned, it was as though someone had opened the door of a blast furnace as the terrific heat reached us. There, suspended over the desert floor, was the fireball which follows the initial flash of an atomic bomb.

Hung there in the sky, the tremendous ball of flame was too blinding to stare at, and suddenly there was much more to see.

Sucked into that fireball were the tons of debris from the desert floor. Almost at once dust clouds climbed hundreds of yards off the ground for miles in each direction. Then the familiar column of dirty gray smoke formed and started to rise.

Up to this point we had seen, but we had not heard and we had not felt, the explosion.

But then came the shock wave. The ground beneath us started to heave and sway. Not back and forth as you might expect, but sideways. The earthquakelike movement of the ground rocked us on our haunches and, had we been standing, it could have knocked us down.

About that time, our heads were snapped back with the force of the terrible blast as the sound finally crossed those seven miles and reached us. The tremendous crack was a louder one than most of us had ever heard before. And right behind it came another crack—there seemed to be some debate as to whether this was an echo or another chain reaction in the fireball.

From the throats of everyone there came noises. Noises, not words. I listened particularly for the first coherent statement, but, like myself, few people could voice normal exclamations. It was not something normal and words just wouldn't come out —only unintelligible sounds.

The first words I did hear came from a caustic corporal behind me, who said, almost calmly, "Well, I finally located that damned Ground Zero."

Our roar of laughter broke the tension, but the spectacle was far from over.

The horror turned to beauty. It isn't difficult to associate the word beautiful with such a lethal exhibition, because from this point on, the atomic blast became just that —beautiful. A column rose from where the fireball had dimmed, crawled through the brown doughnut above the fireball, and boiled skyward. The dirty gray of the stem was rapidly offset by the purple hues and blues of the column. Then came the mushroom—the trade-mark of an atomic bomb.

Capped in pure white, the seething mushroom emitted browns, blood orange, pastel pinks, each fighting its way to the surface only to be sucked to the bottom and then back into the middle of the mass of white. Within minutes, the top was at 30,000 feet and then the huge cloud broke loose from the stem and drifted in the wind toward Las Vegas.

We found out later that a reporter who witnessed the scene from Mount Charleston, 50 miles away, tried to race that cloud into Las Vegas in a car, but at 75 miles an hour, he didn't come close to catching it.

Now just what had we seen?

It was described to us as a "typical nuclear explosion." A "typical" blast can be compared with the bombs used at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In these, the energy release was likened to 20,000 tons of TNT. That's a lot of explosive. If placed in one pile, it would measure 10 feet high, 10 feet wide, and one mile long.

This explosion had three lethal qualities. They were: blast, heat and radiation. The greatest fear the public has today in connection with the atom bomb probably is radiation. People forget that it caused only 15 per cent of the 140,000 deaths at Hiroshima.

One second after an air burst of an atom bomb, 50 per cent of the radiation is gone. All danger of lingering radiation has disappeared after 90 seconds.

As to the other two qualities, blast caused 60 per cent of the deaths at Hiroshima. Heat and the accompanying fires accounted for the other 25 per cent.

But to get back to the story of Desert Rock.

As we gaped at the wondrous sight, a helicopter from the AEC command post, a few miles to our rear, roaring along a few feet above the desert floor, circled through the blasted area. As soon as instruments showed the area to be free of harmful radiation, we reloaded our trucks and the road clogged with vehicles racing to see what had happened. Particularly would the men note the damage to the various targets placed at carefully measured distances from the center of the explosion. Within the next hour, I learned two things—I didn't have to worry about radioactivity; and a foxhole is a wonderful thing. The atomic bomb's biggest bugaboo, "radiation fear," was overcome that morning at Yucca Flats.

Several miles closer to the blast from where we had watched, a battalion defensive position had been prepared in every detail. It consisted of foxholes, revetments, barbed-wire entanglements, machine-gun emplacements, recoil-less rifle emplacements, artillery emplacements, all the various positions a reinforced infantry battalion would occupy. In the various holes were all the normal items of equipment a battalion would have. Some of the equipment was dug in, some was above ground. A few sheep represented personnel.

At this point, it was hard to tell that a bomb had exploded only a few miles away. We climbed out of the trucks and looked over some of the equipment here. After a briefing on the blast effects at this spot, we piled back on the trucks and were driven closer to the Ground Zero.

Much closer to the target area, in several locations, there were more emplacements, more equipment, and more sheep.

As we moved up the road in the trucks, the effects of the blast became more apparent. About two miles from Ground Zero —and incidentally the bomber dropped his lethal egg in the proverbial bucket, right on the target—it became obvious that a terrible force had been at work.

At one of the closest positions we again left the trucks and walked through the charred area. Despite the devastation, there was no doubt that a successful attack could have been made by friendly troops directly through the blasted area—immediately after the explosion.

Here we couldn't help but notice that every blade of grass was burned, every cluster of sagebrush bent away from the center of the blast. Had there been any buildings in the area, they would have been demolished.

In the nearest positions, both the blast and burn effects of the bomb were pointed out to us. The burns were peculiar ones—almost a photographic effect. A rock in front of a board resulted in the board being charred completely with the exception of a perfect outline of rock. "Just like a quick sunburn," the briefing officer had said. "Either a first-, second- or third-degree burn, depending on how close you are."

However, nothing below the surface of the ground appeared to be damaged to any great extent. And most of the equipment aboveground could still be used.

But nothing could have lived aboveground in those first few seconds after the explosion.

Close enough to Ground Zero it would have been a case of "how dead can you be?"—as all of the bomb's lethal qualities would have been working at once.

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Concrete Proves Invulnerable

Below ground, a different story. The sheep were scared, and burned in spots where they were exposed, but they were living. I heard many soldiers express pleasure at the protection offered by a simple foxhole—and the absolute safety afforded by concrete or heavily reveted emplacements.

The next day, we read a newspaper headline which said, "Troops Survive First Atom Bomb Test." We laughed. Most of us were quite positive we would have "survived" even had the distances and safety factors been considerably lessened. Providing, of course, we had been underground at the time of the blast. Another newspaper quoted a soldier-witness to the explosion as saying, "I would trust the atom bomb as a tactical weapon." So would I!

As for two of the bomb's properties—blast and heat—I learned at Desert Rock that with proper shelter, and it need not be elaborate, a soldier can be perfectly safe at an incredibly short distance from Ground Zero.

As to the third property—radiation—I have been told that it consists of alpha rays, beta rays, gamma rays and neutrons. The briefing officer put that into understandable language by saying, "a hunk of helium, a hunk of electron, a hunk of X ray, and, as for the neutron, a hunk of something that does something to something else."

To be sure, the Geiger counter clicked madly in the area. It will also click madly when placed near the luminous dial of my watch. To be sure, there is lingering radiation in the area after an atomic bomb blast. But not enough to cause injury.

The safety limits at Desert Rock were such that if we multiplied by 1,000 the amount of radiation we picked up during our walk through the area, a doctor could barely detect it in our bodies. Only if we multiplied it by 10,000 would we require medical treatment.

As the briefing officer explained, if I had lapped with my tongue an area 25 yards square, I would have enough in my body for a doctor to register it with instruments. I would also have lapped up several dozen bushels of dust, a sore tongue, and would be in need of a head examination, not a radiation examination. And if the amount the doctor could measure under this extreme condition were multiplied by 1,000, I would then need a doctor.

Having had all this explained to me by persons who know, having walked through a blasted area within a short time after an atomic explosion, and having realized that the safety precautions taken at Desert Rock were far in excess of those necessary under combat conditions, I no longer worry about becoming radioactive because of the blast I watched.

As the man said, if you are close enough to be hurt by radiation, it won't make too much difference—you'll also be dead from about six other causes.

Much was learned at Desert Rock. The troops and observers learned what an atomic blast looks like and what the blasted area looks like. The scientists, military and civilian, learned just what damage the bomb will do to military equipment and personnel at specific distances. And the psychologists learned how troops will react under given conditions of atomic warfare.

Observers drew several conclusions at Desert Rock. First, factual and simple orientation can eliminate most of the fear and apprehension concerned with atomic weapons. Secondly, properly covered, a soldier need have no fear of the effects of an atomic bomb air burst, from either blast, fire or radiation. Thirdly, properly warned and protected, troops could attack through an area ravaged by the weapon immediately after the blast.

I heard a general emphasize a well-known military fact the other day. He said: "You can't research the infantry out of business."

The atom bomb will not put the foot soldier on the shelf. Rather, it adds another weapon to his stockpile.

Much more about atomic warfare will be learned at future tests. And when all the information is evaluated, new doctrines will be written to help the infantryman survive an atom blast and still do his job.

As the briefing officer had told us before we witnessed the awesome spectacle, "Of course you can't minimize the tremendous power of a bomb which killed 140,000 at Hiroshima—but you can put it in its place."

Then I scoffed. Now I believe it. THE END

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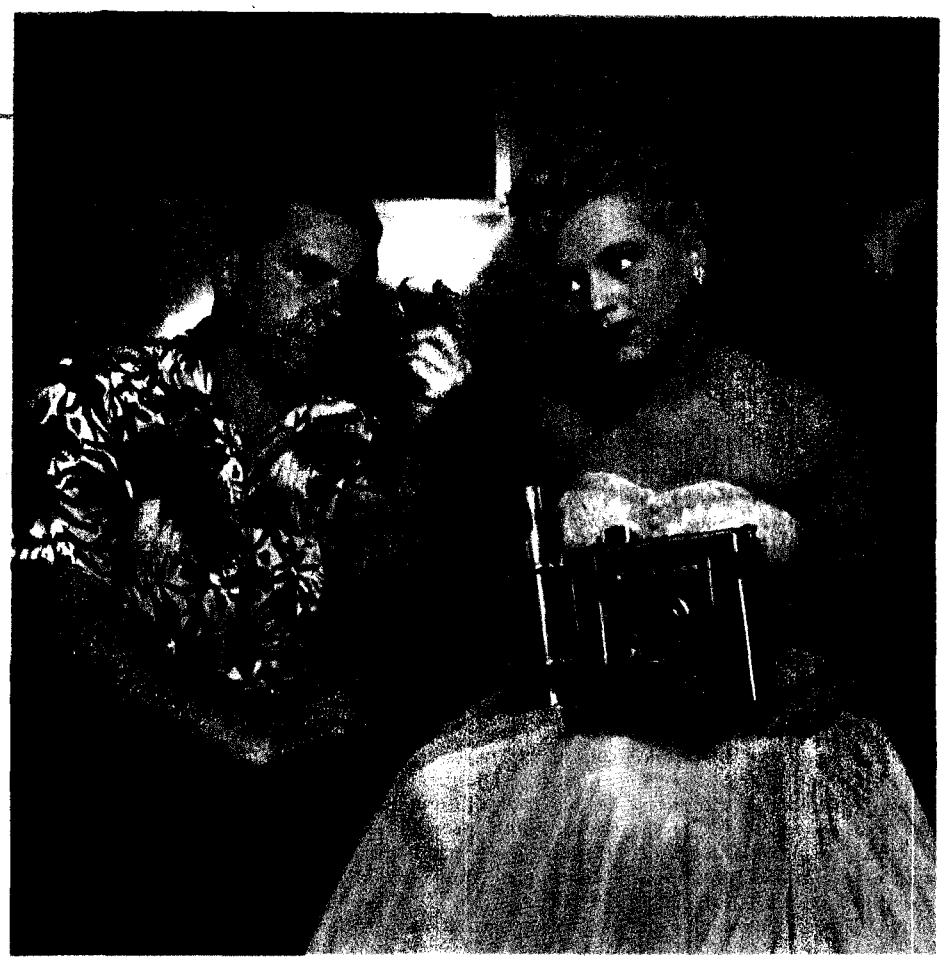
This is what happens when Judy tries to look "sexy"

Pictures turn out better when she thinks about food



Photographer Don Christie prepares Judy Holliday for technical angle of self-portrait project, shows her how to use the filter

Tense look, above, is replaced by joyous one, below

JUDY HOLLIDAY

Takes Her Own Glamor Picture

GLAMOR is a difficult element to pin down. One of the more scholarly dictionaries defines it as an "alluring and illusory charm," and the word has been used to describe everything from Dietrich's eyebrows to the Duke of Windsor.

In the movies, however, Glamor is generally associated with those ladies whose languid looks and low purring tones cause havoc in Park Avenue penthouses or candlelit cafés in the Casbah.

It also has a certain commercial value. For whether she plays Mata-Hari or Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, every movie star, at the finish of a new picture, is called upon to pose for "glamor shots"—for publicity purposes.

According to Judy Holliday, whose Academy Award performance last year immortalized the hilarious blonde-turned-bookworm, in Born Yesterday, this usually means getting zipped into a slinky off-shoulder garment, lounging dangerously on an Empire sofa, and peering through half-closed lids at a photographer whose instructions are limited to two words—"Look sexy."

For some time now, Judy has knuckled under to tradition. But the whole approach terrifies her. She doesn't think of herself as glamorous and considers it no mean trick to look seductive at the snap of a shutter.

Striving gamely to please, Judy has tried every ruse she knows to put a glow in her eye and a siren smile on her lips. Mostly this consists of thinking about something interesting, preferably food. But even thoughts of lobster *fra diavolo* or spaghetti with meat sauce don't always prevent her from freezing into an attitude of acute pain when the flash bulbs go off.

A few weeks ago, as her new film, The Marrying Kind, neared completion at the Columbia studios, Judy faced with grim determination the prospect of another bout with Glamor. Convinced that she could show the photographers how to combine that illusive element with a touch of realism, she borrowed a camera and, after a thorough briefing from the studio photographer, set off for her dressing room to take her own pictures.

With the photographer standing by to handle the lights, Judy sat down in front of her dressing table and rested the camera on her knees, focusing it on the image in the mirror before her. As random thoughts of Southern fried chicken and broccoli with hollandaise produced the desired expressions, she pressed the button. Whether the pictures, which appear on this page, are the essence of Glamor, or just pure Holliday, is open to question. Judy herself thinks the photos are terrific. The studio's opinion is best summed up by the orders Judy received soon afterward: "Get on over to the photographer's to have glamor pictures taken."

EVELYN HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JUDY HOLLIDAY

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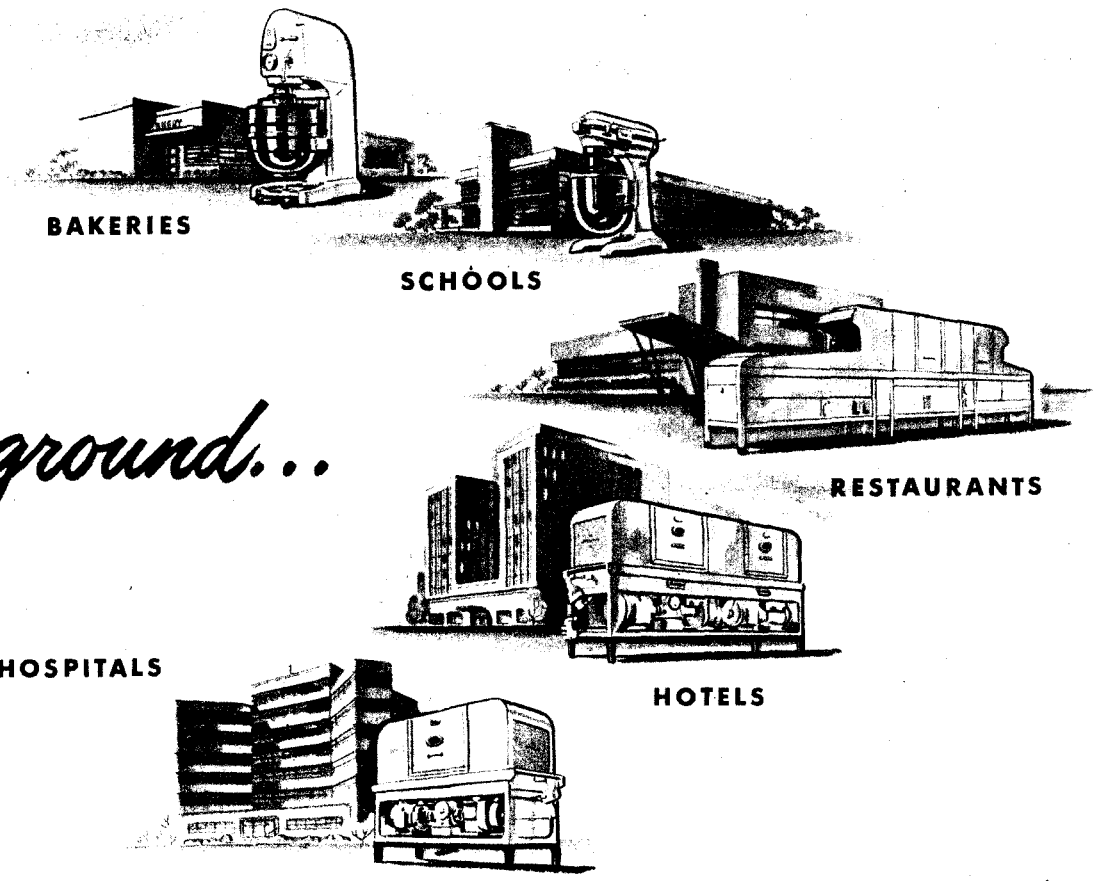

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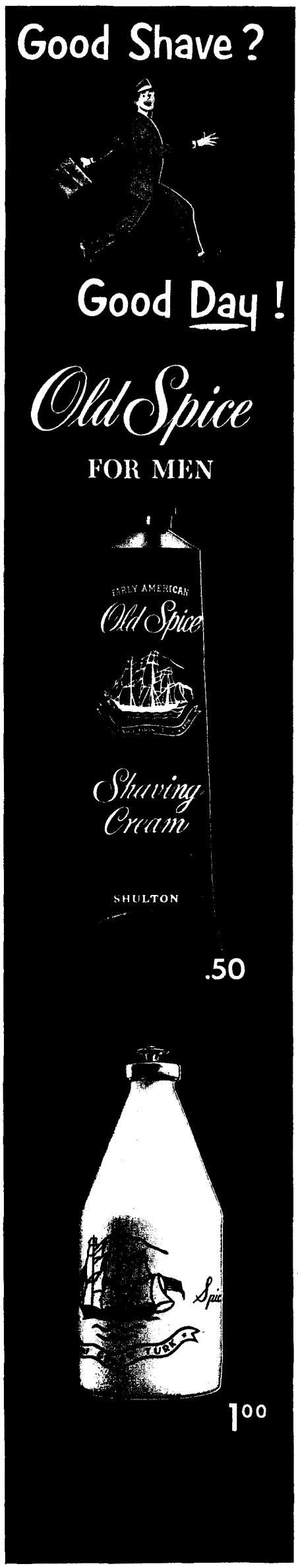


The Best of Will Rogers' Political Wisecracks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

his speeches on the Phonograph. Well, us public have one consolation—a record when dropped breaks easily.

Can you imagine anything more cheerful than a party of friends gathered, opening home brew, and listening to a record, "Voters, if I am elected, I will enforce the law to the letter."

The Democrats nominated Roosevelt for Vice-President on account of his name, I suppose, figuring that most progressives were so far behind they wouldn't know the difference.

The Democrats cant compete with the Republicans in spending money to get in office but after they get in I dont think there is anybody can compete with them.

April 1, 1921

Will Hays took me in to meet President Harding.

I said, "Mr. President, I would like to tell you all the latest political jokes."

He said, "You don't have to, Will, I appointed them."

November 11, 1923

If I was running I would be ashamed to let anybody know which one of those Parties I belonged to. Now, take the last three years, it looked like the Democratic Party was the best Party. But the 8 years previous to that it looked like the Republican Party was the best. The only way in the World to make either one look half decent is to keep them out.

Now you take, for instance, a Republican. There is lots of People that wont speak or associate with one. They think they would catch some grafting Disease but I have met several of them and you take one, when he is out of office, and he is as nice a fellow as you would want to meet.

Now, on the other hand, take the Democrats. They are a great deal like France. France wants to so entirely crush Germany that they will never be able to rise up and attack them again. Well, that is the way with the Democrats. Every time they got in office and started to get ahead and accumulated something, why the Republicans would rise up and crush them. They didn't even wait for 40 years like the Germans, but would generally pounce on them about every 4 years.

You take a Democrat and a Republican and you keep them both out of office and I bet you they will turn out to be good friends and maybe make useful Citizens and devote their time to some work instead of 'lectioneering all the time.

(The 1924 Republican Convention, held in Cleveland, was the first that Will ever attended in person.)

June 8, 1924

As I pen these lines I am waiting for my train to carry me to the Coolidge Follies in Cleveland. At first I was going to say the Republican Follies but it's not. They have nothing to do with it. The whole thing is under the personal supervision of Mr. Coolidge.

Coolidge could have been nominated by post card. Those misled deligates will have just as much chance to really nominate him as a bow-legged girl would have at the Follies.

All my life I have been longing to attend a convention and now I draw this one. My disappointment is just like a sick man who has been promised a trip to a circus for years. Then when he is able to go out they take him to Grant's Tomb.

June 10, 1924

After all, this running for President is sort of a hazardous business. Statistics have proved that out of 110 million people there is only one gets to be President. It's what you might call a Long Shot office, and you can't condemn a man for not investing in Campaign Literature.

June 13, 1924

I love Cleveland because I knew them before this catastrophe struck them. She will arise from her badges and some day be greater than ever. But I had to leave. I simply couldn't stand the incessant din, the roar, the popping of corks, and the newness and brightness of the speeches, and the "fairness to other political parties" uttered from the platform.

P.S. Before they forget it, why, they nominated Coolidge.

It has been rumored around town today that I left to prevent my being nominated as Vice-President. I wish to state that that was exactly the case.

Well, so long, readers—both of you. Will meet you at the Democratic Convention again. What it lacks in class, why, they will make up in noise.

Tip to prospective deligates who are coming: Leave your watches and jewelry at home. Bring nothing but your alternates. It's a cinch you can't lose them.

(The Democratic National Convention in New York City in 1924 was not only the longest political convention in history but also one of the most bitterly fought. Finally it nominated John W. Davis as the party's standard-bearer.)

June 25, 1924

Well, the Democratic scandals got started yesterday. The thing was almost an hour late in starting. You could tell the deligates who had been entertained by Tammany men the night before. They looked awful, and must have felt terrible.

The building is literally lined with flags. I could never understand the exact connection between the flag and a bunch of politicians. Why a political speaker's platform should be draped in flags any more than a factory where men work, or an office building, is beyond me.

June 27, 1924

We have heard nothing since 10 o'clock this morning until 6 tonight but "The man I am going to name." There have been guys going to name men all day, and all we ever got named were about six out of a possible 200. Franklin Roosevelt started in early this morning with the "Man I am about to name." He had the opportunity of a lifetime to make a name for himself comparable with the Republican end of the Roosevelt family. But no, he must say, "Man I am about to name" for ten pages.

But when he did get to the end and named Al Smith you would have thought somebody had thrown a wildcat in your face. The galleries went wild and about ten State deligations marched and hollered for an hour. Talk about our civilization! Why, if they ever took a sanity test at a political convention 98 per cent would be removed to an asylum.

Talk about Presidential Timber, why, Man, they had whole Lumber Yards of it here. There was so many being Nominated that some of the men making the nominating Speeches had never even met the men they were nominating. I know they had not from the way they talked about them.

June 28, 1924

I saw something yesterday that for stupidity, lack of judgment, nonsensicality, unexcitement, uselessness and childishness, has anything I've ever seen beaten. It was the Democratic Convention.

Can you imagine a theatre audience sitting there listening to the same old hokum over and over again? Why, they would get the hook in you so fast these deligates would be back home in three days.

There is a society in this town that stops us when we abuse or unnecessarily annoy a bucking horse or wild steer right in this same Madison Square Garden. Now why in the world don't they get busy and protect a deligate?

July 4, 1924

This thing has got to come to an end. New York invited you people here as guests, not to live.

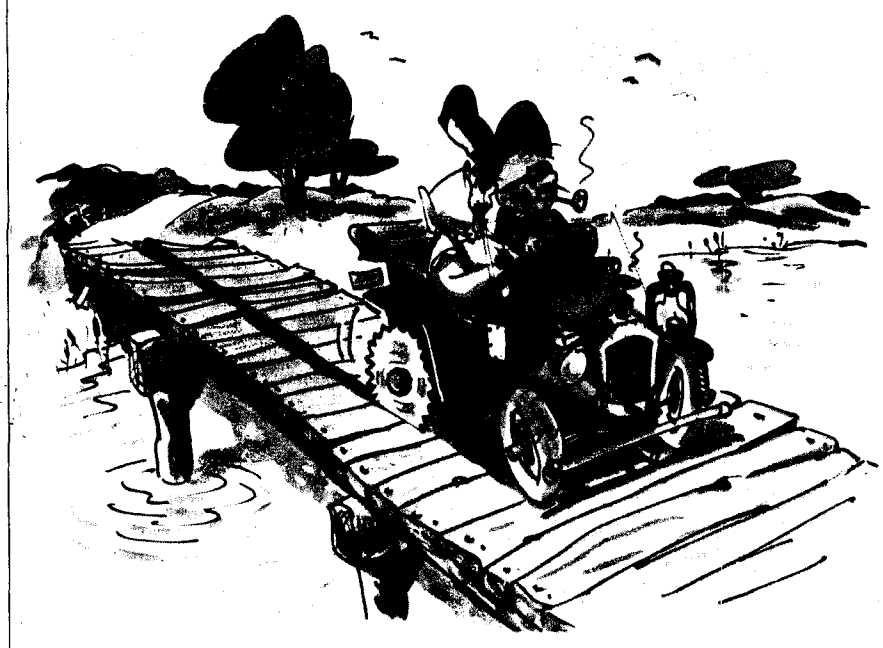
One deligation told me yesterday that they either had to move to more modest quarters or to a more liberal candidate.

Another reason I know it can't last much longer is that the women who sit in front, on the speakers' platform, are about to run out of different hats to wear. They would rather lose the election than wear the same hat twice.

October 19, 1924

I have been trying to read the papers and see just what it is in this election that one

KENNESAW



"Did you have any trouble puttin' the rear wheel back on the car after you got through with the woodcuttin', Kennesaw?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

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Party wants that the other one don't. To save my soul I can't find any difference. The only thing that I can see where they differ is that the Democrats want the Republicans to get out and let them in, and the Republicans don't want to get out.

They are so hard up for an issue that Mr. Coolidge has finally just announced his policy will be Common Sense. Well, don't you know the Democrats will claim that too? Do you think they will call their campaign "Darn Foolishness?"

The only thing I see now that the two old line parties are divided on is the question, "Who will have the Post Offices?"

October 26, 1924

The Literary Digest should change its name to the Literary Poll Test because it is impossible for the Weather Department to announce rain on a certain day without the Digest taking a Straw Vote on the matter.

They got one Poll running now on, "Who do you guess will be President?"

It's the only publication that don't already know who will be.

Coolidge is away ahead and all the Republican Papers are saying that it is absolutely the fairest way to get the real sentiment of the entire Country.

The Democratic Papers claim that the whole thing is a tool of the interests.

Personally, I don't think this Straw Vote demonstrates but one thing: that is that there are more Republicans that can write than there are Democrats.

More men have been elected by Straw Votes to office, and fewer received Salary, than any other industry in America.

November 16, 1924

Let us sum up on why the Democrats lost.

You can't beat an Administration by attacking it. You have to show some plan on improving it.

Now you got 4 years to think of something original. Mr. Coolidge thought of the idea of keeping still. Too bad you all didn't think of that.

April 25, 1927

Can you imagine? This town of Cleveland wants the Republican and Democratic conventions both, in 1928.

A town that don't know any more than that is liable to ask for a sesquicentennial. The Republican Convention will be held further West, for that's the way they are going to relieve the farmers—to let 'em see a Convention. And as for the Democratic one, a sanity test will follow any town purposely asking for it.

January 12, 1928

As usual, the Democrats fooled everybody, including themselves, and Houston got the Convention. I certainly did what I was sent here to do; I kept it out of Oklahoma.

April 22, 1928

Corruption has supplanted the Tariff, as a National issue. But its awful hard to get people interested in corruption unless they can get some of it. You take a fellow that hasent received any corruption, and its kinder like the fellow that has never drank Sour Kraut Juice, he aint much interested in whether its good or bad. People just figure "Well there couldent be so much corruption, or some of it would have come my way." And the fellow that has received any of it naturally he is in favor of a continuation of the policy.

Kansas City, June 10, 1928

Flew in here yesterday morning from Chicago and made a forced landing on the backs of 21 Candidates, who were laying out in the grass on their stomack trying to figure out some way to stop Hoover.

The Propeller struck one in the head and that gave him an original idea.

He says, "Boys let's be honest with ourselves." Well, that was a laugh right there. "Let's don't kid ourselves. There just don't seem to be any prominent demand for any of us to be President, so what can we do?"

Well, just then the iron tail piece on the plane skidded off another so-called "Favorite Son's" head, and set him to thinking seriously. "Well, if nobody wants us, what do you say we all get together and stop the fellow that the majority want."

"That's a great idea," says all the rest in what sounded like unison. "What will we call our party?"

"Let's call it the 'Dog in the Manger Party.' "

"That's great. Now Members, can we trust each other?"

"We can till this Candidate is stopped, and then it's every fellow for himself."

"Now that's understood. We all sign an agreement that we won't start killing each other off till after we have killed the first fellow off. We are Gentlemen till our main mission is performed and then we revert to type."

Of all the Tips you get around here! Everybody has a different one. The Bell Boys where the deligates are staying are the only ones that haven't got a tip since the thing started.

June 12, 1928

Nobody in the history of Conventions ever saw a Convention start and end so quick.

The Convention opened with a Prayer.

It was a Keynote Prayer. If the Lord can see His way clear to bless the Republican Party the way it's been carrying on, then the rest of us ought to even get it without asking for it.

Then they brought on Simeon D. Fess. He delivered what is called the Keynote Speech.

A Keynote Speech is Press notices of the Republican Party written by its own members.

Here are just a few of the things that I bet you didn't know the Republicans were responsible for: Radio, Telephone, Baths, Automobiles, Savings Accounts, Law Enforcement, Workmen living in houses, and a living wage for Senators.

The Democrats had brought on War, pestilence, debts, Disease, Bo weevil, Gold Teeth, need of Farm relief, suspenders, floods, and famine.

He talked of so much money that we had saved that I think if he had talked another hour he would have paid us a dividend. It was an impromptu address that he had been working on for only six months.

June 15, 1928

Wow! She is all over, Hoover and Curtis. The Republican Party owed Curtis something, but I didn't think they would be so low down as to pay him that way.

Houston, June 23, 1928

There is always excitement at a Democratic Anything. Of course it don't look like there is any way to keep from nominating Al, but that don't make any difference, there is always something that will stir up an argument even if they all agree.

June 26, 1928

The whole talk down here is Dry. The deligates just can't hardly wait till the next bottle is opened to discuss it. Prohibition is running about a quart to the argument here now. The South say they are Dry, and by golly, if the Bootleggers don't rush on some more mighty quick, they will be.

Everybody has on a linen, or palm beach suit, not white, but it was once. If perspiration was a marketable commodity, the party could pay off the National deficit. Have perspired for Jefferson, sweated for Jackson, fainted for Tilden and am dying slowly for Smith. I don't know that we are helping Democracy, but we are certainly perspiring for it.

June 28, 1928

Franklin Roosevelt, a fine and wonderful man who has devoted his life to nominating Al Smith, did his act from memory.

Franklin Roosevelt could have gotten

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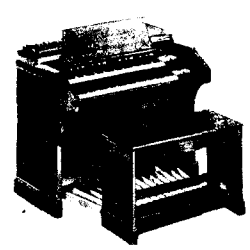

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Star Matinee
Saturdays, 12 noon
General Mills

H is for Hollywood
Hollywood Screen Test
Mondays, 7:30 pm
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The Amazing Mr. Malone
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Seiberling Tires

J is for Jester
Herb Shriner Time
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Mogen David Wine

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Mundy

S **is for Suspense**
Tales of Tomorrow
Fridays, 9:30 pm
Jacques Kreisler

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Churchill

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far in the Democratic Party himself, but he has this act all perfected, and don't like to go to the trouble of learning something else.

It was a fine speech. It always has been, but it's always been ahead of its time. Now he has 'em believing it. The only part I didn't agree with is where he said that Al was "Good to Women, and Children, and Dumb Animals," and he insinuated that the Republican President and nominee were not.

Now Franklin, you are wrong about the Republicans and the Dumb Animals. They just thrive on Dumb Animals. They are like Lincoln with the poor. They must love 'em for they have so many of them in the party.

I have heard so much at this Convention about "Getting back to the old Jeffersonian principles" that being an amateur, I am in doubt as to why they LEFT THEM in the first place.

All you hear about here is the amount of graft and corruption. But each man wants to put his Nominee where it is going on.

June 29, 1928

Well Boys, she blowed up about noon today in a blaze of harmony.

Lord, I have looked at enough Badges, and heard enough speeches that if I ever hear another man say, "The Grand old Republican Party," or "Back to the Jeffersonian principles," I will go to the gallows with a clear conscience.

Goodbye, Houston, take care of yourself. But don't ever bid for another one of these things. You might get it.

If they could just hold the election now, before they have time to go home and think up something to call each other!

October 24, 1928

Of all the "dumb" issues that candidates bring up to try and influence people how to vote, I think "prosperity" takes the cake. How a speaker can convince a man that he is prosperous when he is broke, or that he is not prosperous when he is doing well, is beyond me. If a voter can't feel in his pocket and see if he's doing well without having some total stranger tell him, then this Government shouldn't be in the hands of the people.

November 11, 1928

Well it's all over, and what a relief! What has it proved? What has it profited us? We have gone through the most exciting and bitter election that we have ever held in our history. And what's the answer?

Friends have been turned into enemies, families have been split, husbands have choked wives, and wives have attempted to murder husbands, all because one wanted one Guy to draw a Government salary and the other member wanted the other fellow to live easy for the next four years.

I told you not long ago that the campaign lasted only a few months but that it would take two generations to sweep up the "Dirt." I think I was too modest in the time.

You will please pardon a Comedian for lapsing into seriousness, but there was no reason for all this religious gab, and all the threats of what would happen if certain things were brought about.

Then all this yapping about Parties. If a man could tell the difference between the two Parties he would make a Sucker out of Solomon for wisdom. This country runs IN SPITE of Parties, in fact Parties are the biggest handicaps we have to contend with. If we dident have to stop to play Politics any Administration could almost make a garden of Eden out of us.

December 11, 1928

If your side lost don't take it too much to heart. Remember there is always this difference between us and Italy. In Italy Mussolini runs the country. But here the country runs the President.

March 15, 1929

This is income tax paying day. There is going to be no attempt at humor for it would be mighty forced. By the way, did you charge off money given to the Democratic campaign? You could, it's legitimate charity, not organized but a charity nevertheless.

Letter to F.D.R. November 23, 1931

If people in 32 are still as hungry as they are now, and from the looks of things they will be "Hungrier," why the Democrats have got a fine chance.

They only vote for our Gang when they are starved out, we fatten em up and then they turn Republican again.

June 6, 1932

We never realized that elections were so near till we see by the papers this morning that each political party has "some" plan of relieving the unemployed. They have been unemployed for three years and nobody paid any attention to 'em. But now both parties have discovered that while they are not working, there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent them from voting. So Democratic campaign leader "hooey" and the Republican leader "baloney" say: "We have to do something about this. Miss Secretary, reach in the bag and get out some of those old campaign promises. We will dust 'em off and use 'em again this year. And remember no matter what the other side promises, see their promise and raise 'em two more."

Chicago, June 12, 1932

I have the distinction of being the first Democratic white child to arrive at the Republican fiasco. A newspaper man spoiled my whole convention by asking me if "I was an alternate." Now a deligate is bad enough, but an alternate is just a spare tire for a deligate. An alternate is the lowest form of political life there is. He is a parachute in a plane that never leaves the ground.

June 13, 1932

The wet lobbyists have taken the whole convention. They give you a badge and a drink. Lot of us don't know what to do with the badges.

Mr. Dickinson of Iowa is the "Keynoter" and he has the toughest job of anyone of them ever. If he "points to accomplishments" he is sunk, and if he "views with alarm" he is sunk. So we are just liable to get two solid hours on the weather.

Charley Dawes is the most popular man in town. He still has a bank that is open.

June 16, 1932

Well the old Republican Convention of 1932 went into either history or the ashcan at three-thirty this afternoon. Its the same old vaudeville team of Hoover and Curtis. They nominated Hoover but after a tough fight.

See you at the Democrats where they will let anybody nominate everybody.

Chicago, June 25, 1932

Well here we all are gathering in for the roundup of the Democrats. Chicago is going to do herself proud just like she did with the Republicans. The last day of the Republican show they killed 4 gangsters for the amusement of the deligates and I know being a Democratic city at heart she will do as much for the Democrats.

June 26, 1932

The plan is to "stop" Roosevelt. Then everybody "stop" each other at a time when the Democrats should be "starting." They are trying to change the "two-thirds" rule. It takes two-thirds to change it. If two-thirds of the Democrats agreed, they wouldent be Democrats.

June 28, 1932

Ah! They was Democrats today. They fought, they fit, they split and adjourned in a dandy wave of dissension.

The Democrats are the only known race of people that give a dinner and then wont decide who will be toastmaster till they all get to the dinner and fight over it. No job is ever too small for them to split over.

June 30, 1932

Did the Democrats go wet? No, they just layed right down and wallowed in it. They left all their clothes on the bank and dived in without even a bathing suit. The plank was made from cork wood nailed together with a sponge.

I just want to know what all these old dry office holders that went wet over night are going to tell those Baptist preachers back home.

They going to say, "Father, I cant tell a lie. I saw the votes going and I had to go after 'em."

July 1, 1932

Did you ever parade at 6 o'clock in the morning? Nobody ever did but the Democrats. I been in circus parades and Wild West parades but I had never entered a political parade. I had laughed at many a one, but had never become looney enough to participate.

But this morning as dawn was breaking over the machine-gun nests of Chicago and you could just see the early peep of light down early rising gangster rifle barrels, one of Oklahoma's ex-Governors arose and started to put in nomination a fellow Governor. It was a friend, Henry Johnston, nominating my old friend Bill Murray.

When he finished the heavens broke loose, noise accompanied by bedlam, and what dashes into the arena? Not as you would expect at that hour of the morning, a milk wagon, but a band of beautiful girls, all dressed in kilts, and thank goodness, not playing bagpipes but musical instruments.

They had come all the way from Oklahoma City to help "Our Bill" Murray's parade. Was I going to get in it? If I could get woke up I was.

So Amon G. Carter handed me a straw hat with the word "Texas" on the band, and for no reason at all (like Democrats do everything) somebody handed me a cane. I waved it till I almost hit Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in the eye. Along the route of march we picked up a couple of girls who had been stranded by some earlier demonstration. They evidently were just "thumbing" their way around the hall. I was against taking them on, but Amon thought perhaps they were maybe F.F.V.'s from the old commonwealth of Virginia and were trying to make their way back to Gov. Byrd's headquarters in the Culpepper corner of the hall.

Some kindly soul that had temporarily escaped the depression handed me a box of popcorn so I had rations through the biggest part of the pilgrimage. The hall runs about three miles to the lap. The journey got us no votes, but like all these halfwitted convention parades, it kept anybody else from getting any votes, or rest either, until every marcher has become thoroughly disgusted with himself.

Claremore, Okla., July 3, 1932

Flew down here to recuperate from one straight month of speeches. Heard a mule braying awhile ago out at the farm and for a minute I couldent tell who he was nominating.

It was a good thing the Convention broke up. Times was so hard some of the deligates had started eating their alternates. Cannibalism was about to be added to other Democratic accomplishments.

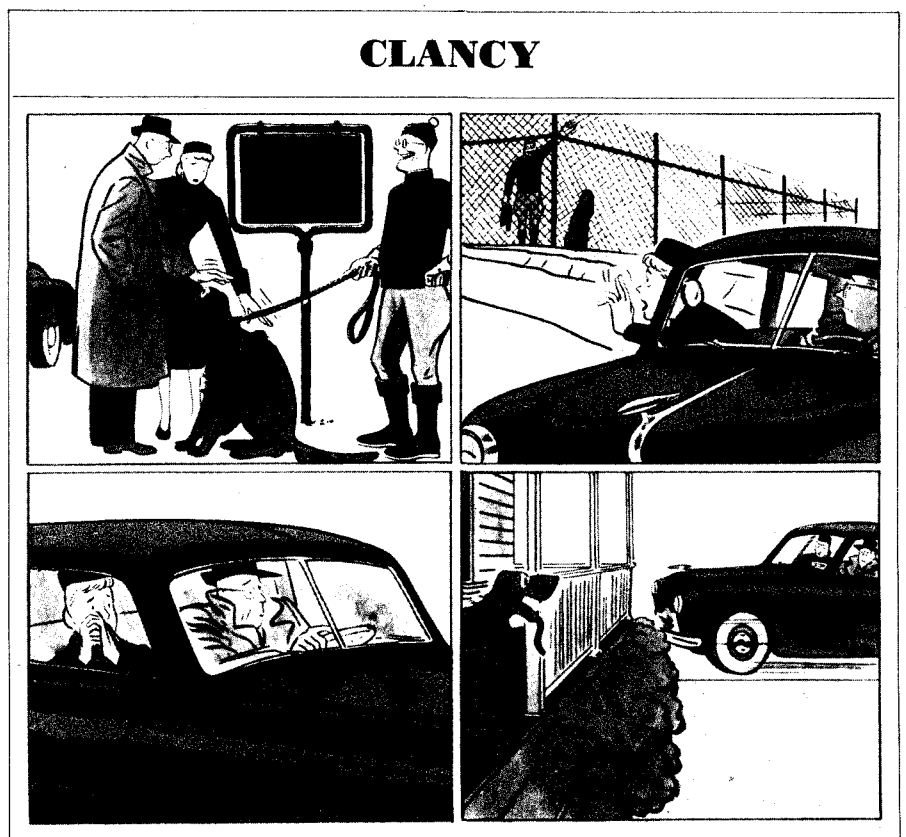
I have one thing to be thankful for. I am the only defeated candidate that dident have a band left on my hands to ship back home. Could an artist paint a more pitiful picture than a poor defeated candidate waking up the morning after the vote and seeing thirty five horn tooters that have on account of the human laws to be delivered back home? Its enough to discourage candidates but it never does. Four years later they are back again, same ones.

July 9, 1932

Now that the "Seances" are all over and I sit and think of the amount of "Applesauce" and "Hooey" that was spilled there you wonder that we are even doing as well as we are as a Nation.

When you think of thousands of people in a hot stuffy hall away up till the early morning hours listening to "The man I am about to nominate has the qualities of a Jackson, the Statesmanship of a Jefferson, and the homely common sense of an Abraham Lincoln." Then the next one nominated would have all these and then a couple more, maby the looks of McKinley and the oratory of Bryan. Hours on hours of that, then they would all get up and march around the hall, part would march and part would hiss.

Of all the "Trades" and "Deals" and "Under Cover" happenings that go on during one of those Conventions! A State Deligation is with "their" man, but are they? Maybe their leaders have already sold out to some opposition man, and are to deliver to him after the next ballot is taken. They "Trade" all kinds of ways.



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Then the deligations begin to slip sometimes without anyone monkeying with 'em.

Its just human nature to string with a winner. Thats what they call getting on the Band Wagon. They know they cant get any Post Offices out of the loser, so sympathy cuts no ice. They quit him so quick there is nothing left but the campaign buttons, especially at this last convention when there was a Presidential Candidate to every ten voters.

"Do these fellows really think they will get somewhere?" Sure they do. There is nothing that can kill hope in a candidate. He just thinks the breaks were against him that time, and that he will get it the next time.

But at that there is a lot of humor among them, and its not all unconscious. There is some pretty good kidders among our leading candidates and politicians. They kind of take it serious before the crowd but when they are kinder off to themselves in a little bunch why they can kid themselves as much as anyone.

You meet some great folks at those conventions. Governors, ex-Governors, Senators, ex-Senators, all the names that you have become accustomed to in the past, and maby haven't heard of in a long time, why you find 'em at these conventions.

Its the Fourth of July celebration of national politics. Its a clam bake of big politicians.

But its a show that no American should miss. Its entertainment, and its enlightening. It gives us a kind of an idea that most men that emerge from it with any spoils were more lucky than competent.

A good campaign manager can do more than an able candidate. "Trades" makes Presidents more than ability. But as bad as we are, and as funny as we do things, we are better off than the other Countries, so bring on more conventions. The bigger, the noisier, the crazyier, the better. No nation likes noise and "Hooey" like we do.

We are all cuckoo, but we are happy.

In the summer of 1935 Will flipped a coin to see if he would take a plane trip with Wiley Post to Alaska and perhaps on around the world.

"See, I win," he said to Mrs. Rogers.

This meant that he took the trip.

The plane crashed on a lonely tundra fifteen miles north of Point Barrow in Alaska, killing both of them.

Perhaps Will did win. Certainly the United States lost. This was particularly true the following summer when the Presidential nominating conventions met. And it has been true ever since. THE END

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

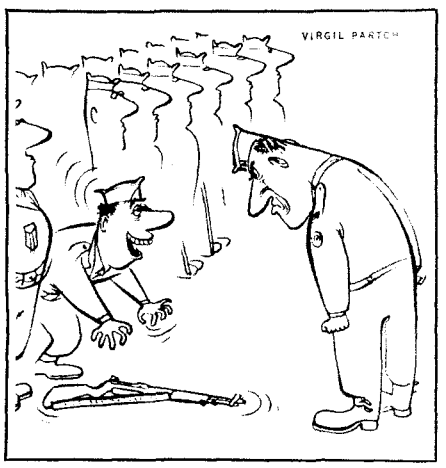
much time to the planning for peace as was given to the planning for war.

In 1945 it was my privilege to accompany former Secretary of State James F. Byrnes to London and Moscow in search of peace. Six years later, we do not have peace. The only conclusion that can be reached is that too little time and study is given to the plans for peace. We spend billions of dollars on planning to be successful in battle—why not spend a few millions to plan for peace under a Cabinet officer, a Secretary of Peace?

HUGH A. KELLY, Jersey City, N.J.

Education via Vip

VIP'S WAR



"Some day we'll both laugh about this"

EDITOR: The following is somewhat of a rave letter about one of your top cartoonists, Virgil Partch. With his cartoons of Vip's War he has both amused and educated the men of my outfit. Let me explain . . .

We have in my company a bulletin board on which I, as the information and education specialist, am constantly putting clippings of the latest news. Sad to tell, however, few men ever bothered to look at the board until I hit upon the idea of putting something there to attract their attention.

The fellows in my outfit (unfortunately) are no different from a great many other GIs whose only reading material is the comic book. Therefore I reasoned that a few good cartoons pertaining to the Army might induce the men to read the bulletin board. These drawings were placed in a fairly conspicuous spot on the board so that few men, if any, could fail to notice them.

Vip's War has done the impossible. When the fellows get through looking over the cartoons they usually browse over the latest news of the day. And by constantly changing the cartoons I've managed to keep them coming back again and again to that board. PFC MURRAY A. CHAIFETZ, Camp Roberts, Cal.

Fuller Information

EDITOR: In Week's Mail of Dec. 15th, under the heading of Keyed Up Prematurely?, the instrument illustrated was known as an organ accordion—not a piano accordion. My grandfather used one of these instruments to lead meetings as a local preacher in the Methodist church when he was a young man. I still have the organ accordion in my possession, still in good playing condition. There are no bass keys of the type used on the piano accordion, merely a gripping edge for pumping the bellows.

C. G. SARGENT, Seattle, Wash.

The Rafters

EDITOR: Your December 8th and 15th issues with a cover page and leading articles, Raft of Fun, are highly disgusting and an affront to the morals and good taste of your readers. There is no excuse for it either, for it contributes nothing to any field of knowledge. MARY P. REDING, Green Bay, Wis.

Gifts for GIs

EDITOR: Week's Mail is read by our servicemen and -women wherever they may be, so I hope you will publish this letter.

Plans are now under way which will enable me to distribute many thousands of comfortable headrests *free*—each in a flat package, adjustable to two positions, with a 12-inch spread for the head, a metal frame and laced covers. Those in the service are often forced to make use of rolled-up blankets and other things when in need of rest. My headrest (the "Mom" Richards Headrest) will add greatly to their comfort; it is easy to carry and sanitary. The supply will not be unlimited, so it will have to be a case of first come, first served.

If you're in the service and want one, just send your name and address to

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Mrs. Richards' offer has been approved by military authorities.

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Dark Angel of Anatahan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

the idea fermented like coconut wine: "After all, why Higa—why not me?"

A few began to bring her presents—a precious bird egg or two found in sparing quantities on the south shore. Higa, a robust enough fellow of thirty-two, was openly afraid of the others. He looked the other way, and Kazuko ran off to the mountains for an interlude with Morio Chiba, a twenty-five-year-old fisherman. It was a brief lapse, but it established a precedent.

Two men died by drowning before the year was out—one during a typhoon and the other in a pioneer attempt at night fishing. American planes constantly overhead kept them all from fishing or bathing during daylight.

One morning in February, 1945, the men on Hospital Mountain spied a ship approaching from the west. The next day—February 21st, according to the crude calendars they kept by sticking pins in a board—the alarm went out: the Americans were landing! Yoshio Nishino, a muscular navy seaman who prided himself on his prowess at judo and swimming, rounded up a dozen men and rushed to Hospital Mountain, where the arms were cached.

"If we're going to fight, we might as well fight now," he said.

Calmer heads prevailed. The Americans mysteriously returned to their ship and then landed on the north shore, cutting straight into the jungle and up an impossibly steep mountain. They repeated the operation, sailing around to the south shore and working inland toward the same spot. After a week, during which the Japanese kept out of their way, they left. The reason for the visit remained a puzzle for 18 months.

The Japanese learned something else within a week, however. The Kanakas had been removed to safety by the Americans. There wasn't a native on the island. This ushered in four months of intensive bombing and strafing, broken by another unexplained American landing.

Heavy Bombings Injured Two

The hundreds of tons of bombs and bullets dumped on Anatahan ruined several hundred coconut trees, and dealt a temporary blow to the tuba supply, but resulted in only two injuries to the survivors. In lowering herself down a cliff during a raid, late in 1944, Kazuko fell and suffered a miscarriage that permanently prevented her from bearing children. Sometime later one of the men was grazed by a machine-gun bullet.

On V-J day, in September, 1945, the Americans, weary of trying to subdue the garrison by force, were only too happy to call it quits. A ship equipped with a loudspeaker circled the island three or four times while someone shouted in Japanese that the war was over, Japan had surrendered and if the men would give themselves up they would be returned to their homes. Henceforth, the voice promised, there would be no more bombing.

Unimpressed, the men kept to the jungle until the ship went away.

Twice more in 1945 the Americans landed at the island's western tip. The second time they left Tokyo newspapers and an unsigned letter addressed to the Anatahan garrison, advising them that the war was truly over and "your families are awaiting you." The men remarked how cleverly the newspapers were faked to give the impression that the unthinkable had actually happened. One of them showed a picture of Emperor Hirohito standing with an American general named "Macassar." A few recalled that "General Macassar" had commanded the American forces in the Philippines, but he had been reported defeated or killed—it amounted to the same thing—when the Japanese took Manila.

The most disturbing piece of "enemy propaganda" was a pamphlet addressed to Japanese armed forces everywhere, ostensibly written by the Japanese government, which declared: "To continue resistance is the greatest disloyalty to the emperor."

Seizo Ishimori, who had been captain of the Hyosuke Maru, called a meeting and warned against this deception. Not a man wavered. They had been told this was to be a 100-year war, hadn't they?

Ishimori died in February, 1946, from eating poisoned fish. There were only two medicines on Anatahan after the iodine ran out. Papaya for a stomach-ache and lizard oil for a cut. Neither worked in his case.

When weeks stretched into months and there *were* no more air raids, the garrison decided that the fighting had shifted farther north. It permitted the men to fight among themselves over the only thing on Anatahan they thought was worth it—Kazuko.

Nishino, the navy man who wanted to battle the Americans, came out second best in a brawl with Taneo Goto, the best bat catcher on the island. Goto felled him with a club. A club remained the deadliest personal weapon on hand until one day in September, 1946, when Higa and Kazuko, pushing up the trail the Americans had taken the year before, found the wreck of a B-29. Nobody remembered hearing it crash, but there it was—charred and tangled and an incalculable treasure, the reason for the American landings 18 months before. Like any monumental discovery, from rubbing two sticks together to splitting an atom, this one gave the discoverers vastly improved tools for living and dying.

There was parachute nylon for clothing and aluminum for cooking utensils, needles, razors, harpoons, fishhooks and knives—two- and three-foot knives. The men heated one piece of metal over the fire, holding it in a fistful of banana leaves, pounded it with a rock, honed it in the sand and then used it to cut other pieces.

But the really lethal jack pot consisted of three .45-caliber automatic pistols. Hozumi Ishiwata, the garrison youngster, picked one up, found that it jammed and threw it away. Nishino, the combative sailor, retrieved it and, with parts from three pistols, two were put into working order. Nishino kept one and his best friend, Riichiro Yanagibashi, the second youngest on Anatahan, got the other.

The pistols put the two men in a class by themselves. Authority was pretty haphazardly administered, if at all. Katsusaburo Usui, captain of the Akebono Maru, was growing deaf; and Tsurumatsu Ishida, skipper of the Kaiho Maru, won no respect. He was, to put it bluntly, the biggest thief on the island and was nicknamed "Ishikawa Goemon"—after a renowned Japanese highwayman. Junji Inoue, a petty officer second class, was intensely disliked for trying to cuff respect into the lower ranks.

It was eight months before one of the pistols was put to work. Then, Nishino evened his year-old score with Goto. He shot him dead in another quarrel over Kazuko, witnessed by the entire crew of the Kaiho Maru [murder No. 1]. Nishino apologized to all present, but he kept the pistol. The news depressed the others scattered over the island. Another unfortunate precedent had been set.

After the killing, Nishino and Yanagibashi (who had the other weapon) moved in on Higa and Kazuko on the southeast shore and set up a sort of *ménage à quatre*. What the domestic protocol was, outsiders never learned, but the establishment, as such, lasted a year.

One day in May, 1948, Maruyama and a friend returned from early-morning fishing to find a dozen men standing glumly around their huts. Among them was Yanagibashi, his cherubic face drawn and sullen.

"I have just done a most regrettable act," he said. "I have killed Nishino with my pistol. Please come with me to the place."

The group walked for an hour and a half in silence to the hut shared by Nishino and Yanagibashi. Maruyama stepped inside. There was Nishino's body on the ground, his face covered with a piece of nylon and the rest of him under a straw mat. His pistol hung cold on the wall. Yanagibashi, with a thoroughly Japanese sense of decorum, had laid on his chest a necklace of shells he had once given the man as a token of friendship. There was a red jungle flower set in a beer bottle by his head.

While the body was being lifted out, Kazuko and Higa, who lived a few yards away, walked in. No one spoke to them. "I want you all to know," Yanagibashi said loudly, "that I did not kill Nishino over this woman."

One of the men intoned a burial service over Nishino's shallow grave. That night the group sat down to the traditional Japanese mourning "banquet," washed down with liberal draughts of tuba. Yanagibashi drunkenly described the killing [murder No. 2]. Nishino had boasted he would do away with him in a few days, Yanagibashi said.

"I lay next to him, thinking: Why should I die? After he fell asleep I woke him up and shot him twice."

Slayer Gives Away One Pistol

Kazuko, clad in her customary pair of Daisy Mae pants, with a two-foot knife through her belt, drank as heavily as anybody and smiled secretly to herself. The men noticed she sat next to Yanagibashi, while Higa remained at the end of the table that had been fashioned from the timbers of a wrecked canoe. At the end of the meal Yanagibashi generously gave one of the pistols to Genjiro Yoshino, a fisherman from the Hyosuke Maru.

A week later Yanagibashi paid the Higas a call. As Higa later described it, Yanagibashi stared nervously at him for a moment and then said: "Higa-san, I must ask you to do me a lifelong favor. Let me have Kazuko—I can't live without her."

Higa replied that this was a favor he would like to think over.

"I will be back in a few days," Yanagibashi said.

When he had gone, Higa turned to the woman. "And how do you feel about it?" he asked. "Do you want to go with him?"

"Truthfully, yes," she replied. "I have always had a fondness for him. Besides, he'll kill you if you don't agree. And he'll kill me. I want to live."

Higa granted Yanagibashi his favor, but three months later he paid the newlyweds an unannounced visit. This time it was Yanagibashi who made the tactical error of leaving his pistol hanging on the wall of his shack. Higa took it, walked down to the beach where the pair were fishing and killed him [murder No. 3]. The hastily reconciled Higas buried the interloper and started back to report his death—"by drowning."

On the way they met six of the others, including Yoshino carrying *his* pistol. Yoshino suggested they return to the scene of the accident in the hope of recovering the body. As everyone in Japan knows, Yoshino said, drowned bodies surface in seven days.

Reluctantly the Higas accompanied Yoshino back to the beach. Seven days passed and no body washed ashore, but Yoshino showed no disposition to leave. There was no witness save Kazuko to the excruciating game of cat and mouse the two men played—each armed, each aware of what the other was certainly going to do if he got the chance. The end came a month after Yanagibashi's death. A typhoon blew the roof off the honeymoon shack. Higa climbed up to fix it. Glancing down he looked into the muzzle of Yoshino's pistol.

"He died," Yoshina said, "from eating a banana."

"He was in agony," Kazuko said, "and kept calling for his legal wife in Saipan."

Nobody on the island believed this, but no one was in a position to call Yoshino a liar [murder No. 4]. He now had both pistols and, naturally, Kazuko.

He boasted he intended to be her last husband.

Most of the older men, sick of the bloodshed and suspicion, devoutly hoped he

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would be. Things were going a little easier on the island now. Maruyama had parlayed six soybean sprouts into a perpetual supply of bean soup. Pumpkins and sweet potatoes were in fair supply and now the men could fish in the daytime. There was even a tiny harvest of pineapple and sugar cane.

Some of the men made pets, instead of meals, out of the bats, but it was still no life of paradise. The men were awakened before dawn by the racket of birds chirruping in the trees. One of them started the breakfast fire—sometimes that took five minutes, sometimes fifteen. Breakfast was usually boiled sweet potatoes washed down with tuba. Everything was cooked in a half-and-half mixture of salt and sweet water or fried in coconut oil. After the meal, the men tended their patch of garden, went hunting for meat or a change of diet in a trade with somebody else.

Afternoons they worked on weaving bark from the *ichibi* tree into sandals, blankets, caps and floor mats for their huts. Their nylon shirts and breechclouts they saved to wear on Japan's V day. With infinite patience some of them knitted shirts from unraveled canvas, using palm quills for needles. Young Hozumi Ishiwata, who had "magic fingers," made underwater goggles out of Plexiglas and rubber from the B-29. Yoshino made a Japanese chess board with wooden counters and wagered huge sums of nonexistent money on each game. Maruyama, pining for Tokyo, strummed on one of five samisens he fashioned out of aluminum and nylon thread. He taught Kazuko and a few of the others how to play.

Visiting was the main form of recreation, but the topics of conversation dwindled until the men actually began to forget words. They had stopped talking about their families years before. Nearly everyone kept a calendar, but days and months had a way of telescoping. Now and then one of the men would go a little out of his mind from the monotony. "What's today?" he would ask over and over. The others would tap their heads significantly.

Samples of Conversation

A typical social call went something like this:

"Good afternoon, Kurosawa-san. I haven't seen you in two weeks. Has anybody died on this side of the island?"

"Nobody, Aoko-san, but Kodaka had the fever."

"Ah-so."

"We heard bombing from the Saipan side the other day."

(Although the war had been over for three years, occasional demolitions of over-age ammunition dumps kept alive the belief that the Japanese Saipan garrison was still holding out.)

"Yes, it's a long war. I don't understand how the American ships can travel by here with their lights on."

Sooner or later the talk got around to the inevitable.

"Have you seen Kazuko-chan?"

"No, but I heard she ran away from Yoshino for two days."

"That she-devil. I hear she prays in Okinawan day and night that something terrible happens to him."

Before it did, two other men were murdered [Nos. 5 and 6] and a third was nearly hacked to death in quarrels over Kazuko that did not involve her husband.

Chiba, who first led her down the jungle path soon after the men landed in 1944, knifed the bosun of the Akebono Maru and was surprised while burying the body by Captain Usui. Navy seaman Ichiro Nakagawa, the biggest bully on the island, killed "Baldy" Nishidate, who did favors for everybody, just because he did one for Kazuko.

Then, at memorial services for one of Kazuko's previous husbands (memorial services helped pass a good part of the time by now and were Anatahan's only social function), Junji Inoue, the rank-happy petty officer, accused seaman Nakagawa of immoral conduct. With Kazuko watching like a box holder in the Colosseum, Anatahan's two most unpopular men carved each other up for half an hour. Inoue was left for dead, but disappointed many by recovering.

In November, 1949, Kazuko's prayers were answered. Yoshino, her husband of little more than a year, died under mysterious circumstances. Kazuko reported he, too, had drowned while fishing. [But in the opinion of the survivors, Yoshino was victim No. 7—though they never discovered who might have done the killing.] No heir to the pistols stepped forward to claim Kazuko. She had them both.

Ordered to Choose a Husband

A meeting was called by Captain Ishida. Over Kazuko's objections, the first order of business was to confiscate the pistols. She insisted she needed one for her protection, but after recalling their history Ishida threw them both into the sea. After considerable debate it was decided that Kazuko must have another husband, one of her own choice. Again she demurred—insisting she preferred to live alone. Since this would have started an elimination contest all over again, she was told to hurry and make up her mind.

None of the candidates appeared too anxious to be the lucky man. Even the most hot-blooded seemed to feel that the price on Miss Kiss of Death was a little high.

"I choose Chiba," said Kazuko.

Chiba, who had one killing on his hands, showed an unexpected regard for the niceties. "I will take Kazuko for my wife," he said, "but not until after the required 37 days of mourning for Yoshino."

Anatahan's first "wedding" was performed, on schedule, outside Chiba's shack on the northwest corner of the island. The ceremony—a speech by Ishida, who was a little drunk—was not calculated to cheer the groom.

"Up till now," Ishida said, "all who joined Kazuko died regrettable deaths. I feel great sadness over this, but I cannot permit her to live alone among the dangers and hardships of the island. I offer congratulations to Chiba on his good fortune. Don't let there be any more unhappiness, as in the past. Please live as man and wife in harmony."

This was a vain hope. They quarreled constantly, and more than once behind her husband's back, Kazuko would invite the others, in pantomime, to slip a knife through his ribs. Early in June, 1950, they had an all-out domestic brawl. Screams from the Chiba hut brought the others arunning. Chiba was exercising the Oriental prerogative of beating his wife, just as though she were not the only woman on the island. The next day Kazuko disappeared. Her absence caused no comment, since there wasn't far for her to go. But Kazuko had had enough. She hid near the edge of the jungle on the northwest corner of the island until the Miss Susie came close to shore. Then she waved her nylon dress. Three Kanaka natives under Kan Akatani, a Japanese employee of the Navy in Saipan, came ashore and picked her up.

On board the Susie was Lieutenant Commander Johnson, who for three years had been puzzling how to effect the bloodless surrender of the island. Anatahan was valuable to the native economy, but not valuable enough to risk American lives against a platoon of fanatical Japanese armed with a machine gun.

The presence of the Susie with Johnson aboard was a coincidence but no accident. He believed the only way to convince the stubborn garrison the shooting was over was to have the families write to them. That day he was delivering letters from the relatives of Inoue and Tanaka. Their names had been remembered by natives who fled Anatahan in 1945. Civil Administration Headquarters in Saipan had forwarded the names to occupation authorities in Tokyo, who turned them over to the Japanese government. After laboriously consulting old Japanese army and navy rosters, the officials had tracked down the families. Now, in the person of Kazuko, the Dark Angel of Ana-

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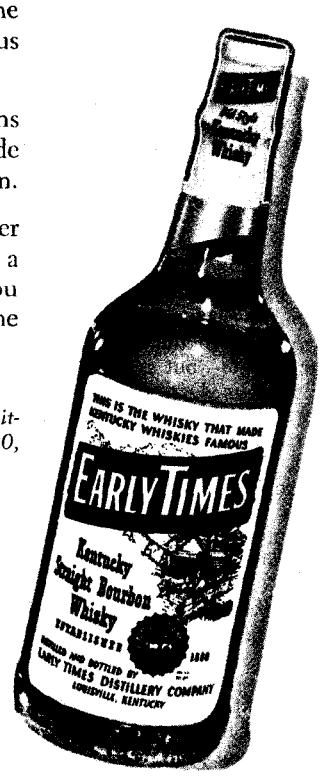
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tahan, Johnson found somebody who knew all their names—well.

On Anatahan, news of Kazuko's defection was brought by old Kakutaro Watanabe, who said he'd actually seen her board the ship. The reaction was explosive. Somebody hastily suggested executing Watanabe for dereliction of duty, but this idea was dropped. Then the garrison scattered in a panic. "For some reason," Maruyama said, "we all thought that Kazuko would come back in the middle of the night with the Americans and grab us."

More Letters on the Beach

But Kazuko didn't come back. The men picked up the letters left at the beach "post office." They were different from the anonymous appeals to surrender that had been left, along with candy and cigarettes, from time to time since 1945. These were allegedly from persons Inoue and Tanaka *knew*, and they were pretty insistent that the war was over. But were they genuine? Inoue said his were. Tanaka said his were forgeries. Because Inoue was intensely disliked, his opinion was discounted. The men thought and thought about it, but no one dared come forward and propose surrender.

Just before disappearing, Kazuko repaid Chiba for her beating—with interest. She solved the mystery of Yoshino's death. Chiba, she told one of the men, had stabbed him while he was drunk and helpless.

Usui, the slight, deaf captain of the Akebono Maru, who had come upon Chiba burying the body of his first victim nearly two years before, called a meeting to sit judgment on him two days after Kazuko left Anatahan. About 17 men stood or sat in a circle around the accused man.

"Why did you murder Yoshino?" Usui asked him.

"I did not. There is no one here to say I did," Chiba said defiantly.

Bluffing, Usui announced: "Wait. The witness is on the way."

No one knew who it was that Chiba thought the witness could be. But he suddenly knelt before Usui, bent his head and confessed. As he spoke, one of the men swung a three-foot aluminum knife like a Samurai sword and struck Chiba on the back of the neck. The blade was not keen enough and a second stroke was necessary. The furies which had pursued every one of Kazuko's husbands on Anatahan had not spared her last one.

The island was still to claim one more life. Captain Ishida died of blood poisoning on January 9, 1951, less than six months before the surrender.

Meanwhile, the woman for whom eight men died was now busy rescuing the rest. She gave all their names to Johnson, who forwarded them to Tokyo, where Japanese authorities went through the rosters again and the families were traced. A bushel-basketful of letters was written and sent through occupation channels back to Saipan for delivery to the survivors. With the letters went a large white flag, donated by the governor of Kanagawa Prefecture, to be used in the formal surrender.

On the island, die-hardism was gradually giving way to the tantalizing prospects of going home—but still no one talked about it. Late in December, 1950, a ship delivered more newspapers and a letter addressed to Chiba—now dead—from Kazuko. The letter had been written in Saipan in July. "After I left the island," she wrote with unconscious understatement, "you must have had a difficult time. Around September I hope to go back to my native land (Okinawa). Chiba-san, the war is really over, therefore even if the others do not want to surrender, please come out alone . . . Please bring with you Higa's remains and Mikko (their pet cat)." Unfortunately, Mikko, too, was dead—eaten by Ishida soon after Kazuko's departure.

Operation Removal, the Navy's name for the Anatahan surrender, got into high gear on June 6th, when a plane dropped leaflets on the island announcing that a packet of letters from Japan would be delivered in three days. The men were in a ferment of excitement, but only one man met the ship—Inoue, the petty officer. His unpopularity had increased so alarmingly he was afraid the others might settle scores with him before going home. When the Navy tug Cocopa sent the mail ashore with a whaleboat on June 9th, Inoue returned to the ship with it. He left a courteous farewell note to his buddies: "To all on the island—thank you for everything. Due to certain circumstances I am surrendering first."

Because of the time it took to distribute it, most men got their mail on June 12th—seven years on the dot from the day they landed on Anatahan. The letters swept all hesitation aside.

"My beloved husband," Maruyama's wife wrote, "I thank you for the endless suffering you went through all these long years. On November 11th, the newspapers said you were still alive on Anatahan Island in the South Seas. I was shocked. My sister and I looked at the newspaper over and over again, holding on to each other's hand and crying for I don't know how long with joy . . . Today Japan is at peace. It is already five years since the end of the war. The American people are kind so don't worry and please hurry back to me. My sister says she is only worried as to how you will look when you return. Your grave (the memorial marker erected in the memory of Japanese servicemen who died overseas) has been well tended for seven years. Knowing your weak condition, please take care. Good-by for now . . ."

Two days later the garrison resolved unanimously to surrender. They got their belongings in order, disinterred the remains of all Japanese dead they could find, put them in aluminum boxes and broke out their long-hoarded nylon surrender suits. On June 26th, another plane dropped leaflets instructing all who wanted to give up to assemble on the west beach at 10:00 A.M. on June 30th. The men waved their white flag madly. For two nights they burned huge bonfires to make sure the Americans understood.

"I write George every day, telling him what a wonderful time I'm having, so he'll know he's not slaving away in that stuffy old office for nothing"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Operation Removal wound up like a well-directed movie. As the Cocopa moved inshore, loaded with reporters and cameramen, the 19 survivors emerged from the jungle and lined up in military formation on the beach. As Lieutenant Commander Johnson and interpreter Akatani stepped ashore from their whaleboat, the men, dressed in their nylon best, bowed low. Usui presented to the Navy officer, by now promoted to Chief Civil Administrator, the two rifles as a token of surrender. (The machine gun was left behind.)

"Ignorant people apologize for causing so much trouble," Usui said. "Six years have passed since the surrender of Japan, but we did not know."

Johnson smiled, but nobody felt like laughing at these people. It was a strangely moving moment.

It was the last operation the Navy performed in the Marianas before turning over administrative responsibility for American Samoa and the Trust Territory in the Pacific Ocean to the Department of the Interior on the very next day, July 1, 1951.

From Saipan, where they joined Inoue (and snubbed him), the holdouts were taken to Guam, where they spent six days at the Marine Service Club. The Americans fed them, clothed them, took them to the movies, and in general treated them like seven-year wonders. Medical examinations showed them to be in remarkably good condition, except for their teeth. Two men had actually put on weight. Their attitude changed from apprehension to bewilderment to a curious resentment against Japan for having indoctrinated them with what they now felt was a false ideal. Several asked nisei servicemen how they could enlist in the American "Guam Army."

In a Marine C-54 they got their first glimpse of Japan from the air—and gaped like tourists when an American pointed down and said, "There is famous Mount Fuji."

They landed, finally, at Tokyo's Haneda Airport, to be mobbed by hysterical relatives and Japanese newsmen.

Like sleepwalkers, they moved in a world that had outstripped their most extravagant imaginings. Japan, which they had expected to be in ruins, was busier than before the war. History had gone over the horizon—Tojo had been hanged, Roosevelt was dead, China had gone Communist, India was independent, a new war in Korea was a year old—and what was an atom bomb?

Far more real were the dislocations in their personal lives. The return of these Enoch Ardens, officially deceased for five years, started enough legal and emotional upheavals to keep a court of domestic relations busy for years.

In Japan, when a man is declared dead, his wife's second husband has legal priority over the first one, should he turn up. Kodaka's wife, who had remarried his stepbrother, returned to Kodaka out of a sense of duty, but said openly she preferred the stepbrother. The stepbrother, through his self-sacrifice, became a soap-opera hero to Japanese womanhood and has received about 50 marriage proposals by mail.

The wife of old Watanabe had taken a lover. A cousin of Watanabe's, trying to arrange a pleasant home-coming for him, tried to buy the home-breaker off. He asked for so much "good-by money" however, that the cousin lost his temper and stabbed him with a kitchen knife.

Inflation Takes Its "Bite"

Most of the returnees are taking it easy. Three are living at a government rest home in Ito. All got their back navy and army pay, but the biggest sum only amounted to 100,000 yen—about $277. Those who had taken their life savings to Anatahan—about 150-200 yen—and managed to hold on to the money, found that inflation made it worth less than one dollar.

A few signed ghostwritten memoirs of their experiences, but through tacit agreement have never revealed the full story. This article was written from the first unself-censored interviews, given by survivors who felt that its publication in an American magazine would have few repercussions in Japan. They asked Collier's to withhold only one fact—the name of Chiba's executioner, who, they believe, acted in a spirit of justice.

A Japanese movie company plans to film the Anatahan story, starring Hozumi Ishiwata, the young fisherman whose puritanical restraint left him one of two bachelors who got back alive. (The other, Nakagawa, may stand a murder charge if friends of the man he killed don't care to let bygones be bygones.) Meanwhile, Hozumi sells fish in Tokyo that his family's fleet catches as far east as Hawaii. His ambition is to visit Honolulu.

And Kazuko?

Today the former Dark Angel of Anatahan, turning thirty and putting on weight, runs her own teahouse in a pleasure village a few miles outside of the Okinawan capital of Naha.

When she returned, in August, 1950, she found to her surprise that she had one husband left alive—Shoichiro Higa, her legal spouse—who had left Anatahan just 24 hours before it became home for marooned men. But Shoichiro remarried in 1946 and has two children—and with no hard feeling on either side, Kazuko says, she granted him a divorce. She has given several versions of what happened on Anatahan to the press and now refuses to discuss it other than to say, "It couldn't be helped."

She has written to all but four of the 20 survivors in Japan, and to each she has expressed a wistful desire to come visiting. She has no plans to marry again.

"Men," she said, "feel that I am bad luck." THE END

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Amanda of Mental Therapy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

AMANDA: *(After long pause.)* "—Never mind—"

To keep a sequence going, only one thing should happen on any given program. For instance, we are planning a very dramatic operating-room scene. First, we intend to devote several weeks to making the situation plausible: Amanda becomes indispensable around the Centerville hospital by taking time off from her job in Mental Therapy to assist in Surgery. Finally, comes the day of the Big Operation and that's when we really turn the heat on and leave it there. It should take at least four days for Amanda to hand old Doctor Charley a scalpel. The first day he asks for the scalpel. In the next episode she asks, "Scalpel?" The following afternoon he says, "Yes." And the fourth day Amanda hands him the instrument.

This type of retarded dialogue is also beautifully illustrated in a scene which involves two of the incidental characters in our little epic—a friend of Amanda's who is in love with a married woman whose husband beats her. The lady is covered with black-and-blue marks, has welts on her back, a broken leg and a mouse on her left eye. The man wants to ask if her husband beats her, but his sense of delicacy prevents him from hinting that his old Harvard classmate may be less than a gentleman:

WETHERELL: "Your husband . . ."
MAVIS: *(Through puffed lips.)* "Mmgh?"
WETHERELL: "Your husband . . . Philip . . ."
MAVIS: "Mmgh?"
WETHERELL: "Does Philip . . ."
Music Cue: (Orchestra plays Fair Harvard faintly in background.)
WETHERELL: "My alma mater—and—*Phil's* alma mater—I can't do it!"
ANNOUNCER: "And as Wetherell Dexter, choking, turns away from Mavis Calhoon and staggers out the French windows, he hears the sound of whiplashes in the room he has just left . . ."

And we've got another classic instance of delayed-action conversation all ready. Amanda's little sister Cathy, who is stoically enduring a series of radium treatments for dry scalp, is going to have a b-a-b-y. Now it should be noted that the locale of a serial is the one in the world where it can take a baby 16 to 20 months to be born. Here's how our plot thickens.

Little Cathy, bored with her dull life in Round Corners, has followed Amanda to Centerville. Eventually she meets up with Fenton Carruthers, who had paid marked attention to Amanda when *she* first arrived in Centerville:

AMANDA: "Fenton, this is my little sister."
FENTON: *(Giving wolf whistle.)* "Zowie!"
AMANDA: "Cathy, he's a cad. Remember that."
CATHY: *(Gently.)* "There's good in *every* man, Amanda."

Amanda is right, of course. Having been spurned by Amanda, Carruthers successfully turns his attention to Cathy, thereby establishing the justice of Amanda's judgment that beneath his polished exterior is a polished interior. And, tiring of this marriage born of revenge, before too long he packs his attaché case and leaves town. So we find Amanda in her little office in Mental Therapy sorting rattan into small, medium and large lengths. Cathy, sitting on a patient, is twisting her handkerchief:

Sound: (Twisting handkerchief.)
CATHY: "Amanda—?"
AMANDA: "Yes?"
CATHY: "Amanda—"
AMANDA: "Yes, Cathy?"
CATHY: "Amanda, I—I have something to tell you."
Music: (Neurotic theme ending with querulous note.)

This plot development continues for a number of programs until, finally, a couple of weeks later, we approach the climax.

CATHY: "Amanda—"
AMANDA: "Finish your sentence, dear."
CATHY: "I'm—I'm—"
AMANDA: "Yes, dear?"
CATHY: "I'm—going—to—have—a . . ."
Music: (Same neurotic theme but ending with petulant note.)

Next day, we reach it:

CATHY: *(Finishing yesterday's speech.)* "—baby."
AMANDA: "What did you say?"
CATHY: "I'm going to have a baby."
AMANDA: "Oh."
Music: (Same neurotic theme with countermelody, Melancholy Baby.)

In fairness to the script writers, the stall-and-stutter technique of handling dialogue has many advantages—other than guaranteeing that the writer's checking account will continue in good order. The busy housewife, plugging away at her many daily chores, can hardly miss even the slightest detail of the continuing story.

Why, we've handled the b-a-b-y sequence in such a way that the listener can hear Cathy getting into the taxi for the rush to the hospital on Monday, and four days later—when the house is finally shipshape for the week end—she can tune in and the cab will only have gone through the first stop light.

And to ensure further that the audience will not miss a single gripping detail, each day's program will begin with a recapitulation of everything that has gone before. "Amanda" always comes on the air with an opening announcement like this:

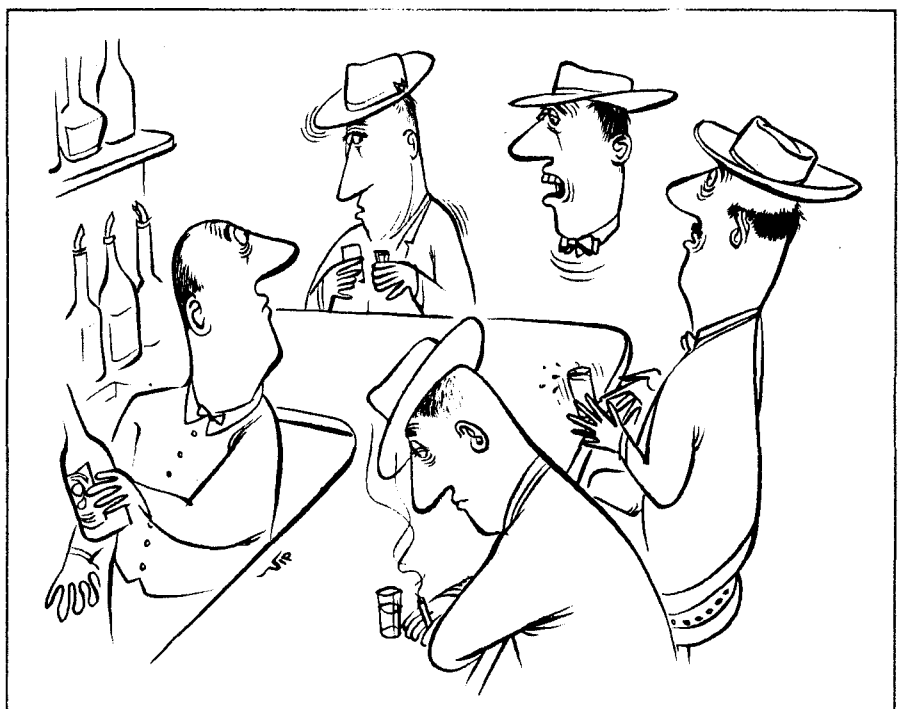
ANNOUNCER: "(Name of sponsor) presents another episode of . . . Amanda of Mental Therapy!"
Music: (Tremulous yet hopeful chord.)
ANNOUNCER: "You will remember that yesterday we left Amanda, the girl from Round Corners, a little mining town out West, who was married to Geoffrey Traverse, a ne'er-do-well who deserted her to return to England to become Lord Fanshawe after the death of his father, the haughty Earl of Cranthorne, who disliked Amanda and caused her to be discredited by circulating false rumors about her, which stirred up a hornet's nest in the little town of Centerville, where she is now working in the hospital as a mental therapist, a job through which she met and fell in love with young Dr. Thurston Forbush, a brilliant intern who has discovered a new method of weaving rattan, and who has observed that she is on the verge of complete emotional collapse because her sister Cathy has been seen in the Purple Lantern Tearoom with Fenton Carruthers, a local cad who is planning to betray Cathy in order to revenge himself on Amanda because she has repulsed his advances. Now as we listen, we hear Amanda say . . ."

And when Amanda says whatever it is she has to say, we know exactly where we stand, where Amanda stands, where Fenton Carruthers stands, where Thurston stands and where Cathy stands. (There's a shortage of chairs in Centerville.)

Finally, where would we be without suspense? So, naturally, we have a sign-off, or what-will-happen-tomorrow, announcement. As each daily installment comes to an end and the American housewife unashamedly mops up her tears with the corner of her apron, the announcer tells her in no uncertain terms that she ain't heard nothing yet; there's always tomorrow. We believe in making the hint sizable, so that she can hardly wait for the program the following day:

ANNOUNCER: "Well, things certainly do seem to be going badly for plucky little Amanda. What will happen tomorrow? Is Fenton Carruthers really a spy for a foreign power or were those plans for the A-bomb his own design, as he claims? Will Doctor Charley recover from his paralysis and complete the delicate brain operation on the mysterious stranger who looks so much like Geoffrey Traverse? And, don't forget the terrible probability that young Dr. Forbush may have to hand over his rattan-weaving secrets to the board of trustees at the hospital, instead of patenting them himself."
Sound: (Ambulance siren screaming.)
ANNOUNCER: "Be sure to tune in tomorrow, same time, same station, when (name of sponsor) presents Episode 3,648 of . . . Amanda of Mental Therapy!"

It should live so long! THE END



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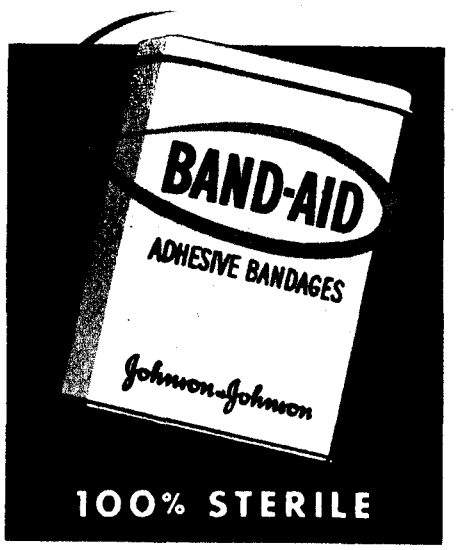

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Not Captain Material

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and started for the door. "Oh, Vance," Lew said. "Can I see you a second?"

Vance hesitated, glanced uneasily at Brooks, then walked back to the counter. "What gives?" he asked. It didn't look good, this private huddling behind Brooks's back. He wished Lew had—

"Heard a rumor," Lew said. "Thought you ought to know." Vance shifted his kit from one hand to the other.

"Keep it under your hat," Lew said. "Milo Logan was through here a couple days ago. Said he'd changed his mind about you. Intends to promote you, after all."

"The hell!" Vance dropped his kit and stared at Lew.

"Now, keep it to yourself," Lew said. "I only mention it because we don't know what kind of guy this Brooks might be." He scratched a match, touched it to the end of his cigar, and added, "Takes dozens of good reports to make the grade and one bad one to spoil it."

"Thanks for the tip, Lew," Vance said in a carefully controlled voice. He started for the door, and Lew added, "Just keep your feet dry, Vance, and you'll be in."

Striding through the floodlighted drizzle, Vance warned himself: You haven't landed, chum, until you're on the ground. But how could you help getting excited after thirteen years of waiting, studying, practicing, and more waiting?

HE BREATHED deeply of the cold Alaska night air. Even the air had a tang he hadn't noticed for a long time—not since the night of the crack-up—two million miles ago.

He still blushed inwardly at what a know-it-all kid he'd been that first winter, eager to show his captain, an old air-mailer, how they flew the gauges at the school—until, one night over the Tehachapis, he had learned that a hundred hours of simulated flying do not make a "weather pilot." Confronted by his first real ice, cross winds, and St. Elmo's fire, he'd got rattled. First, he switched the gas tanks wrong and ran one engine dry. When it wouldn't restart, Captain Lansing lined them up for a one-engine approach at Burbank. Then Vance managed to lose the hydraulic pressure in the brakes, and the fence at the end of the field had skinned five thousand dollars' worth of dural from the DC-3. Lansing had written across Vance's report: *Not captain material.*

Chief Pilot Milo Logan had told Vance point-blank that he could stay with Coastal as long as he liked, but he'd never be a captain. "I'm sorry, Harriman," he'd said, his black eyes appraising Vance from a face like weather-checked leather. "The school wrote you were top in your class. But all the technique in the book doesn't guarantee a cool head in the pinches."

Vance had thought it over and agreed Logan's judgment had been fair. He had made up his mind to stick with Coastal until he could win Logan's confidence. From time to time, especially during the war years, he had had other chances with other air lines. But it was here he'd flubbed out and it was here he would have to make good. He had stuck with the lousiest flying weather on the globe because he had wanted those same black, merciless eyes to size him up again, and wanted Milo Logan to decide one day that he *did* have what it took to command a flight for Coastal.

Vance joined Brooks as a red-trimmed DC-6, beads of water sparkling on its polished surface, growled from the dark landing area into the circle of floodlights. They boarded it by way of the baggage conveyer, through the cargo door. A moment later, Tex Clark, their engineer, followed them. He was out of breath, and his impudent grin still showed traces of lipstick from the evening's operations. "Hiya, Vance. Hiya, Cappy," he said, a touch of defiance in his voice.

Brooks twisted his head to freeze Tex with a glance. "Next time," he said icily, "you'd better check in on time with the rest of us."

Clark's face reddened momentarily before he answered, "It won't happen again. I'm bidding off this run."

While they went ahead with their preflight cockpit procedure, Margo came up to ask the flight time to Seattle. "Couple wild-eyed war correspondents trying to figure how many pills to knock them out till they get there," she explained.

"Seven hours," Vance said. "We'll get in about nine o'clock."

"I wouldn't give them more than one," Brooks added.

Tex rose on his knees from where he'd been working with a screw driver on a floor plate. With an impudent grin, he ran an approving eye over Margo's trim figure. "Anybody real exciting back there?" he asked. "I mean real. Like Ava Gardner or Lucille Ball."

"Relax, wolf!" Margo said. Then she added teasingly, "We have a couple of congressmen. And some cute soldier boys coming home from Tokyo. Thirty-nine of them. All been wounded."

Brooks jerked his head up. "Not litter cases," he said. It was a statement and a question, and his tone showed Brooks wasn't happy with the way a lot of things were shaping up.

"No," Margo said, starting for the door. "Convalescents. Some have casts, but the rest you couldn't even tell."

At the end of the runway, Brooks carefully ran up the engines. No Hot-Rod Harry, this one, Vance thought. Whatever he lacked in experience he made up in caution. The kind of guy who would worry home his ship while the hot-shots were floating on rubber rafts and swearing it couldn't happen.

The climb-out was smooth. At fourteen thousand feet they leveled out between the cloud tops and the glittering northern stars. Brooks held the controls. Tex and Vance, under Brooks's constant supervision, made the endless small adjustments to the engine and radio controls.

Two hours out of Anchorage, Brooks still had the wheel.

"Want me to take it a while?" Vance asked. Brooks shook his head. Later, he offered again. The answer was a quiet but definite no. I wonder, Vance thought, if there's a reason—or does the guy just like to fly?

At Annette Island, Brooks was still at it. Vance radioed their position report to Bert Carter, the Seattle dispatcher, and they talked weather a moment. Hanging up his mike, Vance said, "I think Seattle will sock in. What do you think?" It was an old game, played by pilots everywhere—taking a stand on uncertain weather, with a pretense of special knowledge, and offering to back it up, when the discussion got hot, with a wager of pie and coffee.

Brooks twisted the volume control on the range receiver and frowned a moment. "Can't say. I don't think anybody's guess is worth much at this point," he said pointedly.

"Roger," Vance replied. He was conscious of Tex's grin over his shoulder.

Margo broke the icy silence that followed. She came into the cockpit and said, "Can one of you come back? One of the soldiers has started bleeding."

"Bleeding?" Vance asked. "Bleeding where?"

"The mouth," Margo said.

"You mean like a tooth—or something big?"

"Big," she said. "Skip thinks it's a lung wound. Supposed to be healed, but—"

Vance looked inquiringly at Brooks, expecting him to unhook his belt at once and give a quick order to take over.

A minute passed while Brooks stared at the instrument panel, a worried frown creasing his forehead. Finally he said, "You go back, Vance. I'd better stay up here."

So that's the pitch! Vance thought. He's afraid to let me fly the plane! He's sized me up and thought of all the men who have passed me, and he figures he's drawn the foul ball of Coastal.

Disheartened, Vance followed Margo into the cabin. In the predawn darkness, they passed the awkward khaki shapes of sleeping soldiers and the dark figures of the old ladies. In one section were two white-haired men, one with his chin on his chest, the other severely straight-backed, reading by a single small beam. The congressmen. And behind them were two blanket-wrapped, snoring figures with their feet propped on typewriter cases.

Skip knelt with the soldier, a scared young private with red hair and freckles, who shuddered over a quart-sized paper carton. Skip urged him to lean back and relax, but he couldn't relax, and each time he leaned back he gagged. Then, threshing wildly, he would try to sit up. Vance dropped to a knee beside Skip.

"Easy does it, fellow," he said softly, resting a hand firmly on the boy's shoulder. "Nothing to be afraid of." He glanced at the paper carton, and tried to smile. "Why, you haven't wet the cup good. So there's no need to worry if you can just relax."

Skip wiped the boy's mouth with a Kleenex, and he sighed, letting go some inward tension. He grinned at Vance and started to speak.

"Better not talk," Vance said. "We'll be in Seattle soon. Think you can stay real quiet until we arrive?"

The boy nodded and relaxed against the reclining seat.

Vance stood up and guided Skip farther down the dark aisle. "Did you give him a pill?" he asked.

She nodded, her eyes and mouth tight with strain. "I feel like it's my fault," she said miserably. "He was keyed up about going home and wanted to talk. I told him a story. He got to laughing and the next thing—"

Vance slipped an arm about her shoulders and drew her close. "You couldn't have known this would happen," he assured her softly. "Nobody could have. He'll be all right."

"Thanks, darling," she said. "I needed that. Or maybe I just need you." She dropped her forehead against his lapel, but only for a second. A tiny bell bonged and a light came on over a seat. "Congressman McLain," she said, and hurried to answer.

WHILE Vance was explaining the soldier's trouble to Brooks, the airplane gave a warning lurch. Brooks instantly eased off the throttles. The pitching continued with increased violence. "Hitting the frontal zone," Brooks said. "Hope this doesn't complicate the soldier's problem."

As the turbulence increased, they flew into towering clouds, charged with ice and radio static. Brooks maneuvered the plane while Vance adjusted the deicers and the carburetor heat. They were rolling and pitching through the boiling overcast that swathed the Canadian coast line at Queen Charlotte Sound when Margo returned to report that a fit of coughing had started the soldier hemorrhaging badly.

"I'll go back again—okay?" Vance said. The young private had got under his skin: his first thought was to go back and help. But also he wanted Brooks to contradict him, to say, "No, you stay. I'll go." Brooks had held the controls for over five hours now—five hours of strenuous concentration, constant staring at the dancing, shifting pointers on a score of clocklike faces. The expenditure of nervous energy was terrific.

But still Brooks hung on. "Go ahead," he said. "But don't stay longer than you have to."

Creaking and thudding under the shifting strains, the plane had become a full-time job to manage. Well, at least I have some value, as a radio and gadget adjuster, Vance thought.

Skip was on her knees, supporting the private's head over a fresh carton, which was almost half full of blood. The boy was fighting fiercely to get up. He seemed to have the idea that if he could only get to his feet—

"Get the first-aid kit," Vance said to Margo.

She returned in a moment with a square canvas bag, painted with the usual white circles and red crosses. Vance unzipped the bag and fished out bandages, lotions and bottles of pills. Then he found what he wanted—a small white box containing prepared morphine syringes.

He broke away the protective glass casing of one, and gave it a trial squirt on the carpet. Then he told Skip to roll up the boy's sleeve. For just an instant he hesitated, with the needle poised over the skin of the boy's upper arm. There came a brief

COLLIER'S

"That girl doesn't speak any lines. She just shows 'em!"

BO BROWN

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second of comparative smoothness in their flight. He gritted his teeth, shoved in the needle, and squeezed.

"There," he said, and he ran his sleeve over his damp forehead. "Got to get back up front." He handed the empty syringe to Skip. "This should quiet him. If not—well, we'll try something else." He returned at once to the cockpit.

"Man! Am I glad you're back." Tex climbed hastily from the copilot's seat. In the morning twilight, his usual impudent grin was replaced by tense strain. "Some guy was lost around here," he said. "We had to leave the airway for a while."

Brooks was manipulating the wheel with one hand and trying to turn his circular slide rule with the other.

"I got it," Vance said, automatically taking the controls. Brooks twirled the plastic computer, studied the result with a puzzled frown, then handed it to Vance and took back the controls. The back of the plastic, Vance could feel, was wet.

"How is he?" Brooks asked, never removing his eyes from the quivering orange needles.

"Not so good. We gave him a shot of morphine." Vance was carefully checking Brooks's computer setting, monitoring the intermittent humming of the radio beam signals, and reviewing the gas consumption slip Tex had handed him. Suddenly he felt something almost physical stiffen in his brain. He wasn't certain; he'd have to check again; but he would almost swear they were on the wrong range leg!

Quickly he snapped radio switches, cranked the range receiver to Port Hardy, and listened to the rhythmic dit-dahs of the distant station. Then he noted their compass heading and checked their relative bearing to Port Hardy on the ADF.

It checked. He was right. Somehow Brooks had got onto the wrong course of the scissorlike Empress Inlet Range. The aircraft was flying on what ordinarily would have been the proper heading to carry them straight down the southeast beam leg to Port Hardy. But a powerful cross wind that Brooks had underestimated was forcing them sideways out the easterly leg—straight toward the coastal mountains.

HIS first impulse was to give a warning yell. But he caught himself at once. A minute or two wouldn't matter, and Tex was hanging over his shoulder, curious as hell. Vance remembered Tex's earlier insolence to Brooks. Tex was the impudent, irresponsible kind who would delight in regaling future hotel-room audiences with the story of Brooks's boner if he caught on to it. In fact, if he bid off the run he might even suggest it was because he was afraid of Brooks's flying rather than Brooks's discipline. Crews at these impromptu bull sessions were often quick to condemn, never realizing how tough the other guy's weather was, how things piled up on him—such things as a midwinter transfer, a hemorrhaging soldier, and a lost aircraft nearby to confuse his navigation. And a bad story about his first flight could dog Brooks the rest of his career. Vance knew how that worked. And he knew this sort of error could happen to anybody. He would ease Brooks out without Tex ever catching on, if he could.

Vance looked at Tex and managed to grin. He'd have to divert Tex's attention. With assumed casualness, he pushed back his headset and dropped the computer into a pocket beside his seat. "Tex," he said, "does that blonde own that convertible? Or does her husband just let her drive it when he's out of town?"

"What blonde?" Tex asked cautiously. "What are you talking about?"

"The one in the Cadillac who was looking for you Thursday," Vance said. He made a big operation out of unwrapping a piece of gum and putting it in his mouth. "And don't act so innocent," he added.

"Was she tall?" Tex asked with increasing interest. "With real short hair and—"

"Nuts. I didn't look that close." Vance said, and he turned away, as if he'd lost interest. But Tex wasn't to be put off now.

"What time Thursday?" Tex persisted. "Did she come to Operations? What did she say?"

TEX was on the hook, all right. Vance poked Brooks with his thumb and said boisterously, "How about that?" Brooks gave him an irritated frown. Vance said, "How about that?" again, and jabbed his finger at the large "A" quadrant symbol on the radio chart on Brooks's knees. If Brooks got the hint and checked the dit-dahs of the A signal he would find they sounded on the wrong side of the beam. The A signal quadrant lay within the divergent vee of the beam legs. On the correct leg, it would be to the left. If Brooks checked it now, he would find it on the right.

Tex, angry now at having been made a fool, would find Vance's jabbings and exclamations meaningless. For an instant, Vance thought they would be meaningless to Brooks. But suddenly Brooks's face went white and his hands tensed on the wheel. At once he started a slow turn to the right. Vance kept up a continuous chatter until he saw the compass swing to the proper heading. He sighed and glanced at Brooks. The eyes that met his were flat, completely without expression.

Over Courtenay, Skip came forward to rest a moment and to say the soldier had lost nearly a quart of blood. "He's terribly pale," she said. "And something seems to clog his throat." Skip's hair was mussed; her tan uniform was wrinkled and stained red.

Worriedly, Brooks asked, "Is he good for another hour?"

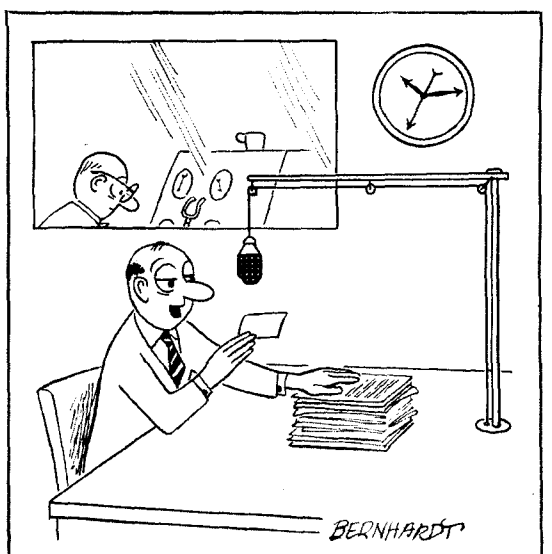
Skip sighed and shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she said. Then she added, with a fleeting attempt at a cheerful smile, "Well, the good stew, the book says, doesn't loiter in the cockpit except on biz. Guess I'd better get back."

On the next radio contact with Seattle, Bert reported a succession of violent squalls crossing the field. Vance took the report and said, "Bert, this soldier is worse. Tell the hospital he'll need a transfusion. Right on the plane, before they move him."

"Roger," Bert said. "I'll alert Portland, too, in case you don't get in here."

Brooks tapped Vance's arm. "We haven't a one-third chance of getting into Seattle now," he said. "Get us clearance via the Shelton cutoff, direct to Portland."

"You mean not even try Seattle?" Vance asked. "But we've got to get this kid on the ground as soon as possible."



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COLLIER'S GLENN R. BERNHARDT

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"I know that," Brooks said sharply. "But we'd be foolish to waste thirty minutes at Seattle and still have to go to Portland. Let's do it right the first time. Call Bert and get a clearance."

But he'll never last to Portland! Vance wanted to protest. But Brooks plainly didn't want any argument. He had made a firm decision and he was the captain. Reluctantly, Vance called Seattle.

"I've called the hospital," Bert said. "They need the soldier's blood type. Check his dog tag. For your information, there's a better supply of rare types here than in Portland."

"Roger," Vance said, and relayed the request to Brooks.

After a moment's thought, Brooks nodded at Vance's wheel and said, "I'll go back and have a look."

BROOKS was gone several minutes before Vance remembered. There had been no word of caution, no detailed instructions on how to fly the course—only a crisp nod, and Brooks had gone. Funny, but it didn't seem too important right now.

Brooks returned shortly, took his seat and gave the dog-tag information to Seattle —Rh negative, type AB blood. He hung up his mike and sat drumming his fingertips on his knees. "You're right," he said to Vance. "It's Seattle or nothing. He doesn't look good for another fifty minutes."

Fifteen minutes later, they were over Seattle in a solid sea of milk. They were feeling for the marker to start their descent when Bert cut in to report the ceiling had dropped to a ragged two hundred feet—too low to circle the airport under the cloud deck. And they would have to circle to land; the wind was from the south—thirty miles with gusts.

"I guess that does it," Brooks said with a helpless gesture. "You don't circle a DC-6 under a two-hundred-foot ceiling."

"But we could circle on the gauges," Vance said quickly. "We could hold a few feet of altitude and drop in at the very last minute."

"Hedgehop blind through the fog without a radio procedure?" Brooks bit his lip, opened the manual, and studied the terrain. He shook his head. "Not in this rough air," he said. "I wouldn't want to try it."

"I could do it," Vance said evenly. "I know every tall tree around here."

In the tense second that followed, Brooks's eyes made Vance remember Milo Logan, back on that day he had said to Vance, "Sorry, you'll never be a captain." The same cold appraisal was in Brooks's frowning young eyes now. He's thinking, Vance thought, of those thirteen years. God, let him think of the thousands of hours of experience that go to make thirteen years!

"Maybe you could, at that," Brooks said. "I'm willing to give it a try." Brooks snapped the transmitter switch and gave the word to the tower.

With cool, practiced movements, Vance maneuvered them over the marker, ordered flaps, and eased back the throttles. Brooks lighted the passenger seat belt sign and added a verbal warning on the stewardess' intercom of a possible rough approach.

At five hundred feet above airport level, Vance heard the pip-pip-pips of the inner marker in his phones. It gave them a fix, a definite starting point for their maneuver, just south of the airport. He dropped the left wing and started his instrument turn.

In the low-level turbulence, with power reduced, the plane bounced and rolled. Vance responded to the dancing needles as fast as his reflexes would allow. Mentally, he checked their passage over the housing project at Burien, the log-strewn beach at Three Tree Point. They'd be safely over the sound now. He let the bouncing altimeter needle unwind to three hundred feet. Then he pictured in his mind the stubby, fogbound lighthouse at Alki Point, the cluster of stores called White Center. With nerves tingling, he dropped the aircraft farther into the fog—two hundred and fifty feet, then two hundred.

COLLIER'S

"—two streets up, turn right—really nice of you to give the boys a lift home from work, Frank—make a left here —boy, that Henderson certainly lives in no man's land—turn right—bet my supper is cold by now—when you hit the car tracks, turn right— YOUR wife is probably frantic—make a left—"

STAN FINE

"Should be dead ahead," he said in a rasping voice. He shoved the nose down steeply. At once the milky whiteness was sucked away and they were in clear air, over a clump of towering dark evergreens that reached for their landing gear as they slid by. As quickly as he found the black strip of runway on the mat of green ahead he knew they were too high to get on properly. *But we've got to get on!* he thought.

He heard Brooks mutter, "Damn," saw Brooks's finger flick the landing-gear switch. Red lights popped on as the gear unlatched and started up.

No, Vance thought, *we're going to land.* You couldn't carry that freckle-faced kid within sight of life and then snatch him back into the clouds to die on the flight to Portland. He snapped the gear switch back into "down" position. The red lights went off and green ones came on as he judged their point of contact and noted the yellow dirt beyond the runway.

It would tear up the plane a little. It would be a hell of a way to thank Brooks for a misplaced confidence. And his promotion? *Keep your feet dry,* Lew had said. Vance smiled sadly and shoved the nose down harder at the rapidly spreading runway. Suddenly they were skimming over the intersection, fifty feet high. For better or worse, there was no turning back. Brooks began calling off air speeds. "One ten, one hundred." Vance eased up the nose to brake their speed. "One hundred, ninety-five," Brooks said. They were running out of pavement fast. "Eighty-five, eighty." Then thump onto the concrete.

Vance shoved the nose wheel onto the runway, and pulled the throttles back hard. The propellers roared in reverse; there was a roughness like a heavy car crossing railroad tracks as they swept through the fence, then the hard thrust against the seat belts as the clutching mud brought them up short.

A long silence was broken by Tex's "Phee-ew! Man, those props! Turning fifteen hundred when they hit."

Vance unlatched his window and rolled it back. Across the field came the keen whine of a siren. "Army ambulance," he said. "And fire trucks."

"I'm sorry," he said to Brooks. "But Milo won't blame you. I did it. There was nothing you could do."

Brooks shook his head, a tired smile flitting across his face. "I knew what you were doing and I didn't interfere. Let's let it go at that."

The sirens were getting close. Tex unbolted the side door and put over the aluminum ladder. In a matter of minutes, the medics had injected a needle into the freckle-faced private's arm and hung up a bottle of blood. "Damned good thing you got in when you did," one of the medics said. "This kid was on the edge."

Vance moved close to Skip and slipped an arm about her waist. "Good work, kid," he whispered. "You need a vacation after this." He smiled ruefully. "Don't think I could ask favors from Coastal now, but—well, do you think you could get a pair of passes to Honolulu?"

Skip's eyes widened; she seemed to have trouble with her tongue. "You mean—"

"Yes." Vance smiled. "Guess I learned this morning that some things are more important than a fourth gold stripe."

The station wagon took them to the Administration Building. As they climbed out, the driver said, over his shoulder, "Mr. Logan wants the pilots up at his office."

MILO LOGAN was on the telephone when Vance and Brooks walked in. The back of his neck was red and his voice was like a bull's. He was talking to the executive vice-president in San Francisco.

"Fire them?" he said. "Like hell! I watched it from the tower, and—believe me —it was a cool operation. Brooks and Harriman are captains to be proud of." There was a pause while Vance's heart began a wild, uncertain drumbeat. "Yes. Harriman. I mailed the report on Friday. Certainly I'll bawl them out. But between you and me, Walter—"

Vance pulled Brooks into the hall and whispered, "Captain Brooks, I suggest we buy the girls breakfast and come back in half an hour."

"Roger, Captain Harriman," Brooks said, with a trace of a boyish smile. "And it's an old Northern custom, I've heard, that the senior man picks up the checks." THE END

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I'll Never Get Married Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"Janet will do all right for herself," I said.

Helen looked hard at me. "You always liked her, didn't you?"

"Swell gal," I said.

"You even took her out once," Helen said. "That night we had our worst fight and I gave you back your fraternity pin. You took her out and didn't get back until four o'clock."

"Yeah," I said. "That was some night."

I put my arms around Helen's shoulders. She pulled away.

"What happened that night?" she said.

"How do I know what happened?" I said. "It was maybe six, seven years ago. I don't even remember what happened."

"A convenient memory," Helen said. She sat way over on the far side of the seat. Up front, Albert's ears were flapping. I could hear him chuckling to himself.

"Just drive the car, buster," I said. I moved over beside Helen. "Forget about Janet, will you?" I said.

"I'm sorry," Helen said. She put her head down on my shoulder and we rode that way across New York and all the way to the airport.

"Have fun, kids," Al said, after we'd piled the luggage on the sidewalk. He kissed Helen, shook my hand, and drove away.

"Well, he's a pretty good skate, at that," I said. I got a porter to carry in our luggage. Helen and I went over to the counter to check our tickets. I reached in my pocket and turned white.

"What's the matter?" Helen cried.

"The tickets," I said. "They were in my pocket. In my inside pocket. They're gone."

I stood there, dying by inches. "I know," I said suddenly. "They're in the damn suitcase."

"Don't swear," Helen said. "Why did you leave them in the suitcase, for Heaven's sake?"

"Listen," I said, "I had them in my sport jacket. You made me change the sport jacket. If you hadn't made me do it I'd have them now."

"I suppose it's all my fault," she said.

I pulled my suitcase off the scale, snapped the catches and yanked open the lid. Something made a loud bang and hit me in the face. I fell back on my haunches. Somebody had shot me, I thought.

There was something on the floor, a silly-looking jack-in-the-box kind of thing. People all around screamed with laughter.

"That's your brother Al," I said, getting off the floor. "Good old Al, the comedian. Ought to be on television."

I found the tickets in my sport jacket and gave them to the clerk. We went over and sat down on a bench to wait until flight time.

WE SAT there in silence. "I suppose you're terribly angry," Helen said finally, trying not to laugh.

"Not angry," I said. "Just humiliated. How would you like to have been me, sprawled on the floor with everybody screaming with laughter?"

"I'm sorry," Helen said. She patted my hand. "I'm terribly sorry." She leaned over and kissed me and I pulled away. She looked hurt.

"There are people watching us," I said.

"You mean you're ashamed to have your wife kiss you in public?" she said. "Maybe you don't want people to know I'm your wife."

"It isn't that," I said. "It's just that people are looking. I don't like that. What I mean is—"

"I know perfectly well what you mean," she said. "It'll never happen again."

We sat there. I reached for a cigarette and lighted it and stared across the room. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Helen. Her eyes were looking suspiciously moist.

I patted her hand. "It'll be better in Bermuda," I said.

Helen gave me a long look. "This is all my fault," she said. "We should have gone to Snake Lake. That's where you wanted to go. I'll never forgive myself."

"Bermuda's all right with me," I said. "Snake Lake was handy but it didn't matter."

"You're just saying that," Helen said. "You're just being nice. You wanted to go to Snake Lake and I wouldn't let you. I just stood up in church and promised to love, honor and obey you, and I wouldn't let you go to Snake Lake." She looked lovingly at me. "Maybe we could still go. Ask the man if you can turn in the tickets. I'd love it with you at Snake Lake, darling. Go ask the man."

"Look," I said, "I'd feel like a damn' fool."

An announcement came over the loudspeaker. It was time to board our plane.

"We'll have a wonderful time in Bermuda," I said. "Come on, baby, we'll go to Snake Lake to celebrate our first anniversary next year."

We went outside and over to the plane. Our seats were over the wing. Helen took the window side and I sat in the aisle seat. Helen smiled at me.

"I know how you feel," she said. "You don't want people to think we're newlyweds. We'll be able to fool them. We'll look very blasé and sophisticated. People will think we've been to Bermuda dozens of times."

"That's the ticket," I said. I yawned in a bored, sophisticated sort of way and negligently crossed my legs. A stream of confetti spurted out of my trouser cuff and sprinkled the aisle. A traveling-salesman-type of character across the aisle leered at me. A nosy old lady two seats up turned to stare at us. Helen had found, in the seat flap, a pamphlet on what to do if the plane had to make a forced landing in the drink, and she was reading it industriously. I stared straight ahead, looking bored and nonchalant.

FINALLY we got under way. It was a smooth take-off and we circled and headed out over the ocean. Helen reached over and squeezed my hand.

"We'll never have another fight, will we, darling?"

"Never again," I said.

We sat back, not talking much. The plane droned through the sky. Occasionally we smiled at each other. It was fine being married. I relaxed, thinking about our future life together. We had a little apartment on the east side of town. Some of the furniture we'd bought; the rest was hand-me-downs from our families. I thought about coming home from work and going up the stairs and finding Helen waiting for me inside, the lamps lighted and supper on the stove. It was going to be pretty wonderful.

"What were you thinking about, standing at the altar?" Helen said after a while. "You had a sort of glazed look in your eyes."

"Well," I said, "it's a funny thing, but you didn't look like anyone I'd ever seen before. I recognized your father all right, but I hardly knew you."

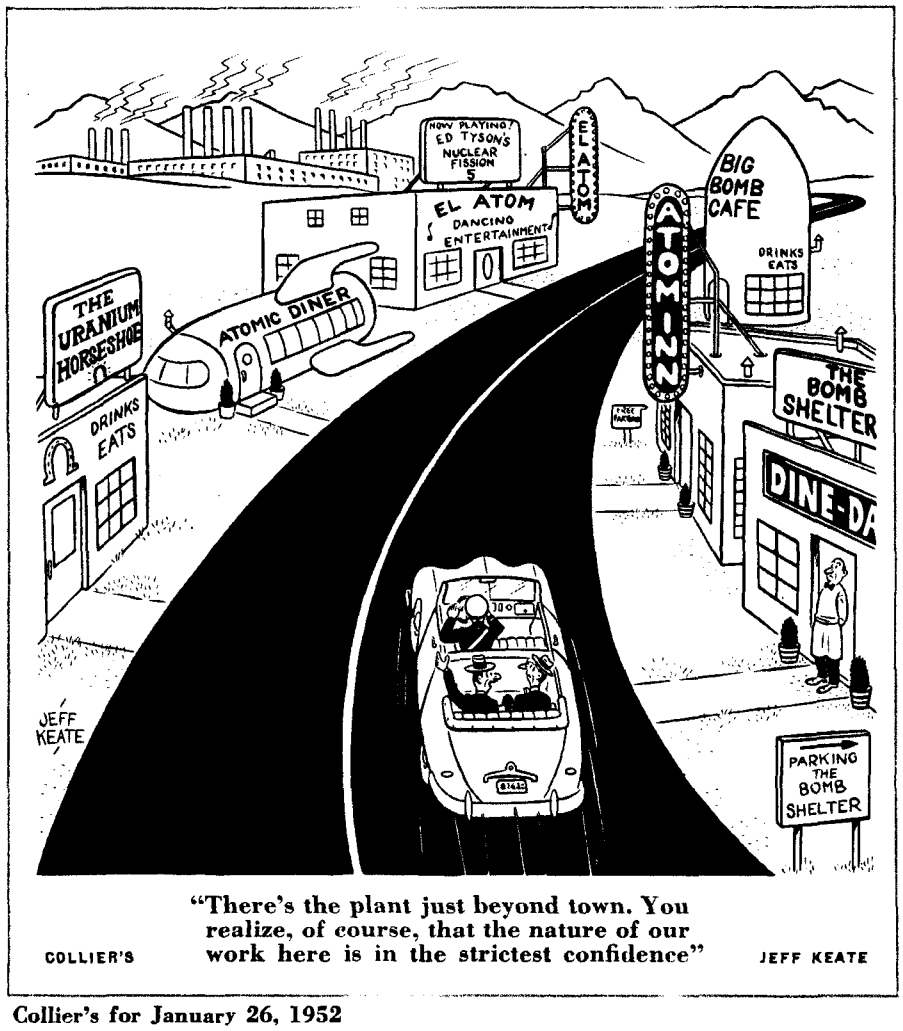
Helen laughed. "Maybe it was the wedding dress," she said.

"It's hard to explain," I said. "A very peculiar feeling. The only other time I ever felt that way was in the war once in the Pacific."

"Oh!" Helen said. "In the war. Go on, please. This is fascinating."

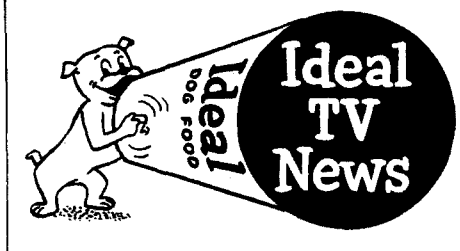
Something in her tone should have warned me, but I was reminiscing. "It was early in the morning," I said dreamily, "and we were going in toward this island. It had been bombarded and we were moving in and I was crouched there, peering over the gunwale, waiting for the shore batteries to break loose. It was very tense. Suddenly I thought to myself: What am I doing here? I should be back in Paterson, New Jersey; I got no business out here. It was a very peculiar feeling. I felt a little bit like that at the altar."

It was a dopey kind of thing to say. I realized that as soon as I finished. It was



"There's the plant just beyond town. You realize, of course, that the nature of our work here is in the strictest confidence"

COLLIER'S — JEFF KEATE



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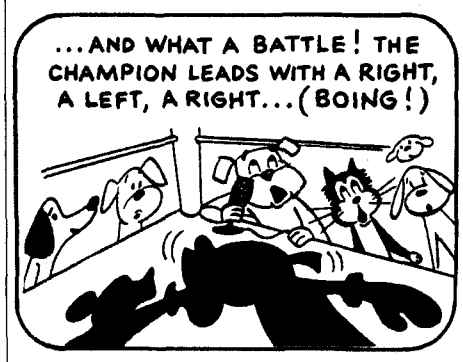

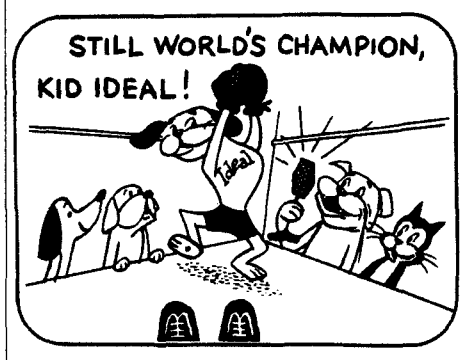

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one of those things you could explain to another man and he would understand but you should never tell a girl. It wasn't that I didn't want to get married or anything like that. It was just that it was the end of my bachelorhood and, standing there at the altar, I got a momentarily peculiar feeling. But I should have kept it to myself.

Helen hadn't said anything. She was just staring at me. Like maybe she had never seen me before, either.

Finally she spoke up: "You mean marrying me was like fighting the Japs?" she said.

She didn't yell it at me. She said it very quietly, very intensely.

"No, no, no," I said. "It was just momentary. It was—"

"I know exactly what you mean," she said. "You made it crystal-clear."

She turned and stared out the window. She wouldn't look at me.

"Listen, baby," I whispered so nobody could hear, "you don't understand. The thing is, men feel a little differently about marriage than women. Even a small girl is thinking about getting married someday. With a boy it's different. He doesn't think about getting married—"

"Until he gets trapped and there's no escape," Helen said to the window.

I decided to tackle it from a new angle. "Listen, honey," I said, "haven't I been going with you for years? Weren't you my girl even before I joined the Navy? And in college, afterward, weren't you always my girl?"

SHE wouldn't look at me. She looked out the window, and all I could see was the back of her head. We were above the clouds and occasionally we got a glimpse through them of the ocean far below.

"Not frightened, are you, honey?" I said, trying a new tack.

"Nothing could frighten me now," she said to the window.

I was sitting back, wondering what to do next, when the stewardess came along and handed me a newspaper and a magazine.

"Which do you want?" I said to the back of Helen's head.

"Newspaper," she said, not looking at me.

"Sure thing," I said. "You mind if I take a quick look to see how the hockey games came out last night? I didn't get a look at the paper this morning."

"I'm sorry our wedding inconvenienced you," she said.

I got cold chills down the back of my neck and I handed her the newspaper without looking up the hockey scores. She opened it to the crossword puzzle page and took a pencil out of her purse.

I opened the magazine and started reading a story. There was this guy named Keith, a hot-shot advertising man with curly blond hair. There was this girl named Candace, very bored and sleepy-looking until this Keith comes along and steals her away from a movie producer in the Stork Club and makes passionate love to her in a taxicab riding through Central Park. At the end of the story, they are flying on their honeymoon to Acapulco.

I sat back and thought about the story. I thought about this guy Keith. I asked myself would this guy Keith, flying on his honeymoon to Acapulco, ask his bride who won the hockey game the night before? The very notion was preposterous. But me, I had to ask. What a jerk! What a foul ball!

Helen muttered something, I didn't catch it.

"What's that?" I said, leaning toward her. "Did you speak to me, baby?"

"Rangers won," she said.

Maybe she was thawing out. I wanted to tell her I didn't care if the Rangers won or lost. I would play it like Keith and say something very noble; I would utter some sweet sentiment that she would treasure all the years of our married life.

"What score?" I said. I could have bitten my tongue out.

I never found out what score. Right then I saw Bermuda ahead of us. Helen clutched my arm, getting nervous about flying for the first time. The plane went swooping over the land and past the airfield.

"He missed it," Helen said, digging her fingers into my arm.

I thought so too. We were going into a watery grave. "He's just turning," I said hopefully.

It happened I was right. The plane came around and landed as gently as though the pilot was setting down a crate of eggs.

"Well," I said, "this is it, baby. Bermuda."

Helen nodded. She looked very pale. We left the plane and went over to go through customs and wait for our luggage. People milled around and talked, and Helen and I stood there.

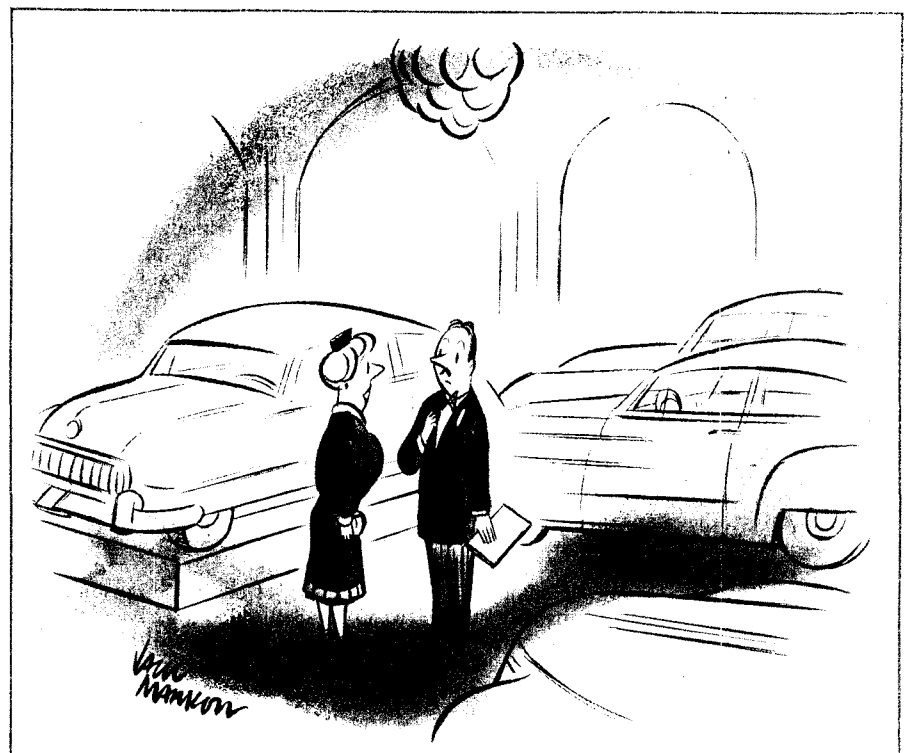
"Finish your crossword puzzle?" I said.

"Almost," she said.

"I'm afraid you're still angry," I said. "It was a silly thing for me to say. But I didn't mean—"

"I'm not angry," Helen said. "I've just been thinking that this was a terrible, terrible mistake."

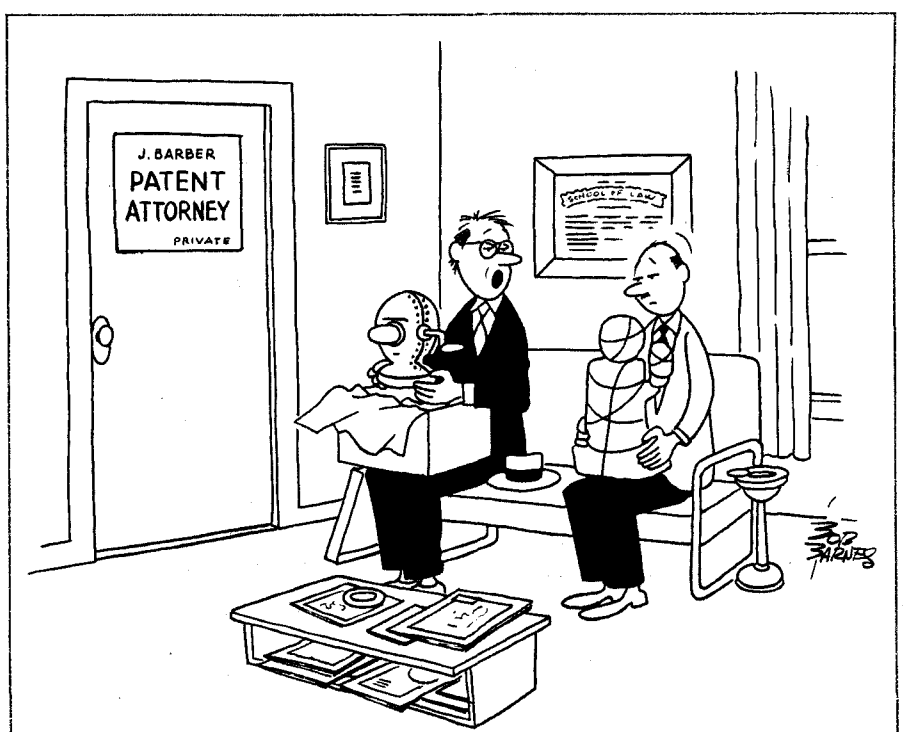
"Coming to Bermuda?" I said. "I don't think so. Looks pretty good to me. It seems very balmy. It wouldn't be this balmy this time of year up at Snake Lake—"



COLLIER'S

"As to the choice of six or eight cylinders, I've decided to compromise and take seven"

JACK MARKOW



COLLIER'S

"It's a new razor that will shave the whole face with a single turn of the crank, but I can't find anybody to test it"

BOB BARNES

"I'm talking about our marriage," Helen said. "I don't blame you, George. I see it all now. I figured it all out while I was pretending to do the crossword puzzle. It really wasn't your fault. I can see that."

I didn't understand what she was talking about.

"George," she said, "you just drifted into marriage. I was your girl and people just expected us to get married and you drifted along with the idea. You probably thought you were being noble."

"I asked you to marry me," I said. "Nobody had a gun in my back."

"It's all right, George," she said. "I've thought the whole thing out. We both should have known better. Fighting all the way to the airport—"

"We'll never fight again."

"George," she said, "you know how silly that is. We've fought all our lives. Think back. Why, even in high school we used to fight like a cat and a dog."

I thought about it, trying to think of a time we hadn't fought.

"We didn't fight when I was in the Navy," I said hopefully.

"Yes, we did," she said. "When you came home on leave. The only time we didn't fight was when you were aboard ship in the Pacific or somewhere and we just wrote letters. You wrote the most beautiful letters from the Pacific, George."

She had tears in her eyes.

"Helen," I said, "I love you—"

"We should never have been married, George," she said. "Maybe we're just star-crossed lovers. There's only one thing to do: that's to be big enough to admit our mistake and correct it. As soon as we get back from Bermuda, we'll get a divorce. I'll go to Reno."

Suddenly we were paged and we went over and got our luggage and went outside the building to get into one of the small, British-made taxis waiting to pick up the passengers. I gave the driver the name of our hotel and we started off.

I put my arms around Helen. "Forget that Reno nonsense," I said. "We'll be the happiest honeymooners in all Bermuda."

The cabdriver's ears were flapping like her brother Al's. I didn't care. "You're my wife," I said belligerently, "and you're going to stay my wife. I love you."

"It won't work, George," she said. "Please stay on your side of the cab. Nothing you can say will change my mind."

"Will that make you happy?" I said. "Going to Reno?"

"I've never been so unhappy in my life," she said.

We went across the causeway and along a narrow winding road.

The foliage looked tropical and occasionally we had glimpes of the blue water through the trees.

"This looks like a nice place to spend a honeymoon," I said wistfully. I tried to put my arm around Helen but she wasn't having any part of it. There was no passionate love-making in the back of the cab. Nothing like Keith and Candace.

"We can cancel our reservations on the Queen," she said, "and fly back to New York tomorrow."

After that, we rode in silence to the hotel. We registered at the desk and were shown up to our room. The bellboy grinned and closed the door behind us.

HELEN was standing over by the window. I went over to stand beside her. We looked out at the terrace sloping down and the beach beyond that and the water lazily lapping the sand. In the distance on either side we could glimpse the white roofs of houses.

"Everything's going to be fine," I said. I put my arms around her and kissed her. She kissed me back and then she pushed me away.

"That was very nice, George," she said, "but that's the last time. Let's go down to Hamilton before dinner. There's a bicycle shop outside the hotel."

We went down and rented bicycles. It was a mile or so to the business section of Hamilton.

We parked our bikes and walked along Front Street.

"I'm afraid it's too late in the day to switch reservations," I said craftily to Helen. "We'll have to wait until tomorrow morning."

We passed a store selling china, and Helen wanted to go inside. She got all excited and had to see everything. I tagged along after her.

"These would be lovely in our apartment," she said. "On the mantel." She picked up a little vase, then put it down. "Only we won't have any apartment," she said slowly.

"Yes, we will," I said. "Helen—"

Just then a salesman came over and began talking to Helen. "I want to get some souvenirs," she said.

"I'll wait for you outside," I said.

I went out and stood on one foot, and then on the other foot. I took a walk around the block and wandered into a

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men's clothing store. But I didn't want to buy anything if Helen wasn't going to see me wear it. I wandered out again and back to the china shop. I peered inside. Helen was in conference with the salesman.

I leaned up against the front of the building. The stores were beginning to close and there was a lot of traffic, cars and bicycles thronging the street. I smoked a cigarette and peered inside the shop. Helen was staring at some ash trays.

It was just like home, I thought. Every time we went shopping at home I spent all my time standing around outside or inside stores, waiting for her. I had spent hours and hours waiting for her. I looked for a place to sit but there was no place.

Finally Helen came out. "For Pete's sake," I said, "what did you do—buy out the store? Can't you make up your mind?"

"They had white Wedgwood ash trays and green ones and blue ones," she said, "and I was trying to decide—"

"Why can't you just walk in and see what you want and buy it?" I said.

"Oh for Heaven's sake," she said, "you'd think you had a broken leg. I was in there about twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes," I said scornfully. "Twenty minutes—"

"You see?" Helen said in a high voice. "Here we are fighting again. That's all we do is fight and that's why we're going home tomorrow."

"Go back in, baby," I said. "Buy the place out. Take all night. I was only kidding."

"I'm going to be sensible, even if you're not," she said. "Let's go back to the hotel."

WE COLLECTED our bikes and started back, riding through the traffic, Helen ahead of me. When we got out of town, I pulled up and rode abreast of her.

"If we meet anyone in the hotel tonight," Helen said, "we'll pretend we've been married for years and years. And I suppose we may as well get dressed for dinner. It will be our only night. When we get back, you go and get dressed. We may as well pretend to be having a good time."

We got back and she sent me upstairs first. Half an hour later, I came down, wearing my tuxedo. I gave the key to Helen and wandered into the cocktail lounge.

She came down about an hour later. I was nursing a drink over in one corner. Near me was a young couple murmuring sweet nothings, a blond young man and a sleepy-looking brunette. Keith and Candace probably, returning home from Acapulco by way of Bermuda.

I looked up suddenly and saw Helen on the stairs. Her dress was pink; it was an off-the-shoulder affair. I looked at her and thought I would remember all my life how she looked coming down the stairs. She gave me a wistful little smile when I went over to her.

She was pale. She'd been crying in the room, I thought. I took her arm and we went in the dining room and were shown to our table.

"You look terribly distinguished in a tuxedo," Helen said.

"You're the prettiest girl in the room," I told her sadly.

We had dinner, and then went out to the lounge and sat there. After a while, an elderly, white-haired couple sitting nearby smiled at us and asked if we'd care to play bridge.

I looked at Helen. The orchestra would be starting up downstairs in a few minutes.

"We'd better not dance," Helen said to me.

We moved over to a card table, and the old lady said to Helen, "Have you been married long, my dear?"

I saw Helen's hands tremble. "Quite a while," I said hurriedly. "Shall we cut for deal?"

The old lady smiled. "You look young enough to be honeymooners. I believe in early marriages myself. Have you any children?"

I was about to say we had three in private school and the fourth at home with the governess but Helen shook her head. "No," she said in a small, trembly voice. "No children."

"You're young," the old lady said. "There's lots of time."

"I'll never have any children," Helen said in the trembly voice, and she put her head down on the bridge table and cried.

It was awful. The old lady and her husband were as embarrassed as I was. Helen sat up and dried her eyes and said, "I'm sorry to make such a fool of myself. It won't happen again."

The old lady and her husband said they understood perfectly. They assumed some terrible tragedy had happened, and the old lady said gently, "You know, my dear, you could always adopt a child."

Helen tossed her head and looked at me. She gave me a look that went through me like a knife. "That'll be the only way I'll ever have one," she said.

"Whose deal?" I said hoarsely.

Below us I could hear the orchestra. People were dancing downstairs and on the first and last night of our honeymoon, Helen and I played bridge. We played terrible bridge. The truth was, we didn't often play together because we argued so much. On the second hand I played six no trump. I butchered it and went down two, and I waited for Helen to give me the business.

"Too bad, George," she said. "It was a good try."

I gawked at her, and we played on. A few hands later, Helen missed a defensive signal of mine that cost us plenty on a double. But I didn't have it in my heart to bawl her out. I gave her a sickly smile across the table.

THE old gentleman, a little later, played a hand for seven spades, but a finesse failed and he went down one trick.

"You shouldn't have finessed," his wife said.

The old guy grunted. "What are you talking about? There were only six in it. You bid the seven. Overoptimistic, as usual."

"If I've told you once," she said, "I've told you a thousand times, the rule says—"

"Rules," he snorted. "You can't always go by the rules."

"The experts can," she said and Helen and I sat back and let them go to it. They argued heatedly for about five minutes; then the old gent cut the cards for Helen.

"I have to put up with my wife's bridge," he said. He grinned across the table at his wife. "And not only bridge," he said with a chuckle.

Helen looked up from dealing. "You mean you fight?"

"He's as stubborn as a bull pup," his wife said, giving him an affectionate look. "Why, only this morning he made the most disgraceful scene outside a store downtown just because I kept him waiting a few minutes while—"

"A few minutes!" her husband said sarcastically. "People were taking me for a statue. And she still didn't make up her mind—"

"You dragged me off before I had a chance," his wife said, "and you have to take me back tomorrow. I bid one heart. Do you feel all right, dear?"

Helen had put down her cards. "We just arrived today," she said shakily. "My first plane trip—"

"We've been keeping you up," the old man said. "You run along."

She got up from the table, stared at me, then suddenly ran for the elevator.

"We'd better turn in, too," the old gent said. They shook hands with me, said they hoped to see us again the next day, and went off, arm in arm.

I wandered around the hotel lobby and finally came upon the writing den. I sat down at a desk, stared at the stationery, then suddenly reached for a pen and started writing.

Dearest Helen, I wrote.

It was like the Pacific all over again. It was the kind of love letter I had written her from out there. I had meant it then and I meant it now and always. When I finished it, I went out in the lobby.

A bellboy stepped out of the elevator as the door opened. I gave him fifty cents. "Take this to Room 203," I said.

"Would you be Mr. Dearborn?" he said.

"That's me," I said, and he handed me an envelope.

I opened the envelope and looked inside. There was no letter or writing of any kind. There was a room key in the envelope. The bellboy was looking hard at a spot three feet over my head.

"I'll deliver that letter myself," I said. I took back the fifty cents and put a five-dollar bill in his hand. "The lady happens to be my wife," I said, "and my name is Keith."

I made a dash for the elevator. THE END

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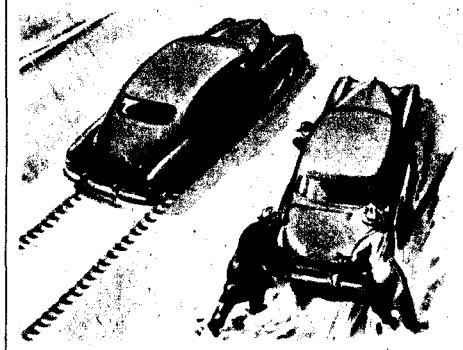

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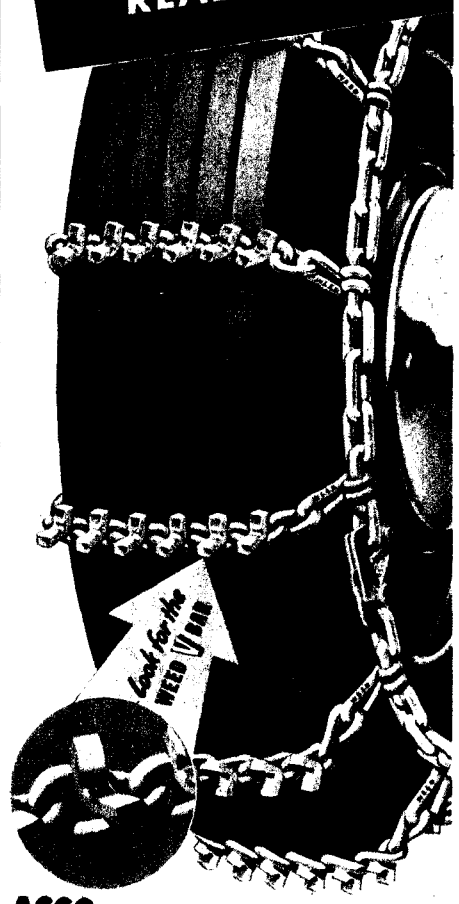

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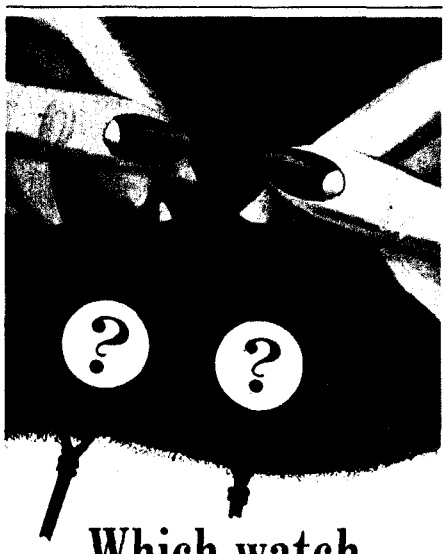

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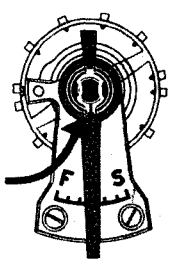

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The Curve and the Tusk

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

"You can pour it out when you get me," Carew said.

"You'll be the wrong shape," Mackenzie said. "You'll be all curled up like a baby in its mother's belly."

"Then uncurl me," Carew said, "or bury me barrel and all."

"Well, it's your funeral," Mackenzie said.

"I know," Carew said, "and see that it's a good one!"

"So you're going?"

"Yes, now that this business is fixed up, I'm going. But I'll wait a bit yet. Perhaps there will be news of the lame one, the elephant I'd like to hunt. He's no ordinary elephant. There's no hurry, but I just wanted to get it planned. I like to think about it," he said.

Mackenzie leaned over and took his hand. "I know," he said. "And I'll bury you."

"Thanks," Carew said. And then he said, "You know, it was a mistake ever to leave here, to go so far away from her and the forest. The forest belonged to us, in a way, and I'd like to be able to give her news of it when I get there. I'd like to be able to say, 'It's the same, Esther. The big baobab tree we made love under when we were first married is still there; nothing is different; even our names that we carved like tourists are still there.'"

WHEN Mackenzie had gone, Carew thought about that love-making under the great baobab. He could remember very little about it because making love cannot be remembered. These are instants in which a man is one with life itself. All he could remember was the happiness of it, and their great contentment. It was the first time, and they had chosen the tree without a word, in preference to the wagon that was their home. They had hoped that a child would come, blessed, somehow, by the great and ancient tree, a tree that already had been thousands of years old when Christ walked the hot sands of Galilee. But nothing had come of it but love itself, and nothing had come of the other times, the many thousands of times, but greater love and understanding.

Their love tree was also a death tree. It stood less than three hundred meters from the grove of fever trees where Pretorius had been killed. Carew had shown Esther the name of Pretorius that someone had carved on the tree to commemorate his death. There had been other names too. He could not remember them now. He had carved their own initials in the soft bark: C. & E.C., and surrounded them with a deep-cut heart.

Now he thought of nothing but Esther, and he could not remember her as she had been when she died, but only as she was when he first knew her—slim as a spear, redheaded and quick to both laughter and anger. He could remember her body as he held it in his hands, and he looked at his old hands and wondered that their caresses should have made her happy, wondered at what there was between a man and a woman that made them one flesh and one mind and one heart. Wondered at two becoming one, and then at the one becoming a half. Something much less, when she was taken from him, than he had ever been before.

Guido Maniero, the hunter whom the natives called the Bull because of his strength, was thirty-five. He was the son of a customs official and a peasant girl from Portugal. His mother had been a post-card wife. As often happens in the colony, where women are fewer than men, her marriage had been arranged by relatives at home, by the exchange of letters between the couple, and by pictures—static studio photographs printed on post cards and sent through the mail.

The situation, character and financial stability of Maniero's family had been guaranteed by his father's superiors in the customhouse, and the virtue and capacity for hard work that so distinguished his mother had been guaranteed by the village mayor and priest. Their marriage was a great success—more so than many that are due only to the passions of youth which, in the end, often prove less reliable than the opinion of a senior customhouse official and the word of a priest.

It was his mother's peasant love of the soil that first drew Maniero to it. But there he found things, beauties, that she did not see. Small creatures that were to her only destroyers of vegetables were to him subjects of the greatest interest. From the garden, he progressed to the zoo, where he went holding his father's hand, and which became his Sunday treat. From the zoo, he moved to the lands surrounding the town where the forest is tame, its will broken by plow and fire; and from there, as he grew older, to the greater forest where, for the first time, he found happiness. In the forest he found what generally only comes to a man through a woman. In the forest, he found peace.

Maniero was short and thickset, with a barrel chest. He lived with his widowed mother in a small house in Lourenço Marques. His trophies of the chase—tusks and horns, native weapons and musical instruments—were hung in this house. On the floors and on the backs of chairs were the skins of lion and leopard, of cheetah, kudu and nyala. He had a collection of skulls that were as white as the walls. He cleaned them with lye and would show them with pride.

But always after a month, or sometimes after so little as a week at home, Maniero left town again and went back into the forest, to the wild animals and people that he loved and understood. He often wondered at the paradox that caused him to love animals and yet live by killing them. Sometimes he had said, "I am just a butcher without a shop," but those times were over for him now. He had felt like that when he hunted meat for the great coastal sugar plantations, killing buffaloes by the thousand, and elephants, rhino and hippo. For the Kaffirs who sweated in the cane fields had to have meat, and white hunters were employed to get it.

Maniero was not a butcher, and the work had irked him. Now he was an ivory hunter of the great pachyderms, and a collector for museums all over the world. At heart he was a naturalist, a lover of the wild; by nature, more of a game ranger than a killer.

Maniero was in Lourenço Marques now because of Carew. He saw him almost daily. Carew was a master, and he was a pupil, following in his footsteps. Carew had known Africa in the old days. It was for this that Maniero went to see Carew, to hear tales from him, for the old man was a great storyteller. He told of white men crawling on their bellies before black kings because they wanted concessions from them, because they wanted young black girls to wrap in their karosses, and tusks of ivory, and gold. He told of the slave trade which had still existed, though forbidden by law, in his time. As he spoke of the past, the eyes of the old hunter grew bright and the blood came back into his sallow face. His hands grew strong as he pounded the table in anger at some of the things he had seen.

HIS conversation held Maniero in Lourenço Marques longer than he ever remembered remaining before, because, when this old man died, his tales would die with him, and to listen to him was to hear stories of a world that had gone. He spoke with the voice of the dead. Maniero felt no haste to return to the forest. Carew carried it with him, in the pocket of his mind. And woven through the warp and woof of his memories was the thread of the lame one. How he had seen his spoor here or heard of him there.

This elephant had for many years been of paramount interest to Maniero, for he was the greatest mystery of the forest, a spook elephant, a ghost, but a ghost that sometimes left a double spoor, that sometimes had been glimpsed with mammoth tusks, and that sometimes was tuskless; a ghost that had been seen as both at once—

COLLIER'S

"He was just about six-two tall and seven thousand, five-hundred short"

LAFE LOCKE

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as two elephants. If there were two elephants, which he doubted but could not entirely disbelieve, the tuskless one would be more dangerous. Tuskless elephants had better sight and carried their heads higher. Even in the herd, they held their own because, by some form of compensation, the strength that should have gone into the tusks went into the trunk and made it stronger and bigger. A tuskless elephant could smash the tusk of an adversary as if it were a matchstick, with a blow of its trunk.

It is possible, too, that Theresa Fierra held Maniero to the town by the invisible cords of her desire—the silken threads which she, the wife of his friend, had spread to snare him.

At any rate, he remained, and Carew was the reason that his mind gave to his heart. For he was also unaware that the heart can betray the mind. And if someone had pointed out to him that he was visiting the Fierras almost as often as he called on the old hunter, Maniero's answer would have been quite simple. Theresa Fierra's husband was his friend and confidant. In addition, they had business to discuss, for *Senhor* Fierra was an importer, and Maniero had for many years bought his ammunition directly from him. But he would not have denied that on those occasions, and they were often, when *Senhora* Fierra was about, his visits with her husband were particularly enjoyable.

SENHORA FIERRA was a beautiful woman. Last week she had been thirty. It had come to her as a shock, almost as a surprise, that she was no longer in her twenties, though for ten years she had been thinking of being thirty, of being old, of losing the beauty that was her joy, her pride and her consolation.

She had no children, for which she blamed her otherwise blameless husband. Had she had the chance, she would have taken a lover, but so far she had had no chance. Lourenço Marques was too small, her life too guarded. Maniero was the man she fancied, because she could not understand him. It was not as if he liked native women. That kept some men from the white, since it appeared that once such a taste was acquired white women were without piquancy and seemed dull and tame. But no breath of scandal ever seeped back from the kraals of the interior about Maniero, as it did about so many others. The man was an original; perhaps he'd never had a woman. That was unlikely, but the thought excited her. One day, she thought, one day . . .

Sitting at the mirror, she put her hands up to her hair. Her painted nails smoothed the thick black widow's peak on her forehead. Her eyes gazed into the dark eyes and scarlet mouth in the glass. Her lips parted in a smile of appreciation, showing even white teeth. Her lips and mouth were perfect. Those of a young girl, she thought. Beauty—she had it yet. As much now as last week, before she was thirty; more even, now in the fullness of her womanhood, than when she was twenty. She rubbed her neck and chin. There was a slight fullness there that she must watch. Everything was all right, but she had come to the time of watching, of taking more care, of using more preparations. She touched a long fingernail with a file. She moved some of the pots on her dressing table, putting a cold-cream jar on the right of the astringent and then moving it back again. She was getting into a temper. A mood, she called it. She thought of her wasted beauty, of the years slipping by, and slammed shut the drawer of her dressing table.

Maria Theresa Fierra was neither a good nor a bad woman. She was a bored woman who felt her potentialities had been wasted. That Maniero, she thought. That Maniero—how I hate him! Smug, self-satisfied fool, and apparently so stupid as to be happy. If he became her lover, she would soon cure that! How he would regret those wasted evenings he had spent talking with her husband, ignoring her. What was there for anyone to be happy about? After thirty, there was no time for happiness. Now there must be haste—haste to make love while beauty lasted.

Four hundred miles away, in the north, two great bull elephants stood side-by-side with their trunks entwined. They were companions and loved each other. One was tuskless; the other had tusks so big and so heavy that he stood with them resting on the branches of a *chamfuta* tree. They rested there, and out of the foliage came his trunk to hold the trunk of his friend. Perhaps he was suffering, perhaps his great teeth ached, perhaps the weight of them had at last become too much for him.

The tuskless elephant let go and plucked a branch from the tree. With the branch, he wiped his back, driving away the flies that bit him in the cracks of his skin. Then he flicked the branch over his friend's back and then he moved forward, away from the tusked elephant.

When he had gone twenty yards, the tusked elephant followed him, putting his feet precisely into the spoor of the tuskless elephant. After they had disappeared soundlessly into the bush, anyone coming across the spoor would have said that only one elephant had passed—a great elephant, the greatest ever seen by man. And he would have remarked upon the spoor, upon the way the near hind leg was crippled so that instead of merely overlapping the round spoor of the forefoot, the ellipse of the left one cut into it and leaned outward. If he had been a native, he would have said, *"A'au,"* and covered his mouth with his hand, and turned back. He would have said, *"A'au,* this is the spoor of the lame one, the bewitched one, who sometimes is one and sometimes two."

THIS is the scene. These are some of the heroes, the protagonists. And as each must have an end, each must also have a beginning; the beginning of one being sometimes the end of another. The trees die that the elephant may live, the elephant dies that the hunter may live, and God, varying the pattern upon occasion, sometimes lets the man die terribly, so that the elephant may live. But always, endlessly, life renews itself from death, equally from the death of an elephant that has lived a hundred years, or a butterfly that has lived a day. They both become part of the soil, the base for growing things.

The baby elephant that was to become the tusked one was born on a small island set in a swamp, where his mother had gone to wait when her time was near.

He was woolly, and the wool had a red tinge. He was not as big as the biggest kind of dog but bigger than the small kinds. On each side of his mouth were the tiny white spears that would one day be tusks. He stood swaying on legs like short logs, waving a little trunk like a little piece of hose pipe in the air, as if he were surprised at it all. And with her great trunk, his mother pushed him forward toward her front legs, where her milk was waiting for him in two teats under her chest. There, because of his hunger, and instinct, he folded back his little hose pipe over his woolly back and drank with soft pink lips. While he drank, his mother stroked him and blew gently upon him.

The elephant is made of many tons of branches and leaves and roots and bulbs, and, long before he was weaned, before he was even six months old, the little elephant began his long life of vegetable destruction. With his little garden hose of a trunk, he pulled off small twigs and put them into his mouth and spat them out again because what he really liked was milk, and he could not imagine what prompted him to pluck branches in imitation of his elders.

After a month in the isolation of the swamp, his mother led him back to the herd, where for the first time he saw other elephants—great ones, small ones, some even of his own size, with whom he was soon playing. And some considerably

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bigger, like his own brother, who was to be his tuskless companion but who then had been his senior and superior, vastly older than he was. This gap had been slowly lessened by time until now his brother seemed no older than he was himself.

The life of the baby elephant was happy. He was soon too big for his mother to pick up and carry in her trunk, as she had done when he was younger and had fallen into an ant-bear hole that had collapsed in the rains. His mother was the center of his life, and often when she walked he followed her, holding on to her beautiful long tail with his trunk. His tail began to grow longer hairs, and they were white like those of his older, tuskless brother, which was a rare thing among elephants and made these two stand out from the others.

So his tail grew and his little tusks grew, and when he tried them on the pillars of his mother's legs she slapped him till he squealed and then soothed him with her trunk, rubbing him over his face and his little round ears. Thus his life went on for years—a peaceful marching and countermarching through the forests and swamps and over the hills of Africa. Sometimes they came across fields of Kaffir corn, and mealies—the corn of America that had come to Africa with the slave ships and had prospered there. The natives ran about yelling helplessly when the elephants devastated the gardens that were all that stood between them and famine.

For twenty years this life went on, a life that was an idyl, in which he fought mock battles and made mock love, mounting the small female elephants in imitation of the great bulls, which effected nothing save the strengthening of their backs and prepared them for the days that would come later in their lives.

And then, when he was nearly twenty years old and half grown, the male power came on him with some suddenness, as puberty comes with a boy, and he felt different. And the other elephants felt different toward him, so that when he was playing with a young cow, a big tusked bull struck him so hard that he fell to the ground.

AND it was this year that war came to the herd. Men with guns—a half-caste Portuguese brigand and his native hunters—surprised them and slew many, including his uncle. And the herd fled crashing through the forest, trumpeting and screaming with pain, fright and fury. He saw his uncle fall. He saw two big bulls come to his uncle, one from each side, and raise him up and carry him along, with their tusks under his belly, marching him off with their heads turned inward. They got him away but he died in much pain after many days of agony. For nine days he stood holding on to a great tree with his trunk, to help his weakened legs support his body. Then he fell and never rose again. Many others were killed and many were wounded; some of the wounded died, and some recovered but were, after their experience, not to be relied upon, being liable to sudden unreasoning fits of anger.

It was here that the young elephant first learned three new smells: the smell of powder, the smell of a man who was nearly white, which was different from the natives' smell, and the smell of elephants' blood, which was also quite new to him.

War itself was new to the young bull and made a great impression on him, since its coming coincided with life becoming impossible for him in the herd, the big bulls setting upon him whenever he approached the young cows. So, with some others of the same age and in the same predicament, he left the herd and formed a small association of bachelors waiting for the strength that would release them from their bonds of celibacy when growth, height, weight, strength and length of tusk would insure them the possession of the cows they now desired.

To this end they waited, playing and wrestling among themselves as athletes do, strengthening themselves for conflict and victory. They butted their heads against one another, wrapped their trunks about one another's forelegs in a kind of elephantine half nelson, and made controlled lunges with their tusks into one another's vital parts. Someday they would do in earnest what they now did in play.

One day, the young elephant left the bachelor herd and joined an ancient, solitary bull that he met feeding in the forest at some distance from the others. This bull taught him all he knew by showing him things, by demonstration, and probably by actual conversation, for there is little doubt that animals can communicate with each other. This bull had only one tusk, having lost the other in battle. How old he was it is impossible to say, but certainly he was very ancient. At any rate, he was wise in the ways of the forest, and he found an apt pupil in the young elephant who joined him. Such an association is not uncommon among elephants, and if the pupil learns from the more experienced elephant, the old elephant has the benefit of the young one's company. There is no doubt that it was from this old bull the young elephant learned the trick of moving in a circle and coming back to stand hidden, sideways on, beside his own spoor, so that a hunter who followed him would be bound to pass within reach of his trunk. For the old bull always did this no matter how tired he was—and he tired easily now—or how safe he was, for it had become second nature to him, and the young bull acquired the habit.

When they moved along the elephant roads, the old one went first, testing every foot of the ground with his trunk, and every few yards raising it many feet into the air to search for food or danger. They moved through the forest with a silence that was unbelievable. Not a twig cracked beneath their feet, not a leaf rustled as these immense beasts proceeded on their way along the roads that had been beaten hard by their kind marching and countermarching over them for centuries of history and centuries that preceded history as we know it.

These roads once traversed all Africa. They were followed by the *voortrekkers*—the pioneers—and since the elephants marched along the contours of the hills, never climbing more steeply than was necessary, most elephant roads are seldom so steep that a car could not follow them in second gear. One could almost say that most of the roads of Africa have been engineered by elephants, since engineers with their levels and theodolites have been able to do little to improve upon them. Long before the white man came, every pass in the mountains and every ford in the rivers was used by the elephants in their passage across the land.

This was a period when, like a clerk in an office, the young elephant desired marriage but could not afford it. He had to build up a store of capital, which in his case was physical strength, that would enable him to obtain and keep a wife. It was an apprenticeship to the full seriousness of life, and during it he learned that the bulls were the quarry of men, of men with guns; and some of his old companions with ivory that was already sizable fell before him. He learned too that men made war on men. And he saw the devastation of villages by Arab slavers and half-castes, and saw gangs of slaves, both men and women, marching along the elephant roads, linked together by forked poles that were set about their necks and pegged there so that even by night they wore them. He heard the crying of young women slaves whose babies had been thrown away so as to conserve their mothers' strength, and heard the curses and groans of the men, and the sound of whips and the cries of the flogged in the night. He saw the tusks of elephants carried upon bleeding, black backs toward the sea, and learned to associate these things with the hunters, and to fear them. He saw dead men, women and children, and dead elephants stripped of their meat, and in his mind a picture was formed, which was consistent, though meaningless to an elephant who could know nothing of the uses to which either slaves or ivory were put. Then, when he was thirty, he left the old elephant and returned to the herd.

THERE now followed a long period of activity, of fighting, love-making and breeding. Some thirty years of it. And in this, too, his life was comparable to that of a man, who spends twenty years growing up, twenty years as a sexual being, a further twenty when love is more of a habit than a necessity, and the rest of his life—its evening, as it were—in a state of relatively solitary reflection.

It was this last period that he spent with his elder brother, wandering in the wildest parts of the land—two gigantic living monuments to their kind, mystical, sacred beasts to the natives.

Many cows he had served—young, frolicsome cows, old wise ones. Many calves he had begotten; many fights he had fought, avoiding serious injury but often killing his opponents with a thrust of his tusk into the roof of their mouths, or into their bellies, below the basket of their ribs, or from behind in pursuit, between the legs and the intestines, where the testicles were carried inside the body.

How often had the madness of musth come upon him, and caused the fury of his fights and loves. The dark-brown, odorous secretions had run from the hollows near his eyes, and been rubbed off upon the trees he passed, a love sign to the herd of cows. That had brought them to him. But, running into his mouth, for the glands near the eye were above the corner of his mouth, the dribbling secretion enraged him further. He served cows whether he was in musth or not, but only in musth did he seek battle, only in musth had he a mad desire to kill.

He had been hunted by men and wounded by them. He had killed men—the white man, Pretorius, and many Kaffirs over the face of the land. This hatred of men, this desire to live uninterrupted by them, was possibly the only motive that now activated him. This and his love for his brother and companion were all that was left of a long life in which everything else was spent. There is no doubt that he had memories, as an old man has, of places and things; no doubt that he was driven by habit to certain places at certain times; that even living was a habit.

These two elephants, except when they were moved to vengeance by some obscure passion, avoided the haunts of men and lived either in almost waterless deserts or in swamps which the hunters feared to penetrate. Over the years they had acquired the habit of being able to go without water for much longer periods than ordinary elephants—an acquired characteristic to which, upon many occasions, they owed their lives.

For years they had been hunted because of the ivory the lame one carried—the ivory which, ceasing to be an ornament in the mouth of an elephant, an instrument of power, a digging tool, could become the

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embellishments of the fashionable woman's boudoir: little trinket boxes, hand mirrors, or brush backs. It could be cut into piano keys, knife handles and chessmen, or turned into billiard balls.

These elephants had lived through the great days of the ivory hunters when the prices were high because the demand was great. The time when, in Dieppe alone, there were eleven factories that manufactured objects of art and virtue in ivory; when between fifty thousand and seventy thousand elephants were killed annually. Through this holocaust these two great elephants had lived, surviving all others; monsters who, having reached maturity, had outgrown it and moved into a sphere of existence which bears no relation to time as we comprehend it.

Full brothers, born of one dam and one sire in the same great marsh in the Zambezi Basin, they stood with trunks entwined. White cattle egrets were perched on their high, sculptured backs. Tickbirds, the farmers call them. With long dagger beaks, they picked the parasites from the cracks of the elephants' skin, while they waited for them to move and flush locusts and other insects from the ground. The tickbirds were the white-winged guardian angels of the elephants, warning them of danger by adding their flight to the cries of the gray lowries that the hunters call go-away birds.

The elephants' ears were turned back at the tips as the ears of some dogs are, and only came up when they moved their heads sharply. When they charged, their ears rose high above the level of their backs, fourteen feet or more from edge to edge. The ears of elephants are articles of commerce too; the leather from them, being of a singular grain and texture, is suitable for fine luggage. It is stripped in thin sheets from the cartilage and the network of veins that, according to some, serves the purpose of a cooling system to the blood as the elephant flaps its extended ears in the heat of the summer sun.

About the two elephants was a sweet scent, a perfume of elephants at peace that is unmistakable to the hunter and quite different from the strong, acrid smell given off by a herd that has stood in fear.

THEIR tails were covered with short stiff bristles that were like white baling wire. Sometimes their stomachs rumbled. Sometimes their great ears, the edges torn by the branches of trees, flapped with a clapping sound. Their eyelids rose and fell with a somnolence induced by the burning heat, and in the middle of each eyelid was a long hair—a kind of feeler—protecting the eye from harm in the darkness of the night. Their small eyes were golden brown, the color of light sherry, with black pupils.

At intervals, unclasping each other, they tested the air with their raised trunks. Their trunks were at once hands and noses and, because of their nearsightedness, sometimes functioned as a kind of eye, for an elephant's sense of smell is so exaggerated as to go beyond smell, almost into sight. Even things near to them are not clearly seen, and something directly in front of them is almost invisible unless it moves, because of the way their eyes are set on the sides of their heads. Even charging they often tend to move in an arc rather than directly forward, with their weapons raised above their heads like curled trumpets sounding the charge and the mort. This inimitable, one-fingered, omnipurpose object is a weapon, a trumpet, hand and nose, all in one. It is a vacuum cleaner that can suck in water or dust and blow it out again, that can pick up the smallest nut or bend down trees as thick as a boy's body. With this nose the elephant can smell farther than any other beast; can smell a field of millet two miles away. By its touch, the elephant can feel its way in silence, step by step, through the thickest bush on the darkest night. This weapon, to which the natives give the name of hand, is, like the hand of man, the instrument of both love and death. With it the bull caresses the cow, and the cow the bull. With it the mother beats, strokes and washes her calf. With it she calls and threatens.

These two elephants who had in their youth fought bitterly for primacy, now loved each other as they had when they were calves. They loved as men might, who love each other with a love surpassing the love of women. For in that part of them they were already dead. The glands that caused it had atrophied. The part of their minds that claimed it was satiated. The herds that had been theirs, and still proclaimed it in the family likeness they had stamped upon them, knew them no longer, save at a distance and then only upon occasion.

That had happened many years ago, when the cows no longer responded to them, finding their weight upon their backs too heavy to be borne; when the sharp young tusks of the less mature bulls had been too quick for them; when they were tired of fighting for mastery and of killing their rivals. It had happened when the noise of the calves about their pillar legs had become intolerable to them; when, in fact, their families had bored them; when the effort of love had become greater than the pleasure of it and nothing forced them to it but habit. And then habit had weakened, till at last it disappeared.

LEADING up to the place where the elephants stood was their single spoor. This spoor, apart from the eccentricity of lameness, was, like that of all old elephants, very smooth. The wrinkles and lumps that are found in the sole of a young beast wear down and disappear with age. This enormous spoor had been measured with a stick set across its circle and brought into many camps by native scouts. And often the hunters had not believed in the measurement and had beaten the scouts. But some had followed them and been lured to their deaths in the deserts, or had been killed. This had happened so often that the natives believed this elephant to be bewitched, with the power of turning himself into two elephants, for some had beheld the brothers together. It was also believed that one part of him was inhabited by the great king T'Chaka and the other by the king Moselikatze. The king elephant was inhabited by the spirits of kings. And they now said, if a white man came upon this great and incredible spoor: "It is not worth following. We know of this beast from our fathers and if we do come up to him, he will have no tusks and will kill us."

For when the elephants were followed, they would go fast, running. And the second elephant, the one with tusks, would put his feet with great exactitude into the footprints of his brother. Then at the end of several days, when the hunters were tired and far from water, the elephants would find a place for their stratagem. The tusked one would go on—and his was the lame spoor that the hunters had been following—and the other, the tuskless one, would hide himself near the spoor and wait.

Then, when the men came, tired and hot—first the tracker bending over the spoor, then the hunter with his gun and gunbearer, and finally, some way behind, such boys as could be persuaded to join in such an enterprise—the tuskless one would strike. He would let the tracker pass and then, raising his great trunk, he would smash it down on the hunter's head, and then seize the tracker and dash him to the ground. When the deed was done, he rejoined his brother, and only for that short distance where there was none alive to follow him—for the surviving boys would long since have fled with their story of the disaster—did his spoor overlap that of the lame one.

Other elephants killed in other ways in this great and never-ending war between the elephants and men. Some picked men up and, setting them upon their tusks, tossed them into the air as a child tosses a ball and then knelt or stamped upon them. Others impaled them with their ivory; still others held them down with one foot and then pulled them limb from limb. Each

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had a technique of killing which, if it varied in detail, remained constant in principle.

With mankind almost its only enemy, one wonders why an elephant should not live forever. It is not susceptible to any known disease, nor is an elephant affected by climate or altitude. It can live in either the hot lowland swamps or the cold, mist-shrouded mountains, and its diet is the most varied of all vegetable eaters, for with its trunk it can feed on the branch tips of great trees and with its tusks dig out roots and bulbs. Its only rival in the possibilities of geographical distribution is man himself, who lives both at the pole and the equator. And like man, when forced by circumstance, the elephant can change the habits of his life, and indeed has done so; for until very recently elephants were diurnal and lived in the open glades of the savanna country, whereas now they are nocturnal forest creatures, fearing both the daylight and the open.

These two elephants had made the transition, but the memories of their childhood and youth were of the open veld and went back to the time when all of Africa that supported vegetation, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, was the range of their kind. Today, their homeland is limited and becoming daily more restricted as civilization surrounds them and the rifles of the hunters confine them to those spots where the danger of hunting them is out of all proportion to possible rewards of success.

There are wild elephants at this moment being exterminated in Portuguese East Africa, within forty miles of Lourenço Marques, to make room for white settlers. But to the north there are still places where they roam in hundreds and will continue to do so, because this land, so favorable to them, is deadly to man, being the haunt of the malarial mosquito and the tsetse fly; and, in addition, it is a country that is, in many parts, unhuntable, owing to its character—its vast impenetrable marshes and its thick woods of small trees through which a man can hardly pass, but which to an elephant present no greater obstacle than a field of wheat.

These two monsters lived in one such wild area which lies between the Limpopo and the Zambezi Rivers, mainly in that section of it which is known as the district of Querida, roaming through this area as their spirit, born of instinct, memory and thought, moved them.

FERDINANDO DA SILVA was the *Chefe dos Correios* for the district of Querida. He was for God and Salazar. A picture of Salazar hung in his office opposite the big desk where he sat in judgment. It was surrounded by a pattern of native weapons and curios—bows, arrows, clubs and musical instruments. In his bedroom there was a picture of the Virgin Mary, and an ebony cross with the Lord Jesus in ivory nailed to it with silver nails. So the walls of both his home and his office proclaimed his faith—his belief in God and Salazar.

His first wife, a Portuguese lady of gentle birth, had died some years before. She had died of boredom, of the abominable climate, and from bearing too many children, who had also died. But before she died, she had begun a garden which each year became more beautiful. Sometimes, Da Silva thought, she must look down upon it from heaven and see in it her achievement upon earth—a garden that was a consolation to many.

Da Silva's work of administration was not difficult, and he had assistants. But, nevertheless, he had his worries, and among the greatest of these were elephants. They devastated the gardens of the natives in his district. They attracted poachers, among whom were many unprincipled men who armed the natives with guns, though it was contrary to the law, and sent them against the elephants. And although the government continually questioned him about the "found ivory" that should have come in from his district, he never had more than a cow tusk or two to report as being brought into his office. As he pointed out to the authorities, it was not reasonable to expect a man to bring a heavy tusk many miles on his back and then obtain no reward.

What happened, as he well knew, was that the "found ivory" was hidden till a white hunter or a trader came to the vicinity. Then its owner went to the man and said, "Will you buy a tusk?" "Is it big?" the man would ask. "Yes, it is big and very heavy." "Is it fresh?" "Oh, yes, it is fresh. It is an elephant that I killed, or one that I followed till it died, and it was still warm when I chopped the tusk from its mouth." "Then bring it," the man says, "and I will buy it."

The native then brings the tusk. And the hunter smells the nerve hole and finds that it stinks. "This is not fresh ivory," he says. "The nerve was not withdrawn from this tusk; it has turned putrid within it."

"Not putrid," the native says, "but perhaps it was not quite as fresh as I thought it was." He smells the stinking nerve hole and says, "You are right, Lord; I can detect a faint odor." Nevertheless, the white man buys it at a cheap price, for the solid part of the tusk will be good unless it has been exposed too long to weather and the bacteria of the soil, which can eat into it and destroy it. Having bought the tusk, he cleans it well; it is mixed with those from his own hunting and finally finds its way into the hands of the Indian storekeepers in town, who hold a monopoly on the ivory trade, as the Arabs did before them.

Da Silva knew the natives well, the Thongas and other peoples of the east coast—the Zulus, Lalla peoples, and Swazis. He knew them as so many of his associates did, knowing their language and their customs, because when he had come to the country as a young man, before he had married the lady of gentle blood who could not bear the transplantation from her homeland, he had had young African mistresses. These things go on, and everyone knows of them and pretends not to. One can only remark about miscegenation that where it is unavoidable, it takes place, the call of the blood in man being greater than his resistance to that call. And there remains the possibility that it can lead to a better understanding between the white men and their charges.

IT IS contrary to our beliefs, but what are beliefs but prejudices implanted in childhood? And the only proof of evil is if evil springs from the action in question. Therefore, it is bad for a white man to take a woman of color to satisfy his lust and then abandon her and her children. But is it bad if he does not abandon her and cares for her and her children? Can the children be bad if the parents are good, as happens more often than is commonly believed? And certainly among the half-castes, Eurasians and mulattoes, there are many good men and women, and many white men are happy in their connection with women of other races and color, happier than they might be with some white women, even if they could find white women who would dwell with them on the plantations, the stations, and the trapping posts of the world; even if they could find white women willing to endure the heat and cold, the danger and disease, which these natural women accept, since they know nothing else, and to which they are often more than partially resistant.

Among the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the French, the Belgians, even the Hollanders, this act, which we consider antisocial, is seen differently. And perhaps these nations profit by their point of view, because the white man belongs in the temperate countries and is unsuited either to the very cold or the very hot parts of the earth. It is thought by these nations that, if he is to continue as a race, he must cross with the indigenous people and produce resistant children, as cattle are crossed with native cattle if they are to survive. The other course is to bring in new men, new blood, continually.

It was from this early association with the girls of Africa that Ferdinando had learned what he knew of Africa. And his personal life had given Da Silva one thing: he had no fear of the Africans; and their songs and dances, their crafts and habits, were familiar to him. More familiar now than the habits of his almost forgotten homeland which, when he visited it, became even more strange, distant and alien from the land which was now his home.

To Da Silva, the blood of all men was red and the hearts of all men were human, but whether this was to justify his own acts, or the result of his philosophical and biological studies, it is probable that no one, not even Da Silva himself, could ever be certain.

So Da Silva is now defined: a lover of blacks, a capable administrator of an area the size of Portugal itself, a philosopher, a hater of elephants, because they caused him so much trouble by ruining the gardens of his people and pushing over the telephone poles which were his source of communication with authority. He was a hater of them but no hunter of them. That he left to other men—madmen, in his opinion. He was also a collector of native curios, and an ardent philatelist. His stamp collection was probably the finest in Mozambique.

He was a medium-sized, rather fat man, of immense resistance to both disease and work. A good-tempered man who enjoyed his pleasures—the simple pleasures of matrimony, of stamp collecting, and of sitting with a cigarette and a glass of wine in the evenings in the garden that his Portuguese wife had made. No difficulty in his work was too great for him to surmount, no problem insoluble except the elephant problem. What he hated most was the bewitched elephant, the spook that was known as the Lame One, who was reported in his area every few years. While he was about, there was no peace in the land. Not only was he physically dangerous, having killed several men; he was politically dangerous.

THE idea of a politically dangerous elephant appeared to scandalize His Excellency the Governor General in Lourenço Marques and to amuse the highest authorities in Lisbon, who were, the more Da Silva reported of the elephant's doings, coming to the conclusion that he, Ferdinando da Silva, was mad, which was unthinkable; and that he ought to be removed, which was even worse than unthinkable.

Yet how else except in these terms could he explain the unrest that came over his docile subjects when this elephant's presence was reported? Immediately, the spirit of insubordination and revolt grew among them. They said, "The Great One is here, the King of Elephants, the One who is inhabited by the spirits of T'Chaka and Moselikatze. The Zulu kings have returned to us in the guise of the King of Elephants. That he kills some of us is a sign, for the old kings killed too, by the hundred and the thousand, for a whim." So they said, "What is the death of a man or two in these days, compared to the sign that is given to us by the departed spirits of dead chiefs and kings?" And while Da Silva sweated to deal with the trouble with his native police and a handful of white men, Lisbon laughed. "The elephant revolt," they said. "Here's another of those elephant revolts reported by our poor friend, Da Silva!"

Sometimes, he thought, this elephant was the only disruption of his contentment. But, after all, an elephant was a great disruption, and his contentment was small, so small that it was something most men would not ever have had enough imagination to see. For to be content in Querida one must be a philosopher, a philatelist, and as strong and patient as an ox. . . .

Among the baobabs, the great trees of this part of the forests of Querida, was one greater than all the others. This tree was a leviathan among leviathans, rooted not only in the soil but in antiquity. It had already been an immense tree when Carthage fell, when Cleopatra courted Caesar. It was among the greatest living things in the world; so ancient that it could be referred

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to in geological rather than in historic or geographical terms.

It stood at a great secret crossroads in the forest world. A crossroads known only to the animals, to a few solitary hunters, and to the tribes that at various times had inhabited these desolate parts. These roads ran north and south, parallel to the mangrove-clothed coast line two hundred miles away; and east and west, again roughly, from that coast into the interior, into what are now called the Rhodesias, and beyond them toward Angola.

The tree was a magnet, drawing men to it by its size, by the magnetism of its grandeur, by its age, by its situation. For centuries, it had been a meeting place, a rendezvous. Arab slave caravans on their journey to the waiting dhows had rested here, and the same caravans, outward bound, filled with cruel hopes of human captures, had separated here to go their different ways. It had been the silent witness of lustful and cruel scenes, of wild black women forcibly taken, of men killed in their sleep by murderers who crept upon them unawares.

There were names and dates cut into the bark. The names had been carved by those who passed, simply because the first name, that of Pretorius the hunter, had been found there, and the idea had seemed good to those who came later. But Pretorius had not carved his own name. He had been killed not five hundred paces away, and his remains lay there, among the yellow fever trees, trees which were now almost full-grown, for it had been twenty years since the elephants' last visit.

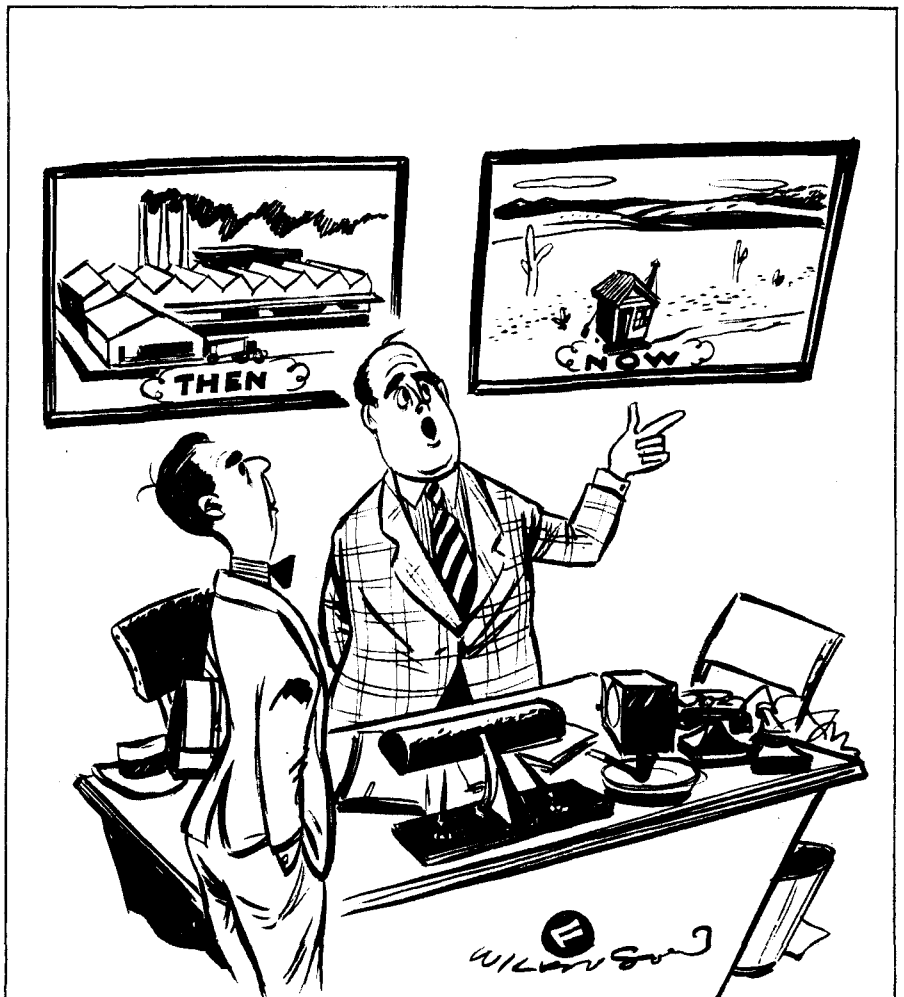
And so it was that now, once again, driven by some obscure motive of memory or instinct, driven as a bird is driven to migrate, the two great elephants began to move south. Like battleships, but silent as butterflies, they drifted slowly, eating their way, resting their trunks hand-in-hand, waving branches over their backs to keep off the flies, bathing and drinking when they came to water, and going without water when there was none, but always with the spoor of the tusked elephant in that of his tuskless brother. Each step brought them nearer to death, as each step all their lives had done, but the march of the elephants was dignified, majestic, impressive in its silence, which joined the other silences of the forest. It was a place where noise, in the hot summer stillness, would be a relief to human ears. There was no life, or so little, and that so muted, that it appeared nonexistent. Only the two pachyderms appeared to live, and they only when they moved. When they stood screened by bush and trees they looked like anthills. But still they moved, with precision, without haste, but with certainty. Once again the great baobab was exerting its magnetic power. It had drawn many men to itself—Pretorius, the Hunter; the Arab slavers; the half-caste brigands of the frontier in the past; and Carew and his love. Now it was calling to the elephants.

A STORM came and went, but it meant nothing to the great elephants. It did not delay their march. The rain rolled off their backs as it would off a roof.

There was water everywhere now, and they were content. The contentment of an animal is like that of a tree. If conditions are favorable to life and growth, it is content. The elephants moved neither fast nor slowly. They did about thirty kilometers a day, inexorably moving toward their goal: the grove of fever trees. Last year the trees would have been nearly as well grown. Next year they would be very little bigger. But it was this year, it was now, that the strange spirit of memory moved them, urging them, as a yeast ferments when its time is come, when the conditions which cause its action are exactly right.

The kilometers fell behind, joining the other hundreds of thousands that the elephants had marched, the vast distances that had been consumed as if they had been eaten, digested by the great pillar legs.

The elephants' eyes, like the eyes of most old animals and men, were empty of expression. Dark-pupiled, sherry-colored, they showed nothing, seemed to see nothing. There was no fury in them, no deter-



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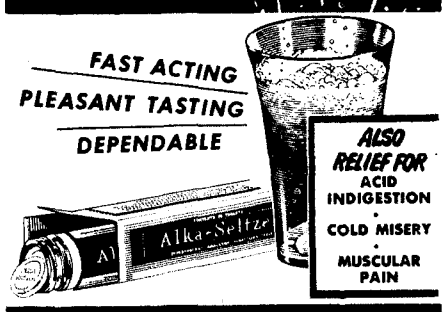

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mination, no anger. The elephants had no thought of revenge; that had passed long ago. There was only this reflex of memory, this urge to perform an act the cause of which was lost somewhere along the thousands of miles of trail they had traversed.

It took the elephants six days to drift down to the fever trees. At last they saw them and, like two great, gray battleships, they moved in on them. It was early morning when they came, and the trees were stained with the dawn, red with the early light, as if they had been dipped in blood.

THE elephants moved into the pan and stood knee-deep in mud and water while they ate. They ate, without haste, the branch tips and smaller limbs that were of less than one year's growth. As they ate, their mood changed; anger seeped into them as memory rose from the depths of their natures. Their eyes were no longer calm, but wicked. They began to tear down the trees. They snapped them with their trunks, or set their foreheads against them and smashed them. And then, when they had done, they moved away. It was over. If they lived, they would come again when the trees had recovered, in twenty years.

What directed the accident of their moving? Why did they come to the east side instead of the west of the pan? What fortune brought them onto the spoor of a native who had recently visited the pan for water?

The elephants moved on the spoor, their scenting trunks swinging in front of them, and the smell on the path was the smell of a man. Every breath increased their rage. But still they moved slowly, cautiously, silently. Why should they hurry? The man was tied to them by his spoor as surely as if he had been tied by a string.

They found him at the edge of a little clearing. First he did not see them. He saw something that might be an elephant except that it was too big. It was a giant anthill. But how was it he had not seen it before? Then a baby baboon in a nearby tree screamed with fear. They were elephants. They were the fathers of all elephants. They were the great beasts of whom he had heard, the ones that were inhabited by the spirits of Moselikatze and T'Chaka, the great ones. The elephants moved slowly forward. Their trunks had ceased swinging. They hung in front of them as they raised their heads. Their ears opened out wide on each side of their heads, like great black sails. Their trunks went up, curled back over their heads.

The man started toward the little hut in the middle of the clearing. A native woman, who till now had seen nothing, looked up from her little garden and cried out. Her husband ran toward her. He thrust her into the hut and stood at its door with a spear in his hand. The elephants moved forward. He could see their eyes now. This was death. There was only one way to meet it—with a weapon in his hand. He was a warrior again. The present slipped back into the past. He was, as his father had been, and his father's father, and the thousands before them, a wild man facing death like a wild animal, with bared, iron fangs. The elephants did not charge. They did not trumpet. They merely moved forward. Their feet made no sound.

The only sound was the crackling of branches as they walked through the fence of felled trees surrounding the clearing. The tusked one advanced in front of his brother. He towered above the man and straightened out his trunk. As it fell like a tree on the man's head, the man flung his spear straight into the elephant's mouth. The tuskless elephant came up, and the two of them walked over the felled body and over the hut. It collapsed under their weight. The tusked elephant opened up the wreck with a sideways blow of his weapons. The tuskless one reached for the woman and tossed her out as a child would toss a ball. She had been holding a baby, but the baby came apart from her in mid-air and fell screaming on her belly. The tusked elephant impaled her. Then he drew out the spear from his mouth with his trunk. The blade remained embedded in its roof.

The elephants turned and went back to the fever trees. Everything had been done with precision and without haste, almost without anger, for the anger they had was an old, worn-out anger. They left no faster than they had come. Neither coming nor going had there been any sound but the futile challenge of a man facing death, and the screams of a woman and a child. When they had gone, there was only silence and red blood turning brown as it dried in the sun upon the ground.

IN ALL events there is a sequence. Each event is at once an effect of previous causes and the cause of new effects. The seed that is planted is already doomed to destruction. It may fail to germinate, and rot; it may germinate and die or be eaten. It may grow and live the full span of its kind but, in the end, the sequence remains the same in each case. The life cycle is completed—birth, death, and more life again.

The lives of the native and his woman and his child were completed. But their deaths set up a new sequence, a new train of events, new ferments that caused typewriters to click, wires to buzz, and telephones to ring. Postal operators, clerks, ministries, the governor general—all received a faint vibration from their deaths. Barmen poured out drinks for customers who discussed the news in the papers. For it was news, as all disaster is news. Hunters looked at their weapons. Gunsmiths hoped for a revival of business as hunting stories crept into the press. Girls shuddered at the thought of the mutilated bodies. Nursemaids frightened children into obedience by telling them they would give them to the elephants who now, because they had followed an ancient instinct of revenge, were classified by the ignorant as devils.

AS SOON as the news reached him, Ferdinando da Silva, as *Chefe dos Correios* of the district of Querida, in which the two rogue elephants had done this latest killing, visited the scene of the crime. He returned with a sad heart, for he loved his people, thinking of himself as their father. And the first thing he did after his return was to send for Guido Maniero, the great hunter, the man who could, once and for all, put an end to this ghost elephant that was all too real, the elephant who was responsible for the elephant revolts that so amused Da Silva's superiors.

And in Lourenço Marques, Maniero made ready for the journey. Before setting out, however, he had two calls to make. First he must visit Carew. If the old man was serious in his expressed desire for one last hunt, a thing he had spoken of often in the past weeks, perhaps this mission would appeal to him. Maniero hoped it would, for he felt he still had much to learn from this great hunter out of the past.

Then, he must see his friend, *Senhor* Fierra, the importer. He needed supplies, and too, he couldn't leave without bidding the Fierras good-by, without one last visit with Theresa Fierra and her husband.

Thus it was that news of the deaths of a native family in one of the wildest sections of Africa found its way back, step by step to Lourenço Marques, one of the most beautiful cities on that continent, setting in motion new events, new patterns, new pressures on the living.

(To be concluded next week)

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

that the government had grabbed the bank accounts of the ladies and refused to give the dough back. Former Congressman Martin Dies is counsel for the women, and he says: "Fully 50 per cent of the nation's housewives who employ domestic help are evading the law by ignoring it." Many of the Texas ladies are daring the government to jail them. The deeper we go into this, the more interesting it becomes. A lawyer in Dallas tells us he estimates that if any of the Marshall housewives are jugged, 10,000 or 12,000 other housewives in various parts of the country are going to demand that they too be tucked away in the cooler for the same defiance. But, he adds, the government is right coy about it, the Justice Department having decided that the administration cannot afford to be laughed at in a campaign year.

★ ★ ★

If you happened to drop in at a Los Angeles public school to see whether Junior was absorbing his culture without pain and found the teacher out back somewhere taking a couple of drags on a cigarette, you may have been a trifle indignant. Maybe you wrote a tart letter to Mr. Paul F. Burke, president of the board of education. It would not have been news to Mr. Burke, who probably sighed a harassed sigh and tucked your letter away in a file heavy with similar protests. This, then, is to tell you that Mr. Burke, a liberal educator, thinks that such out-back smoking is "incompatible with a teacher's dignity" and proposes to set aside smoking rooms for those entrusted with the job of packing Junior's head with knowledge.

★ ★ ★

Eben Greenleg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, dropped in. "Used to be," he said, "that a fellow who saved money was a miser. Today he's a magician."

★ ★ ★

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is wondering what to do with her surplus Democrats. At the most recent elections, the Republicans took over the county treasurer's, the sheriff's and the district attorney's offices, thus displacing 322 Democratic jobholders whose places will be filled by victorious Republicans. However, some years ago Pennsylvania adopted herself a law which provides that any officeholding patriot who has reached the age of fifty can be retired on a nice pension if he loses his job when the other political party wins the election.

★ ★ ★

All we said was that federal employees in Washington drink 225,000 cups of coffee a day during working hours. (See 48 States for October 13th.) But that drove Mr. Calvin Foster, of Hearne, Texas, to paper and pencil, with the result that Mr. Foster is about the most outraged man in Hearne, Texas. "I estimate about five minutes for a cup of coffee," writes Mr. Foster, who is apparently a very conservative estimator. "That makes 1,125,000 minutes or 18,750 hours. Say these parties get $1.25 an hour, which alone makes me mad. That's $23,437.50 a day. Say they work 208 days a year. That's $4,875,000." At this point we stop quoting Mr. Foster. Got to keep Old Forty-eight clean.

★ ★ ★

It's our own impression that there are fewer political influence peddlers today than, say a few months ago. We hold it's because they need all the influence they can dig up to keep themselves out of trouble.

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Take Corned Beef & Cabbage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

and he changed the name of his restaurant accordingly.

This business of mistaken identities and scrambled motives always has plagued me. Some of the occurrences are inexplicable. In Wyoming, a newspaper once carried a story which declared that my son had been married but had refused to invite me to the wedding.

I have no son.

Once I used a running gag in the strip that actually had no meaning. Various characters would ask, "Where's Margie?" People around the country got to greeting each other with the expression, much as they used the "Kilroy was here" nonsense during World War II. But from letters I received, it appeared that some folks believed Margie was a daughter of mine who had run away from home; I was supposed to be using the strip in a melodramatic attempt to find her. One kind lady wrote from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, that Margie was there, working in a laundry. "She looks just like you," said the lady. "Her name's McManus."

I have no daughter.

In Toronto, I was greeted warmly by an official who declared that he knew where my old nurse was living and would take me to her, since he was sure I would want to revisit the scenes of my childhood.

I never had a nurse; I never lived in Toronto.

My assistant, Zeke Zekley, who was a cartoonist in Detroit before he came to Beverly Hills, California, and found me 18 years ago, says he began to draw because of a picture in a Detroit paper. It showed a yacht riding at anchor in the Saint Clair River and the caption described it as the yacht of "George McManus, the cartoonist." Zeke says he figured if cartoonists could own yachts like that, cartooning was the life for him. So he began to draw, imitating my style. Several years later, broke and despondent, Zeke was still drawing pictures in my style—and was doing so one evening on the tablecloth of a Sunset Boulevard restaurant when my brother Charlie happened to see the drawings. He brought Zeke to me and I hired him.

But I never owned a yacht.

Various persons have been interested in my death—prematurely. A Palm Springs, California, newspaper headlined: "Wife of Late Cartoonist Here," when Flo once went there for a few days' rest. And I had a real argument with a Keokuk, Iowa, editor on another occasion. He insisted that he had written my obituary.

I suppose one reason why people insist on killing me off is that Jiggs and I have been around such a long time. We were among the first in the business. Of the literally hundreds of comic strips now being published (King Features, which syndicates Bringing Up Father, alone has 125 comics) only such strips as Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff, Jimmy Swinnerton's Little Jimmy, Cliff Sterrett's Polly and Her Pals and the Katzenjammer Kids are of an age with Jiggs.

When I arrived in New York in 1903, the comics as we know them were only seven years old. This date is admittedly arbitrary; actually, the comics are nearly as old as man himself.

In the tombs of ancient Egypt, and in the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, there have been found tablets and friezes depicting humorous sequences in the lives of Pharaohs, kings, queens and assorted other royalty and nobility. Dutch traders brought back examples of East Indian batik fabric in the seventeenth century on which appeared rows of figures in the true comic strip tradition: at around the same time in England, William Hogarth, a great artist and silver engraver, used the comic strip technique for his vicious satires and political critiques. The first use of the balloon to express conversation came about during Hogarth's time, although Rudolph Dirks, who introduced Americans to the Katzenjammers, developed the balloon in its present form.

Remember the Yellow Kid?

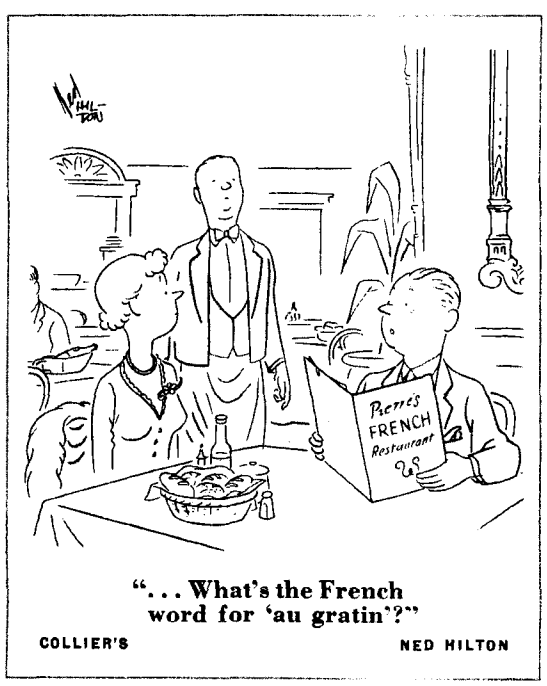
For our purposes, however, February 16, 1896, may be considered the birth date of the comics as we know them today. On that day, the New York World first published a strip by R. F. Outcault, which became known as the Yellow Kid. It was a cartoon grotesquerie of low-down, earthy humor with tremendous popular appeal. Outcault had a penetrating and even cruel wit.

Curiously enough, the Yellow Kid was not conceived as a comic strip; it was mainly an experiment to try out a new color process that World publisher Joseph Pulitzer had acquired, but its popularity was so spectacular that a new era in newspaper drawing was begun. A new expression came into being also. From Outcault's raffish yellow cartoon child was coined the derogatory phrase "yellow journalism." From the beginning, the comics have had their serious critics.

The success of Outcault's cartoon in the World was a goad to William Randolph Hearst. As soon as he was able, he followed suit. By October of the same year, Hearst was advertising his new colored Sunday supplement like this: "8 Pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a piece of lead pipe." Some of the "effulgence" was supplied by the little yellow boy who formerly had appeared in the World; Hearst had hired Outcault away from Pulitzer. The boom was under way, stimulated by the newspaper war between the two publishers.

Hearst also obtained the services of Rudolph Dirks, German-born and Chicago-bred, who was brought to New York by Rudolph Block, Hearst comic editor, to adapt Wilhelm Busch's popular German cartoon called Max and Moritz. Since there was no copyright protecting it, this was a simple matter. Max and Moritz became Hans and Fritz, the Katzenjammer Kids. *Katzenjammer*, by the way, means "hangover" in German slang (the literal meaning is "wailing cat") and few will dispute that Hans and Fritz are as horrendous as anything the worst morning after could offer.

Although Hans and Fritz were destined for a long life, the



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COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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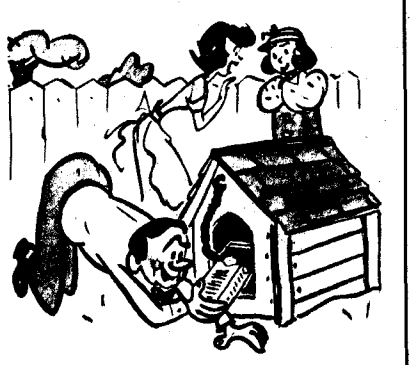

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BEST YOU EVER POPPED
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Yellow Kid soon faded out, and Outcault went on to establish Buster Brown, a mischievous lad modeled after the artist's own son. Buster, whose name has come into our language and even given itself to a style of children's clothing and a brand of children's shoes, had a dog named Tige. Tige was a boxer patterned after a pet given to Outcault by John Golden, the theatrical producer. Buster also has gone, but he left his imprint.

So did Little Nemo, the dreamy little boy of Winsor McCay; Carl B. Schultze's Foxy Grandpa; Fred Opper's Happy Hooligan and Gus Mager's Hawkshaw, the Detective.

Recalls "Let George Do It"

All these are extinct, but their names remain in the idiom. One of my own cartoons of that long-gone era has lingered in the language, too. "Let George Do It" is a phrase everybody knows. Also it has been the title of a radio show, the slogan for a transfer and storage company in Los Angeles and in use in various other ways around the country.

Many of the best strips over the years have been the property of Hearst, who knew more about cartoons than anybody of his time and more about how to use them. Because he did, newspaper circulation rose to heights previously undreamed of. Even those papers that did not run comics benefited by the general boom, and certainly comics stimulated the use of other circulation-building features.

King Features owns the copyright on Bringing Up Father, so the strip undoubtedly will outlive me. I wonder if Jiggs will bring adventures to his next artist like those he has brought me over the past 40 years.

Take corned beef and cabbage. It is true that, like Jiggs, I have some fondness for this simple and succulent dish. But I can take it or leave it. Through the years, I have become rather selective about it, because it has been rammed down my throat on every possible occasion from Maine to California. Does McManus come to town on a King Features promotion tour? Every place he visits has stockpiles of corned beef and cabbage waiting.

Once in Toronto I visited five schools in one day. In each, I set up a drawing board and showed how Jiggs and Maggie were made. And in each, with delighted grins on their eager little faces, the clamoring children brought me a steaming dish of corned beef and cabbage. I had to eat each dish, naturally.

By dinnertime I felt—and probably looked—as if I had swallowed a medicine ball. I think even my cheeks must have been bulging. And what made it worse was a predicament my natural conceit had led me into.

At one of the schools I had offered to autograph the memory books of the children and to accompany each autograph with a little drawing of Jiggs or Maggie. It flattered me to do this, of course, but I didn't realize there were 600 youngsters in the school and that every last one of them owned a memory book. I had to work for 24 hours or more to get the job done, trying, the while, to digest that vast mass of corned beef and cabbage.

The 25th anniversary celebration of Bringing Up Father was as bad. My bosses at King Features, nothing if not promotion-minded, managed to get a National Corned Beef and Cabbage Day proclaimed. It was an overwhelming success.

On that day, the people in New York City alone devoured roughly 100 tons more of the stuff than in any previous 24 hours on record. I must have accounted for a substantial amount of New York's overage myself. I had corned beef and cabbage at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel with Oscar, its famous chef, serving me his special recipe. It tasted like Dinty's. I had corned beef and cabbage with Jack Dempsey at his restaurant, with the old champ serving.

On that memorable day, I was escorted to New York's City Hall to receive the key to the city from the mayor, the late Fiorello La Guardia. The mayor made a flattering speech in which he declared that Jiggs and Maggie were favorites of his. He gave me the key. I made a little speech and thanked him very much. I prepared to bow out. Then I smelled it. There was a sly smile on the mayor's face. One of his people was bringing in a heaping pail of corned beef and cabbage. The mayor said it was one of his favorite dishes. It was served on his desk and I was forced to consume at least half of it.

Once, when I visited Boston, I received the key to that celebrated city from James Michael Curley, who was then its mayor. There was also corned beef and cabbage. Besides that, as his honor was presenting me with the key, somebody stole my hat.

Still, I like corned beef and cabbage. It is, of course, a sort of occupational necessity for me to do so, but I liked it genuinely in my early days in St. Louis and New York, when lunch was a problem. It was cheap and it went well with beer.

COLLIER'S **"I must fix that shirt of yours, dear. Let me know when that last button falls off"** HAL ANDERSON

I liked beer too. In fact, old Adolphus Busch, the founding father of Anheuser-Busch, once employed me for $25 a week. This was while I was working for the St. Louis Republic, and it was a welcome addition to my meager newspaper income. All I had to do was to go around to various saloons and order Budweiser. Mr. Busch had a number of people so employed and it was very effective in promoting sales. It was a scheme worthy of Jiggs's own ingenuity.

Promotion Becomes a Habit

Jiggs and I have made numerous promotion trips since those days—I suppose at least 100 in all. I've met so many municipal officials I could pass as a ward heeler in a dozen cities. I speak at dinners; I appear at schools; I am presented on theater stages. I have been paraded through the streets of Detroit; I have reviewed New York's Saint Patrick's Day parade; I have been televised and radioed.

I have suffered in the name of promotion, but I am as promotion-minded as my bosses. This goes back to my father and his show business background as manager of the Grand Opera House in St. Louis. You learned to love promotion in show business. The bigger the stunt, the better.

One of the most effective we ever worked was when it was announced that I was going to Ireland to buy a castle. I had no intention, of course, of buying a castle in Ireland or anywhere else. I love my comfort and even the thought of one of those gloomy old piles was revolting. But Florence and I were going to Europe, and the castle was a good promotion gag—until we got to Ireland. We were met there. We were shown, I think, every moldy ruin between Counties Cork and Donegal, and there was nothing we could do about it. The papers whooped it up. As I have said, I have suffered much for promotion.

One thing I did do on that Irish trip was to kiss the Blarney stone. It was a sort of rite, I suppose. My father and mother were both Irish.

My mother was born in County Limerick—just where, I never knew. Father was born in a place called Mullingar, in County Westmeath, the son of an Irish captain in the British army who later lost his life in the African wars.

So the journey to kiss the Blarney stone was a sentimental one. It gave me an idea, and two years ago I tried to do something about it. I always wanted to bring the Blarney stone to the United States. Everybody, I was sure, wanted to see it and almost everyone would want to kiss it. All proceeds from the sale of tickets would go to charity, after the Irish government got 50 per cent of the receipts.

That was my plan, anyway. I even persuaded an auto firm to furnish a truck to cart the stone around the country and I was working on a steamship company for ocean transportation. The Hearst newspapers dispatched a reporter named Vincent X. Flaherty (now sports columnist on the Los Angeles Examiner) to Ireland to discuss the matter with the Irish. The Irish commented, in effect, that if anybody wanted to kiss the Blarney stone he could come to Ireland and do it.

Bradley Kelly, vice-president of King Features, said I made a mistake. He insists I should have offered an exchange: the Irish to send the Blarney stone to America; the United States to send me to Ireland. He says the Irish could have waived kissing privileges. Dinty Moore says I should have sent Jiggs on the mission.

Maybe I should have. Jiggs could have acquired the Blarney stone if anyone could. He and Maggie have acquired a fantastic variety of other things for me. Each year I receive at least 10 pounds of Fifis (Fifi is Maggie's spideresque dog). They come made of wire, of pipe cleaners, of matches, of waxed cord, of carved wood, of metal.

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One of the metal ones is now the hood ornament on my automobile.

There are rolling pins of all sizes and of various materials; clay pipes; ash trays and even mailboxes, made of Jiggs and Maggie. The mouths of the mailboxes open so that letters may be put between the teeth. Recently I received a five-foot Jiggs with a clock built into his lapel. There are wood carvings of Jiggs and Maggie; I receive mail with only the figure of Jiggs drawn on the envelope—no address, no town.

Race Tipster Was Too Clever

It seems to me that at least a dozen songs about Jiggs and Maggie are tried each year. The strip has been used in other ways, too. A man in Los Angeles foolishly used it as a racing tip sheet; he claimed that I was a racing expert and that he could interpret my meaning. He air-mailed his service all over the United States from Los Angeles. The date of the strip combined with something the characters said and the positions of the characters in the panels determined the racing tips. It was good business while it lasted. But federal officers came and led him away for using the mails that way.

Perhaps the strangest use of the strip was made only a few months ago by a man in New Jersey. He published a Wall Street tip sheet on stocks, based entirely on Jiggs's actions and speech. For instance, the number of puffs Jiggs took on his cigar determined the hour when the market would break, or rise. His hands showed when to buy and to sell: if he had them in his pockets, that meant to buy; if not—otherwise. Hidden in Jiggs's remarks was the name of the stock.

Thus, on one occasion the thing worked like this: Jiggs and Maggie were at the theater and Jiggs made a typical remark, "The only good thing about this show is the intermissions." That, according to the tipster, meant the stock to be traded was Mission Oil. In another scene, Jiggs had his hands in his pockets, so it meant that Mission Oil should be bought. Since in that scene Jiggs also puffed twice on his cigar, that meant that the market was going to rise in the second hour of trading, so everybody had better buy before then.

This gentleman also was brought before the bar of justice.

Because of Jiggs and Maggie, people write asking for buttons from my vest or for a piece of my shirt. Somebody even wanted one of my right shoes (not the left; I could keep that). Requests for drawings come in from all over the world and a man in New Orleans even ordered a mural. He wanted it based on Bringing Up Father. He specified the scene to be drawn and directed me to supply the wall and ship it to him—free.

Another man wired continually, asking me to call collect, but never signed his last name; and a man in Minneapolis wrote asking for $20,000 to start a business. I never had heard of him.

Jiggs and I have been discussed in pulpits, pro and con; at least two articles have been written by learned analysts on the psychological meaning of the Jiggs-Maggie relationship. Others profess to see a social significance in Father. Just why, I'll never know.

The significance that I see in the strip probably wouldn't jibe with the view of the expert significance-seers. It's that Jiggs and I have prospered primarily because we are American. The comic strip Bringing Up Father is published in 46 countries—but only because it is American. Americans love to laugh and their laughter has become international. Their clowns and their minstrels are the world's best paid and most famous. Because this is true, the comic strip could develop and flourish in America to the point of becoming an important part of our culture. We export our culture, so our comics have become part of our international trade. And a popular part.

The King of Siam once announced he was going to send Jiggs a sacred white elephant. Father appeared in a Siamese paper the king owned, and he said he was just expressing his gratitude. (Like the recent elephant consigned to President Truman, Jiggs's never arrived, but we made a promotion gag out of it. We ran a contest to determine the best name for the beast and I regret to announce that "McMammoth" won.)

On another occasion, when it was disclosed that Jiggs and Maggie were going around the world (in the strip, of course), officials abroad asked that they visit their countries as ambassadors of good will. United States Senator Davis Elkins of West Virginia proposed the same thing in a speech. This was because Jiggs and Maggie represented American laughter. (Someone once called me an "Apostle of Smiles." It's a nice thing to be called.)

Only in America would it be possible for a comic artist to be the subject of a speech on the floor of the highest deliberative body of the nation. I was. On January 26, 1932, just after the celebration of Father's 20th anniversary, Senator Matthew Mansfield Neely, of West Virginia, rose to a point of order. He had spied me in the gallery, and he made a speech in praise of Maggie and Jiggs—and me. It is duly entered in the Permanent Congressional Record of the 72d Congress, Volume 75—Part 3, Page 2709.

Among other things, Senator Neely said, "Mr. McManus, with a soaring imagination, a clear head, a happy heart, a cunning hand and a facile pen . . . has made the lovable Mr. Jiggs and the irritating but indispensable Maggie, part and parcel of the daily life of all the children of men." This impressed Dinty Moore. He told me I was just like an amendment to the Constitution.

Henry Ford the elder liked Jiggs so much he asked me to visit him in Detroit. Roanoke College has given me the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

Jiggs has even received votes for President in political conventions. That moved me to enter him in the 1928 race, on a platform of world peace. I was his campaign manager. I went around making speeches for Jiggs. "Consider," I would say, "the beautiful peace that exists between corned beef and cabbage."

Jiggs didn't get the Presidency, but the campaign was a great success in getting new subscribers to the strip.

It Could Happen Only Here

Only in America, where sales dynamics and an appreciation of low comedy exist side by side, are such things possible. Only in America would it be possible for a comic artist to advise a President of the United States to read a little of the comics every day for his own peace of mind. I did that. The President was Herbert Hoover. More recently, Mr. Hoover sent me a warm letter of congratulation on Father's 40th anniversary. So did the governors of 27 states, eight Cabinet members, 13 ambassadors, the Prime Ministers of Canada, Australia and New Zealand and hundreds of other dignitaries and prominent personalities in publishing, the theater, sports and industry.

Former Vice-President John Nance Garner—an old friend—contributed to the humor of the occasion by managing to misspell the name of my pal in his message of felicitation. "I enjoy Giggs every day," wrote Mr. Garner.

To celebrate this anniversary, the Banshees, an organization sponsored by King Features, gave me a party at the Waldorf-Astoria last November. I was introduced there to Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, the great Irish critic and patriot, and one of the world's real intellectuals. He declared he had been a warm friend of Jiggs for many years, and astonished me by saying, "George, you're a genius."

But I think I am proudest of a message I received on the occasion of Jiggs and Maggie's silver anniversary. This read: "George McManus is a national institution. I feel sure that Jiggs and Maggie will continue to delight old and young for a century to come. He has made the world a more genial place to live in."

That was signed by Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Additional joyous adventures of George McManus and his comic-strip friends are on tap in the final installment of Jiggs and I, next week. Order your newsstand copy today

BUTCH

"Aw shucks! Well, ask him if th' other burglar mighta overlooked some loose change or somethin' "

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HARRY DEVLIN

More Power Needed Here

TWO YEARS AFTER the "five per center" investigation, nine months after the disclosure of the RFC scandals, President Truman reacted positively to the steadily mounting disclosures of corruption in his administration and decided to investigate. His reaction, as relayed to the press by National Democratic Chairman McKinney, intrigued us when we first read it. It still does. And, for purposes of what comes later, we should like to recall it to you now.

"The President," said Mr. McKinney, "is aware of the situation, and is highly concerned to the point of being angry about being sold down the river by disloyal employees of the government. To him, those that are guilty are guilty of the highest degree of disloyalty."

It might be argued that these employees—the tax attorneys and tax collectors and the rest of them—had sold the government and the country, as well as the President, down the river. But Mr. Truman, if Mr. McKinney quoted him correctly, did not seem to take this broad view of the thing. He looked on it as a matter of disloyalty to him personally. And his concern which bordered on anger is not surprising, for he is a man who gives precedence and high priority to loyalty. He has proclaimed his regard for this admirable quality by example and precept. In fact, there have been and still are people in the Truman administration whose only recommendation seems to be that the President is loyal to them.

Perhaps that explains why Mr. Truman initially dismissed the Fulbright committee's RFC disclosures as "asinine." Perhaps it is why he did nothing personally about the accumulated record of corruption until it began to move into the same league with the scandals of the Grant and Harding administrations. Mr. Truman, a student of American political history, might have recalled that both those earlier scandals followed wars. He might have reflected that the wartime habit of big spending, the great increase in the federal payroll, and his party's long term in power were things that could create another atmosphere of moral laxity in government. It was a situation that called for extraordinary diligence in preserving honesty.

Now it may be that the deceived President, like the deceived husband, is always the last one to know. But it seems rather odd that it should be December, 1951, before it could be announced that, "The President is aware of the situation," and before Mr. Truman publicly endorsed a rudimentary, lenient policy of conduct for government employees. It likewise seems rather odd that Attorney General McGrath, in disowning any responsibility for the dubious associations of T. Lamar Caudle, his assistant in charge of the Tax Division, should say, "Nobody ever called my attention to them. He (Mr. Caudle) never mentioned their names to me."

Well, Mr. Caudle would hardly be expected to mention those names to the boss. But somebody knew the names and knew the story. The investigation by the House Ways and Means Subcommittee didn't just start spontaneously. The committee members didn't pull names out of a hat. They were obviously tipped off.

So why did the administration act so slowly and with such apparent reluctance? There seem to be only two answers. Either those on the administrative side of government who knew of the corruption—and there must have been many—were too fearful of their jobs to expose the shady practices to their superiors, or else the administrative officials knew of what was going on but refused to clean house for political reasons.

We don't know which answer is correct. But we don't mind saying that we are inclined to pick the second one. We do so, in the first place, because Washington is hardly a town that is hermetically sealed against the spreading of stories. Prolonged skulduggery which finally wound up in an investigation on Capitol Hill could scarcely be kept a secret from the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue. In the second place, Mr. Truman's indifference to earlier disclosures leads us to believe that he has a strong sense of party, as well as personal, loyalty which has impelled him to underplay or ignore shabby goings on within his official family rather than risk political embarrassment.

Government scandals have a way of occurring during the administrations of weak Presidents. And it seems to us that one of Mr. Truman's greatest weaknesses is his apparent inability to separate his public and private lives. The fact that he has known and liked a person for years does not automatically add virtue or stature to the object of his friendship or enhance that person's value as a public servant. Yet Mr. Truman has appointed cronies to positions of trust, responsibility and influence on no other visible recommendations.

Loyalty to friends, we repeat, is an admirable quality. But it is, and should be, a private matter. When loyalty in a President comes to the point where a friend, or a friend's friend, or the friend's friend's friends can do no wrong, then there must be a general feeling of assurance and security which can easily lead to the sort of laxity in government that we see today.

We cannot help thinking that President Truman was forced at long last to take action against this laxity rather because he had to choose between two embarrassments—the exposure of corruption or the letting of corruption go unpunished—than because of a strong moral indignation. If it were otherwise we think the cleanup would embrace a broader area. Mr. Ambassador O'Dwyer, for instance, might be called home from Mexico City to explain some things that badly want explaining.

Naturally, we don't hold Mr. Truman personally responsible for all the shortcomings and wrongdoings of government employees which so far have come to light. But he most certainly has the power, through his high office, to tighten up responsibility all down the line. And he himself can set an example and change the governmental atmosphere to a great extent by showing that, after seven years in the White House, he now is aware that being the head of the government in Washington is quite different from being a member of a political organization in Kansas City, and that the awarding of government appointments to personal friends is not one of the primary functions of a President of the United States.

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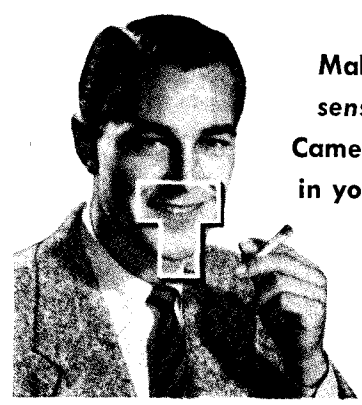

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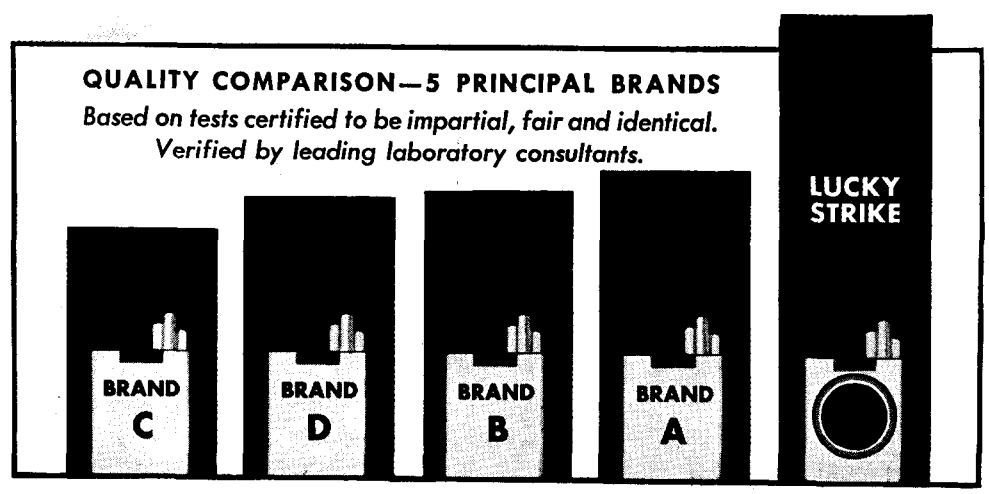

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